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Saturday Review

April 26, 1969 50¢

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by John Tebbel

Music: The Silent Stepchild

by Peter Herman Adler

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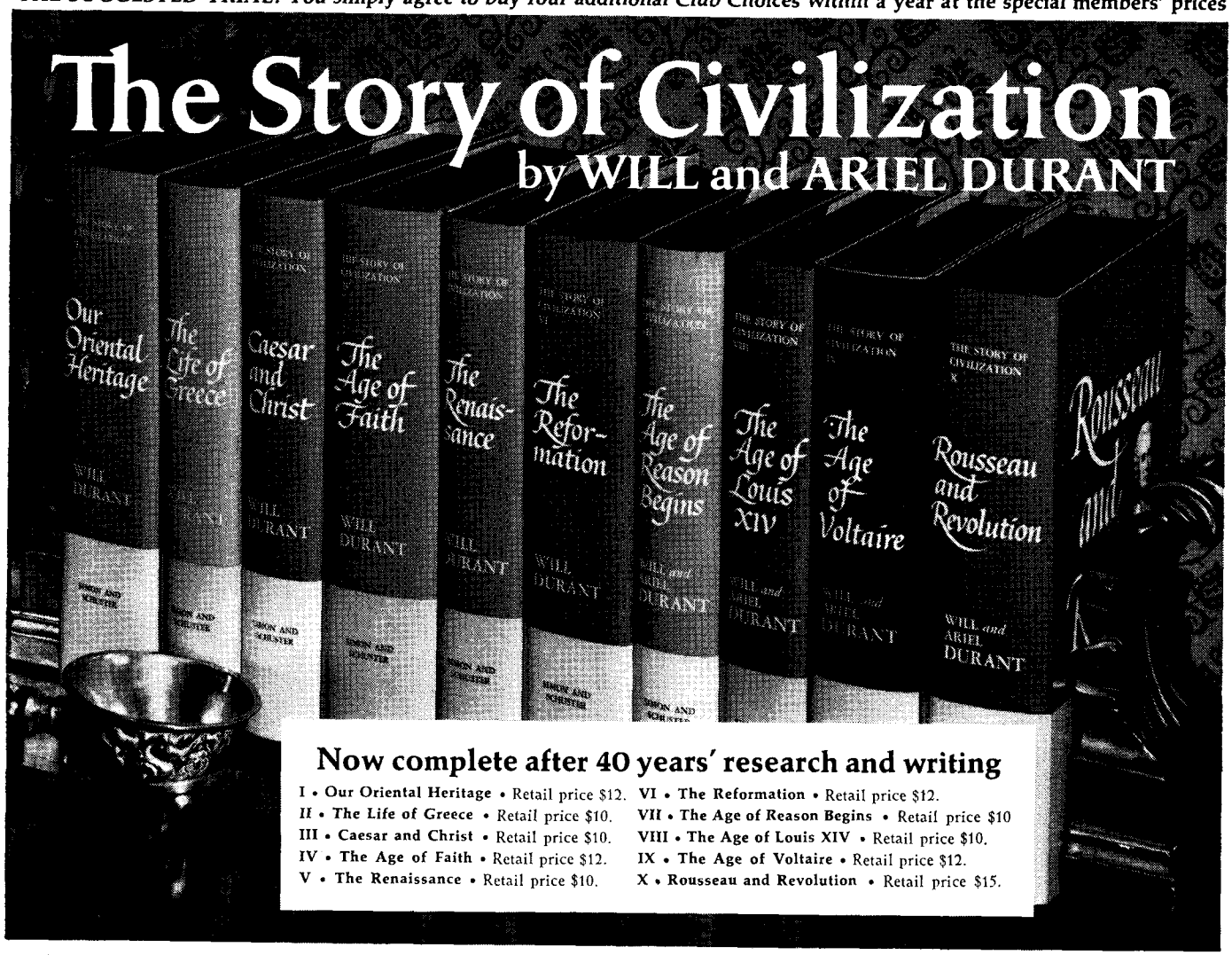

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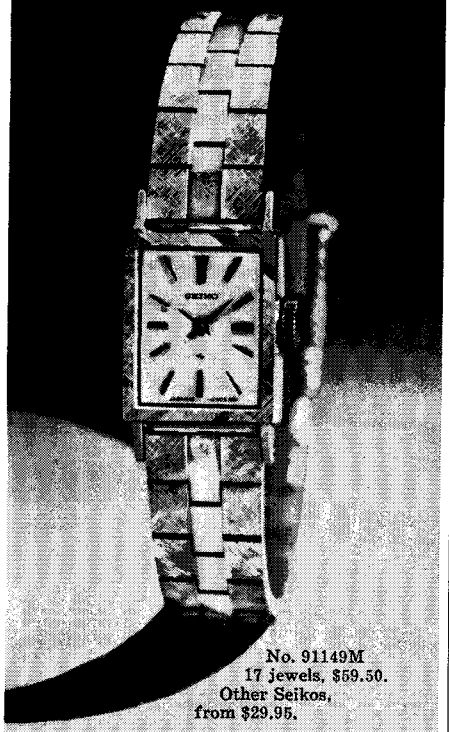

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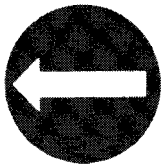
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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Adam

WHEN THE TELEPHONE rang I had a feeling it was Adam calling and so powerful was the instinct that I said, "Hello, Adam" as I picked up the receiver. "Who?" a voice asked. "Sorry," I said and hung up. I knew he would call back. In a minute or so the telephone rang again. "Hello," I said.

"Hello," said Adam. "I tried your phone just now and someone called me Adam and hung up. It was a wrong number."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"How do I know? Who would call me Adam before I opened my mouth?"

"But you are Adam, aren't you?"

"Of course, I'm Adam, but I've been away six months and I've changed. I'm 10 pounds heavier."

He was in one of his argumentative moods, but after we had talked a few minutes I agreed to meet him next day. "We'll take a ride," he said.

The next day was Sunday, a mild day in April, and around noon I walked over to the IND at Eighth Street and Sixth Avenue. Adam was at the corner.

"I was afraid you wouldn't recognize me," he said after we shook hands.

"Well, you are a little heavier."

"I didn't mean that. I meant the beard."

"But you had a beard when you went away."

"This is a new one. I shaved the old one off."

I said nothing; I had no wish to set him going.

"Does the D train suit you?" he asked.

"Why not?" I said.

As we went through the turnstile and down the stairs he looked around. "This place hasn't changed," he grumbled. "You'd think they'd do something about it, give it a better appearance."

"Who?"

"The city, of course. The papers are always talking about New York's dynamic qualities, its growth, the thrust of progress, science, music, art, and look at this. The same old lousy West Fourth Street-Washington Square station. No wonder people are moving to the suburbs."

He was still complaining as we descended to the lower level, but he brightened when the train pulled in and we got aboard. "This is what I missed when I was away," he shouted at me. "What?" "The subway," he said close to my ear. And then: "Did you get the cards I sent you?" I nodded; I remembered two or three from San Francisco.

"I told you I was writing a novel," he said. "I use nothing but four-letter words. I know what you're thinking," he went on. "Everybody says the same thing; nobody will publish it."

I raised my left shoulder slightly. "Why not?" I said.

He put his hand into an inside pocket of his jacket and drew forth a typescript filled with mutilated sentences.

"It's a rough copy," he said. "Still in a formative stage, but I think you can manage. The plot is secondary. The reader is slowly enveloped in the book and once inside he becomes a part of it. Start anywhere."

The first few pages bore so many corrections that I flipped them over quickly. Then I read:

> "From here they will ride east, then west," Maud told them.
> "Only have true love," Dean said.
> "Love with hope," said Maud. "Love ever wins."
> "Life with hope," Dean said. "Rosy life, dark blue, this blue room, that pink rose."
> "Pale dawn," Maud said. "Also fife call, drum beat, oval moon. Have some more wine."

I turned over a few pages.

"Read more," said Adam. "Best will come."

"Wait till we come out into the daylight," I said. He looked displeased but said nothing. I pretended to examine the pages with curiosity and then as the train climbed into the open and raced along the MacDonald Avenue elevated line, I resumed my reading. We were approaching Coney Island by the time I finished. When the train stopped and we got off I noticed, as we walked down the platform, that several of the small billboards had four-letter words written on them. Adam saw my glance and smiled. "Too common," he said. "I have enough without them. Look out there: sand, surf, pier, ship, mole, rock, much, scow, hoop, bike, auto, wire, girl, sign."

He paused for my reaction but as I said nothing he went on. "I don't mind saying I think I have hit on a new departure in the novel. I have a long way to go, of course. Now this thing, the beach, the sea, will get special treatment. Have you ever thought what the sea means and what it meant to Joyce and Homer, to Shakespeare and Dante and St. Augustine? Never mind Conrad!

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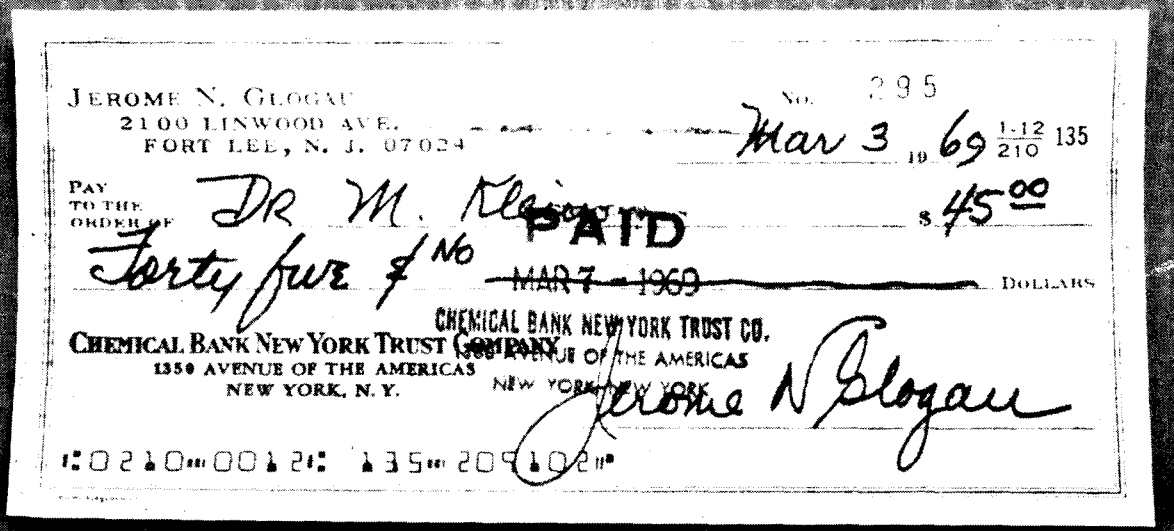

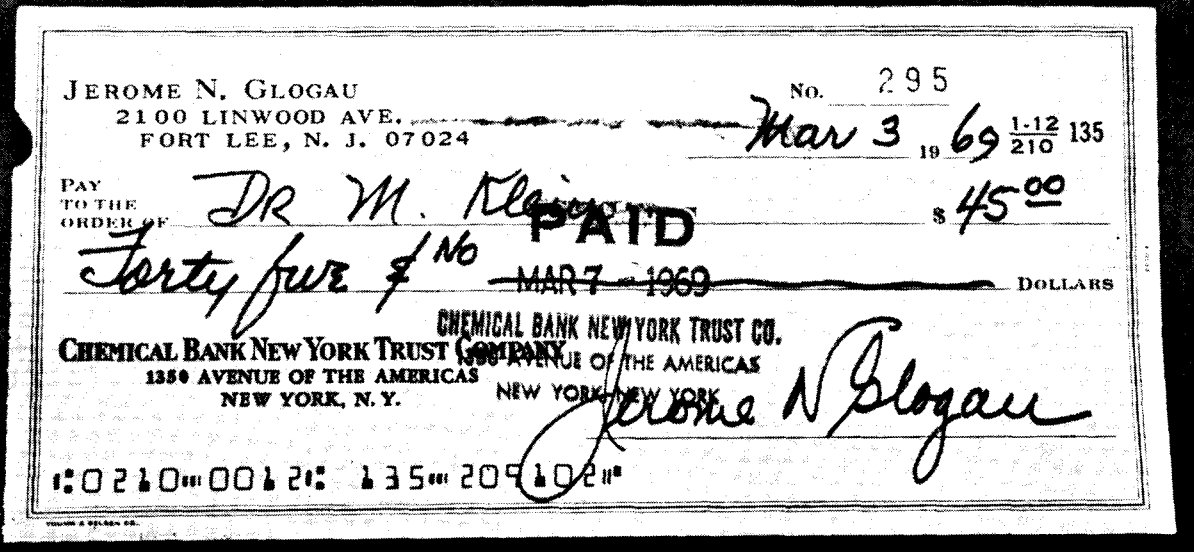

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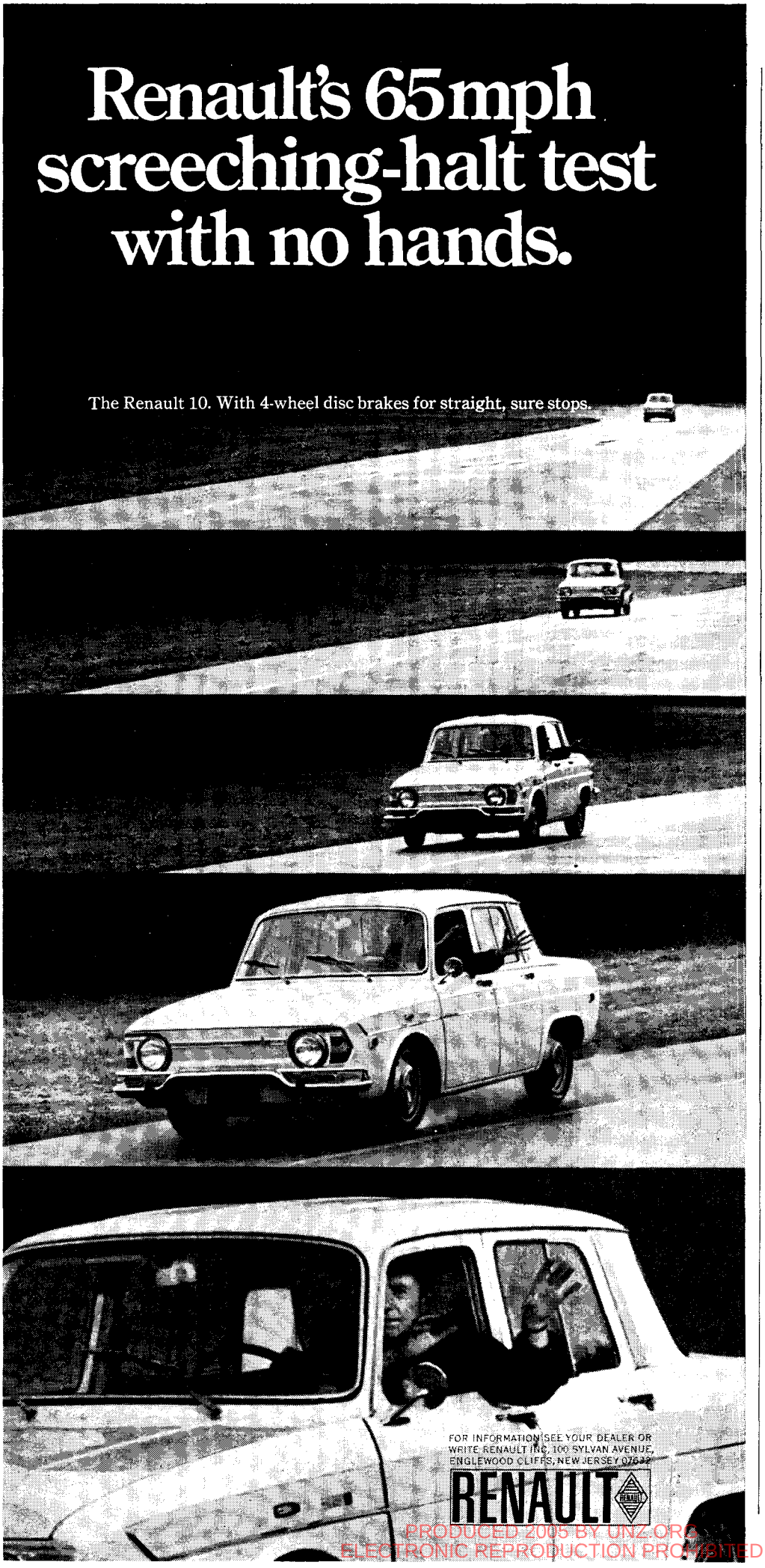
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and Tomlinson and Jack London and other riders who went to sea. I mean the ones who stayed on land."

We walked along Stillwell Avenue to the boardwalk.

"This is the only reality maybe, the great mother of us all as Buck Mulligan called it. I want to treat the sea in a special way, but I start with a handicap. 'Sea' is a three-letter body of water. Have you ever thought of that? We have pool and lake, pond and tarn, rill and gulf, but no four-letter word for the ocean. I've decided, therefore, to use the Italian '*mare*.' Tide is all right, Fish, crab, silt, sink, rise, wade, swim, reef—all good words. Strong words. Roll, tide, roll upon flat sand with silk-shod feet, tiny toes, your lilt like gull call, smee call, bird over bird.

"Do you feel the music? Don't you feel yourself immersed? Look at it this way," he went on. "The ordinary novelist takes you by the hand and leads you and tells you what to think and how to think and how to react. I don't go for that. I give the reader his freedom. He is not to be distracted by long words and short words mixed together. He gets four-letter words and having accepted the form he is free. I never come between him and the book. I have done my job and departed.

"Let's say a novelist has two men strolling along a boardwalk like this one and stopping at a hot dog stand. Now see how I do it. I'm improvising but get this: 'Walk upon wood. Fast. Wood! Walk! Walk! Wood! Face wind. Stop. Lean iron rail. Walk, walk, walk. Pace wood. Step fast. Wood walk. Wind from *mare* over sand, over surf, dull thud, wave upon wave. Odor. Nose. Halt. Chef! Roll, meat, beer. Dine well. Chew. Good. Very good. Nice food. Walk away. Walk upon wood.' Now that's participation, a renewal of experience."

I had immersed myself so deeply that I was hungry. I suggested that we turn back, grab roll, meat, beer on Surf Avenue, Nathan's maybe, push into café, take rest. Adam gave sign he felt same.

Later when we crossed road and went into shed to get the D train back to Manhattan, he was outlining a chapter on fire.

"Burn, hiss, glow, roar. Call help! Help! Feel heat. Know ruin."

In the train he was silent and I knew his busy mind was at work.

As we drew into the West Fourth-Street-Washington Square station I got up. I expected him to follow but he shook his head. "Must work," he said. He was going to the end of the line at 206th Street. He was staying with his sister in the Bronx. I started for the door.

"Will call," he shouted after me. "Next week will dial. Stay well."

Yes, the station did look dirty.

—JOHN FERRIS.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The G-Whiz String

ONE NIGHT a few weeks ago, the ten members of the cast and staff of an off Off-Broadway play were arrested after the opening performance. They were charged with "consensual sodomy, public lewdness, and obscenity."

Despite that pride of bestial charges, there is among the listed names of those arrested, a wardrobe mistress—possibly the least occupied member of any theatrical union.

After the play had ended and the audience had filed out, the judge and the public-morals squad, who had sat through the entire exhibition, went backstage and shepherded the little ensemble into duress vile. The author of the play and his cast of players claimed that the theater has a right to depict life in the raw. But the judge would not deviate.

Once upon an earlier and enlightened time, Off-Broadway was the home of the experimental theater, where new authors could stage untried art forms with meaningful plays for which the Great White Way was not yet ready (O'Neill, Albee, Schisgal, Gilroy, etc.).

And even now you can go off Broadway to see more venturesome theater (*The Boys in the Band, Adaptation-Next, Dames at Sea, Scuba Duba, You're a Good Man Charlie Brown*, etc.).

But in the past few years, any young avant-garde man with a typewriter and a vocabulary of four-letter words, such as "free" and "love," will pound out a play and find a producer to put it on an Off-Broadway stage. Instead of baring his soul, the new playwright hopes to find it more lucrative to bare his actors.

His eyes have seen the glory of the buck in the lines that form at movie houses. The success of this derring-do with a derrière is best exemplified by the film *I Am Curious (Yellow)* now showing in New York. It had been banned months ago, but has since been released.

Variety reports that the small movie house where this film is being shown usually grosses, with its run-of-the-mill sex pictures, about $10,000 a week, whereas it is presently recording a take of about $10,000 a day.

It is a sign of our current enlightened times that the charge of "nudity" was not specified in the case of the actors arrested Off-Broadway. There was a time not too long ago, when a girl appearing on stage gowned in a G-string was an occasion for "Oh my, what's the world coming to?" and "What'll they do next?" Well gee whiz, what they did next, it now transpires, was to drop all pretenses along with the sinful string and the devil take the hindmost.

So, it is not entirely unbelievable that, someday soon, a producer, interviewing a young actress for a role in his next Broadway play, would find himself wrestling with a new problem:

"I presume you've read the script, Miss Wheeler."

"Oh yes, Mr. Meredith. It's very exciting."

"Yes. As you know it's a murder mystery, and when the curtain rises, the body of the beautiful secretary is found lying on stage. The part requires concentration and complete control, since she lies there throughout the first act. You have just the face for it, and I like the way that long blond hair frames your face."

"Thank you. I know I can do it."

"Good. I'll have our lawyer draw up the usual contract and . . ."

"Excuse me. Just one thing, Mr. Meredith. When I read the play, I noticed this character was not only killed, she was also attacked. So I think I can give it that extra something if I played it in the nude."

"Nude! No, no, Miss Wheeler. This is a psychological study in depth of murder. A three-dimensional drama."

"Well sure, and I have the dimensions. Would you like me to audition?"

"No, I don't want to see you—hear you audition. How long have you been an actress?"

"Five years. I started at seventeen, and I just haven't been able to attract attention. I've just been eking out an existence by the skin of my teeth."

"And now you want to try the skin of your torso?"

"Nudity is the new theater, Mr. Meredith. It's box office; people will talk—not only about your play but about me. You know, like that Off-Broadway play last month."

"Yes, and those actors were jailed."

"That's it! This is my big chance to prove to my agent how wrong he is. Just yesterday that joker advised me to give up the theater. He said that as an actress I couldn't even get arrested."

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HERE THEY ARE — the golden years from 1900 to 1942. There were only 76 million Americans at the turn of the century, nearly half of them immigrants. You could get here from Europe for $12; and when you arrived, buy a turkey dinner for 20¢.

But not at Rector's, the Supreme Court of Triviality. There you'd see Diamond Jim Brady, each button on his vest a diamond the size of a half dollar. Or multimillionaire Russell Sage, too stingy to invest in underwear. Or Sugar Baron Henry O. Havemeyer, who hung seven Rembrandts in one room.

They'd be talking about the magnificent new Flatiron Building ("Don't you get dizzy 20 stories up?"), Enoch the Fish Man, who played his trombone solo under water. Jim Europe, Negro bandleader who sired big-band "jass." Flickering flicks and galloping tintypes. Poet Harry Kemp, who made headlines by appearing on the street without a hat (in Greenwich Village, naturally), and again without a tie. Early ad slogans: "Four Out of Five Have It" . . . "Spring! For everyone else but her" . . . "A Sensible Cigarette" . . . "Even Your Best Friends Won't Tell You."

The Things That Made the Twenties Roar

The Fatty Arbuckle trials. The comic-strip revolution. "Brevity is the soul of lingerie." The Golden Age of Sports: Big Bill, Rock, Bobby Jones, Dempsey and Firpo and Tunney, the Four Horsemen, Red Grange, the Babe, Valentino, flaming youth, and the Hottest Jazz Baby in Films, Lucky Lindy: even Jimmy Walker was on time to welcome *him*.

And more! The market goes crazy. "Go cook a radish." Mayor Big Bill Thompson finds a man he can run against, and beat: the King of England, The Black Age of Crime: Hall-Mills, Legs Diamond, Johnny Torrio, Snyder-Gray, Dion O'Banion, Leopold and Loeb, Big Frenchy DeMange, Bugs Moran, *Hymie Weiss* (every day, without fail, he went to church to light a candle), Dutch Schultz, and the Big Guy himself.

The Era of Wonderful Nonsense. Peaches and Daddy Browning. Shipwreck Kelly, the Luckiest Fool Alive: he wooed a redhead from atop his flagpole, climbed down to marry her. The Rocking-Chair Derby. How crooning was born. C. C. Pyle and his transcontinental walking race, the Bunion Derby.

Idols of the Airwaves and the Silver Screen

Dietrich. Chaplin. Menjou. The Happiness Boys. The Gold Dust Twins. Nita Naldi. Phil Baker. Mabel Normand. Ray Eberly. Young Widder Brown. William Desmond Taylor. Professor Quiz. The Boswell Sisters. John Charles Thomas ("Goodnight, Mother."). Will Rogers. Jessica Dragonnette. Ruth Etting. Milton Cross. Russ Columbo. Myrt and Marge. Gloria Swanson. Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable. Harlow. Eddie Cantor. Jean Goldkette. Walter O'Keefe. William Powell and Carole Lombard. The Andrews Sisters.

The list goes on and on. The Street Singer. Garbo. Barrymore. Fred Allen. Harry Richman. Moran and Mack. Jimmy Fidler. Uncle Don. The Mills Brothers. Ben Bernie (did he and Winchell *really* hate each other?). Just Plain Bill. Annette Henshaw. The Red-Headed Music Maker. Singin' Sam. King Kong. Whiteman. Bing. Hundreds more!

"Vas you dere, Sharlie?" If you vas, it's too precious to let any of it get away. Right now, mail the coupon for your copy of *Remember When*. It's the berries.

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We have no Solutions. All we can do is take you back to a saner, better world. And that's no bunk, lounge lizard.

Remember when you froze on line outside the Paramount (35¢ before 12 noon) to catch Benny, when he had Gene and Harry and Lionel in the band?

Remember those dreamy boys at the USO, just in from Iwo Jima, and how hard it was to recall what all the service ribbons stood for?

Did that big bozo at the peephole ever let you in the mahogany door so you could put away a little giggle water? ("Just off the boat – you can still smell the salt water.")

There was Mae West (some bimbo!) murmuring, "When I'm good, I'm very good; but when I'm bad, I'm better." Dizzy Dean and brother Daffy. Knickers. Tea in tin boxes. Dance marathons. Betty Furness on early TV struggling with the vacuum cleaner. Hollywood stars under the lids of dixie cups. "$30 Every Thursday": Senator Downey and his Ham-and-Eggs Crusade. S.A. "It."

Calm your fears — we wouldn't dream of forgetting Wee Bonnie Baker. Babe Didrickson. Bank night. Judge Crater. Starr Faithful. Fibber McGee's closet. Slim and Slam. Goldfish swallowing. Ella Mae Morse. Busby Berkeley. Zoot suits. Miniature golf. Jigsaw puzzles. Fats Waller. Singing song titles. The Ritz Brothers. Two-Ton Tony Galento. "Beat Me, Daddy, Eight to the Bar." Mark Hellinger. Scott Fitzgerald. Aimee Semple McPherson. Sam Goldwyn. The Trylon and the Perisphere. Listening to the radio ("C'mon, Mom, Joe Penner is on").

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It's to our interest to attract lots of members to the Club right at the start. So we've arranged to make your Charter Membership worth more in dollars and more in pleasure: At least three times a year, *Charter Members only* will receive either a free surprise book or record . . . or be offered the same at a price much lower than even the Club discount price . . . or be privileged to buy at a good discount a book available *only* to Charter Members, not to ordinary members. • Now—as long as we can keep this offer open—you can take—for just one dollar—a copy of Allen Churchill's wonderful, just-published $9.95 word-and-picture story of 1900-1942, *Remember When*. • Free subscription to *Reminiscing Time*, monthly Club bulletin that not only describes latest Selection and Alternates but carries special yesteryear features sure to start the nostalgia flowing . . . even if you don't buy a book. • Discounts ranging from 20% all the way up to 70%. • Easy commitment. You need buy only 4 Club books over the next *two* years from among the 50 or more we'll offer, after which you may resign at any time. You are free to reject any Selection you don't want on the handy form provided. If you want the monthly Selection, no need to do anything. It will come automatically. • EXTRA! We *guarantee* never to offer a book about Twiggy or the Beatles.

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I'm over 35 years of age and I'm no dumbbell. Sign me on as a Charter Member of your new Club. I get all the Charter Membership privileges described above, such as a special surprise book or record at least 3 times a year; my copy of Allen Churchill's nifty new $9.95 book, *Remember When*, for $1 plus shipping; and my free subscription to *Reminiscing Time*, the monthly Club bulletin that describes current Selections and Alternates and brings me memory-jogging words and pictures from yesteryear. I may buy books at 20% to 70% discounts plus shipping, and I need buy only 4 books over the next 2 years, after which I may resign at any time. I am free to reject any Selection on the form provided. If I want the book I need do nothing; it will come automatically.

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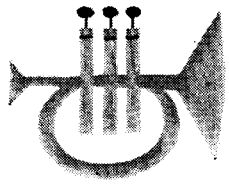

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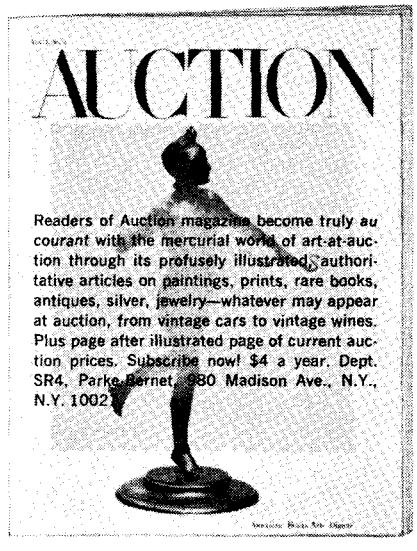
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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

I like the story about Oliver Herford and the Farragut Club, to which he belonged. Richard Harding Davis heard about the club and asked Herford to propose him for membership. For many months, every time they met, Herford would report to Davis that no action had been taken yet. The famous journalist, a self-important fellow, grew impatient.

After all, he had sat with heads of state and had found no doors closed to him. One day, however, Herford finally gave Davis the news—but it was not what he had been waiting for. The Farragut Club had rejected his membership application.

Ultimately, it became known that Herford held all the offices in the Farragut Club and was its sole member, and that the club's meeting place was the seat under the statue of Admiral Farragut in Madison Square. Herford had organized the club for the sole purpose of blackballing Richard Harding Davis.

June 3 will be the first anniversary of the start of an unprecedented radio program, *Night Call.* Heard on about eighty-five stations around the country from Seattle to Boston to Tampa, weekdays beginning at 11:30 p.m., it is a "talk show" with a unique format. Each evening there is one notable guest. The studio is equipped with an open phone line, so that anyone in the country can call collect and speak with the guest, questioning him about the topic on the agenda.

This means that persons have been able to put direct questions to Hubert Humphrey, Adam Clayton Powell, Mayor John Lindsay, and Norman Cousins, for example, while the exchange goes live on the air. You can imagine what this can lead to. When Stokely Carmichael was on *Night Call,* about 65,000 listeners dialed the number. One who got through, a true Southern lady from Louisiana, participated in a phone conversation that she—and perhaps Carmichael—won't forget for a long time. When the program was given the Ohio State Award this year, the citation said it was for the listeners "an inspiring, frustrating, challenging, disquieting, and brilliant expression of America's dreams and fears."

Night Call was launched and is paid for mostly by the Television, Radio, and Film Commission of the United Methodist Church. The original idea was to produce a dialogue between blacks and whites. Listeners have phoned and argued racial issues with James Baldwin, the Reverend Ralph Abernathy, Muhammad Ali, Sargent Shriver, and Arthur Miller. Now guests are dealing with other matters as well—sex, ABM, wiretapping, urban crisis. Usually the guests, like the callers, are in their own home. Del Shields, the alert moderator of *Night Call,* is in the studio. On two occasions the telephone lines have stretched across the sea; once to movie producer Jules Dassin in Paris, who discussed Hollywood film hang-ups, and once to Spartak Beglov, a Russian journalist in Moscow, who fielded a wide range of questions from American call-

ers. That was a particularly successful call, partly because the Russians have apparently forgotten to send the phone bill.

Did you think that in this compassionate country of ours blind people were well taken care of? You have another think coming. In a book just published by the Russell Sage Foundation, *The Making of Blind Men,* a quite different picture is presented by Dr. Robert A. Scott, assistant professor of sociology at Princeton. Public and private agencies serving the blind deal with only a small proportion of the total blind population, numbering about one million. These agencies are organized to serve primarily blind children and employable men. Furthermore, the agencies instill in the blind the attitudes they are supposed to change. Blind persons are taught to be dependent on the agency.

Because few of us are close to a blind person, and if we are, we often don't ask him such questions, this book comes as a fascinating and shocking revelation. Dr. Scott says, for instance, that blind agencies "capture" their clients and prevent them from going back into the sighted community. One reason is that they are hard to replace, and for fund-raising purposes the blind agency needs customers, usually ones that are appealing to the public—children or young,

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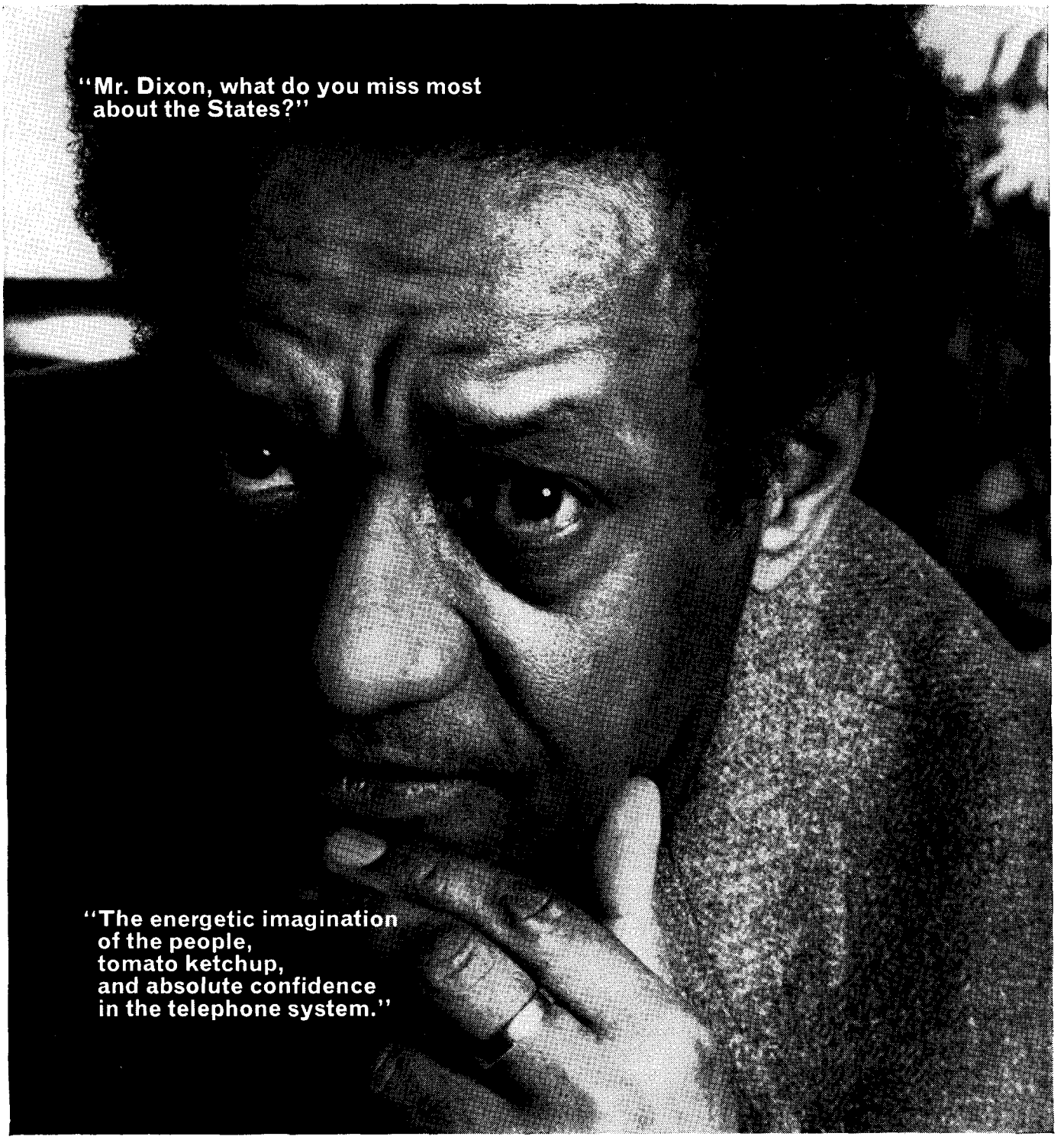
YOUR ANYWHERE ANYTHING ANYTIME AT&T NETWORK


"Mr. Dixon, what do you miss most about the States?"
"The energetic imagination of the people, tomato ketchup, and absolute confidence in the telephone system."

Manhattan born, Dean Dixon, conductor of the Frankfurt Radio Symphony Orchestra in Germany, comments on our telephone system:

"I really didn't know I had this confidence in the American telephone system until I came to Europe and found that I couldn't have it over here. In the States you take it for granted that you're going to get your party quickly and hear him clearly. What I miss most is that feeling I got when I walked to the phone that there was something dependable there; there was speed and clarity there; there was security there."

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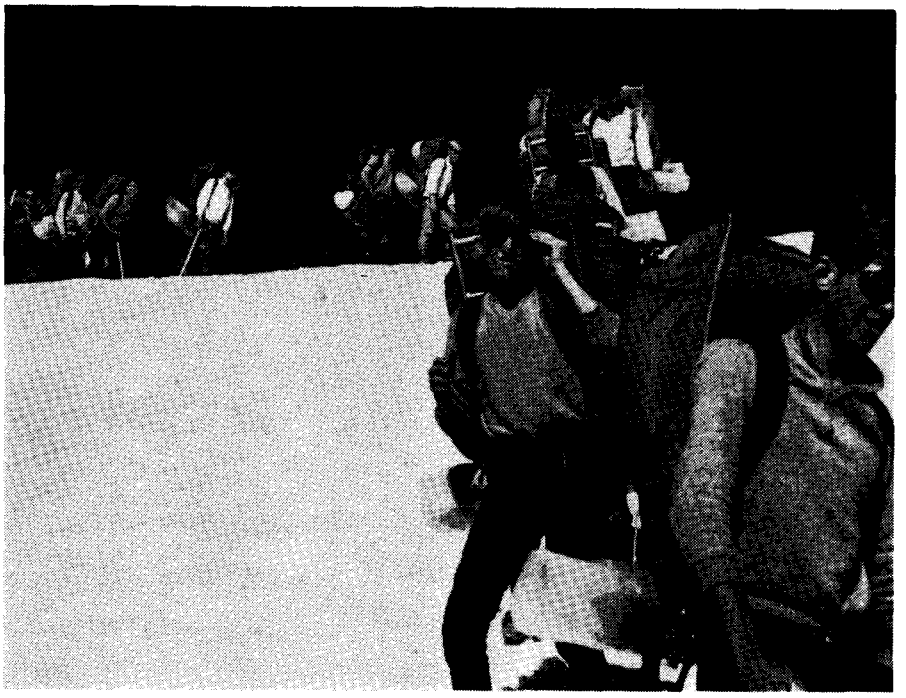

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Life Bound is not a finishing school . . . it's a beginning school.

Life Bound is 26 days in Colorado. It is the team challenging an awesome mountain wilderness. It is the individual alone in a desert. It is the endurance of a long trek across the plains. It is the compassion of helping minority peoples in a poverty-stricken rural community. It is the self-reliance of being thrust penniless into the heart of a large city.

In short, it's anything but easy.

What Life Bound asks from the individual are enormously grueling physical exertions; quick, hard decisions from too little information; ability to select what is significant from too much information; and self-control and stability in stress and shock situations.

What Life Bound gives the individual is a tested confidence in his ability to meet challenge successfully. It enlarges his perspective of his own capabilities. It teaches him when to rely only on his own resources, and when and how he can depend on others.

Life Bound does not set goals. It shows the individual that it's within himself to achieve his own goals. And that he can set those goals high.

Courses begin on the first of July and August. Each course is limited to 30 young men between the ages of 16 and 25. The staff has impressive credentials. Equipment is the best available.

Exclusive of transportation cost to Denver, the fee of $850 covers all expenses, including equipment.

For additional information, write Paul M. Sanders, Director, Life Bound, Ltd., 8160 Knox Ct., Westminster, Colorado 80030.

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able-bodied adults, but not old, ugly, handicapped people. The agencies, Dr. Scott writes, also expect the blind man to show the "proper" attitudes of humility, gratitude, helplessness, etc.

The Making of Blind Men explains the presence of blind beggars on our streets. They are usually people who

have rejected the established programs and set out on their own. They show great stamina, and are capable of moving about the city on their own, using public transportation, and keeping their composure in crowds. They have not been driven to beg because all other recourses are closed to them, but because it is lucrative and because they like the freedom—there is no one telling them what to do and how. A blind beggar, however, deliberately distorts his role by saying, in effect, "I will be the helpless, pathetic person you ask me to be, but for this I demand payment."

Dr. Scott's carefully written book is a blockbuster.

Sharps and Flats: *Variety* reports that at the Pix Theater in Los Angeles a reel of *Bullitt* was by mistake projected upside down on the screen. The audience made no protest. The fact that the actors seemed to be walking on the ceiling disturbed no one, apparently because hipster patrons accepted the freak-out as just another directorial touch.

▶ They don't make sexy movies the way they used to. I'll never forget Jean Arthur brushing her teeth in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*. Wow!

▶ Show me a space pirate's happy acknowledgment of a radio message, and I'll show you a jolly "Roger!"

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1828)

Ernest K. Gann:
SONG OF THE SIRENS

A yard for a squares' I was crossed on her foremast, and this spar, like her boom, gaffs, and jibboom, was of spruce. All of her tackle was extraordinarily heavy, as befitted a ship intended for the muscles of eager young men. The antique anchor winch was intended to try their souls.

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If you need coaxing to switch to more useful news like this:

1. Nixon Under Pressure—The Problems Pile Up
2. First Faint Signs That The Business Boom Is Slowing
3. Accord With Russia . . ? Straws In The Wind
4. Riot Season Approaches—The Countermeasures
5. The War in Vietnam Takes A New Turn
6. The Next Major Money Crisis . . .
7. Stocks Vs. Bonds—New Considerations For Investors
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14. Black Studies For Black Students Vs. Civil Rights Act
15. Mr. Agnew Comes On Strong: A New Kind Of V.P.
16. Russia-Red China Clash: Meaning, Short- And Long-Term
17. How Nixon Will Attack Inflation
18. Rising Nationalism In Latin America—The Impact
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21. The Ability To Learn—New Findings Start Controversy
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50. Forecast For Business: Slowdown, But Continued Prosperity

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The Song of Songs

By KENNETH REXROTH

TO judge from contemporary literature, the easiest books of the Bible for modern man to appreciate, in his completely secular society, are Job and the Song of Songs. The reason is obvious. They are not what he thinks of as religious. Least of all do they fit into the common notion of the "Judeo-Christian tradition." From the Talmudists or the unknown authors of the Cabala to Orthodox Rabbis or Hasidic Zadikem drunk with holiness, from the Fathers of the Church to the mystics of the Middle Ages, these two books, of all in the Old Testament, have been held central to the meaning of religion. So, today's extraordinary reversal of judgment shows only that most men in our predatory thing-bound society have no idea of what religion is.

There are almost as many interpretations of the Song of Songs as there are interpreters. Orthodox Christianity has interpreted it as a dramatic hymn celebrating the love of Christ for his Church, the mystics as the love of Christ for the human soul. The compilers of the Propers, the variable parts of the Mass, and the prayer hours of the Breviary, have mined it for antiphons and versicles on feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Only recently has it come to be used for this purpose in underground nuptial masses. Jewish interpreters have often simply taken it literally as a wedding ode for the marriage of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Otherwise the Jewish interpretations differ little from the Christian—which they have usually preceded. The Cabalists and the Hasidim parallel the more extreme mystics of the cultus of adoration of Mary. To them the Song of Songs is a collection of hymns showing forth the love of Jehovah for the Shekinah, his personalized power and glory, a concept not unlike the Shaktis of Shiva, Vishnu, and Buddha—Pravati, Lakshmi, and Tara. This places the Song of Songs in the same class as the *Krishnalila,* the songs of Krishna's love-play with Radha. Central to this interpretation in Judaism is the cardinal sacramental concept of Judaism itself—the idea that it is in the consummation of marriage that immanence and transcendence become one.

But what in fact is—or was, when it was put together—the Song of Songs? Was it the liturgy of an *hierosgamos,* a dramatic poem accompanying the mystical marriage of one of the many Baals and Ashtaroth of Canaan, acted out by priest and priestesses in a so-called fertility rite? Possibly. We have several dramatic odes and fragments of poems of this kind in Ugarit, in Egyptian, and in the languages of Mesopotamia. Many modern interpreters have tried to put it together as an actual play, just as they have Job, but its dramatic continuity is not really very apparent. However, neither are the *hierosgamos* dramas of the Near East generally. They were written a long time before Sophocles, or Aristotle's *Poetics.*

It is common nowadays to talk about the Bible as a collection of myths. There are even profoundly secularized theologians who want to demythologize it. The shoe is on the other foot. Biblical exegesis is a collection of myths. Each age constructs the myth it deserves. Only a little while ago, both Moses and Jesus were sun myths. Shortly after that, they were nonexistent.

The mythic interpretation of the Song of Songs which I prefer, and suspect might even be true, greatly resembles Marcel Granet's *Festivals and Songs of Ancient China,* his essential and revolutionary interpretation of the *Shi Ching,* the Chinese *Book of Odes.* There are several contemporary biblical critics who share this interpretation, which is: the Song of Songs is a collection of dance lyrics for group marriage, which were sung as young men and maidens danced in the fields and vineyards at the corn harvest festival, and when the water was turned from the irrigation ditches into the runnels between the rows of grapevines, and finally at the grape harvest.

All these ancient rites, due to the shifting of the seasons in an inaccurate calendar, eventually came to be concentrated in Succoth, the Feast of Booths, or, as some versions of the Bible call it, the Feast of Tabernacles. The booths themselves, still built in the backyard, or on the roof, during Succoth by Orthodox Jews, are survivals of the little shacks of leaves and sticks that sheltered the grape pickers. The roof is left flimsy, with the sky looking through, so that the Shekinah can descend and cover with her wings of glory the husband and wife as they sleep together.

Thus, we can think of the separate songs of the Song of Songs being sung by a row of girls just come to womanhood and a row of boys just come to manhood performing a dance, not unlike a modern hora, on opposite sides of the living waters, while the king and queen of the festival, whom they have chosen from among themselves, march to the fulfillment of the marriage of heaven and earth.

This is by no means an eccentric or even mystical or Hasidic interpretation. Furthermore, scattered about the Bible are many passages which might refer to the same rite. To conflate: In the shadow of the lingam and yoni, the massebah, during the feast of oil and wine, from the arbors of Asiph, from the embracing lovers, joy spread like a sweet incense in the fire of communion. Then the virgins of Israel, adorned with tabrets, went forth in the dances of them who make merry. Then the winepress was trod with joy and gladness. There was happy shouting over the vintage. When the daughters of Shiloh came out to dance, the men came from the vineyards and every man took a bride.

Most especially the Psalms, which culminate in the 84th, embody the other aspect of the rites of the harvest, the procession with palm, willow, and myrtle branches up to the temple, in memory of the day when Solomon (*Shelomoh*: "Peace") consecrated the temple to Jehovah—another marriage of heaven and earth. It is fascinating to go through the Bible with a good analytical expositor's concordance and look up all the references to tabernacle and such key words as tabret, vineyard, and winepress. Put together, they form a remarkably clear picture of the ancient rite, even down to small details; for instance, the fires of sarments, the dry prunings of the vines—saved from springtime—which blazed alongside the channels of new water and lit the dance, and through which the dancers may have leaped.

This is not all dry exegesis. An understanding of the background of the Song of Songs not only makes the poems themselves far more thrilling, but it restores to a central place in our conceptions of the world as holy, the sanctification of the communion of man and woman, of the people in community, of mankind and the earth from which he is made, and of earth and heaven.

Last but not least, the songs of the Song of Songs are very simply among the most beautiful love songs in all the literatures of the world, not to mention their contemporaneity—"I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem."

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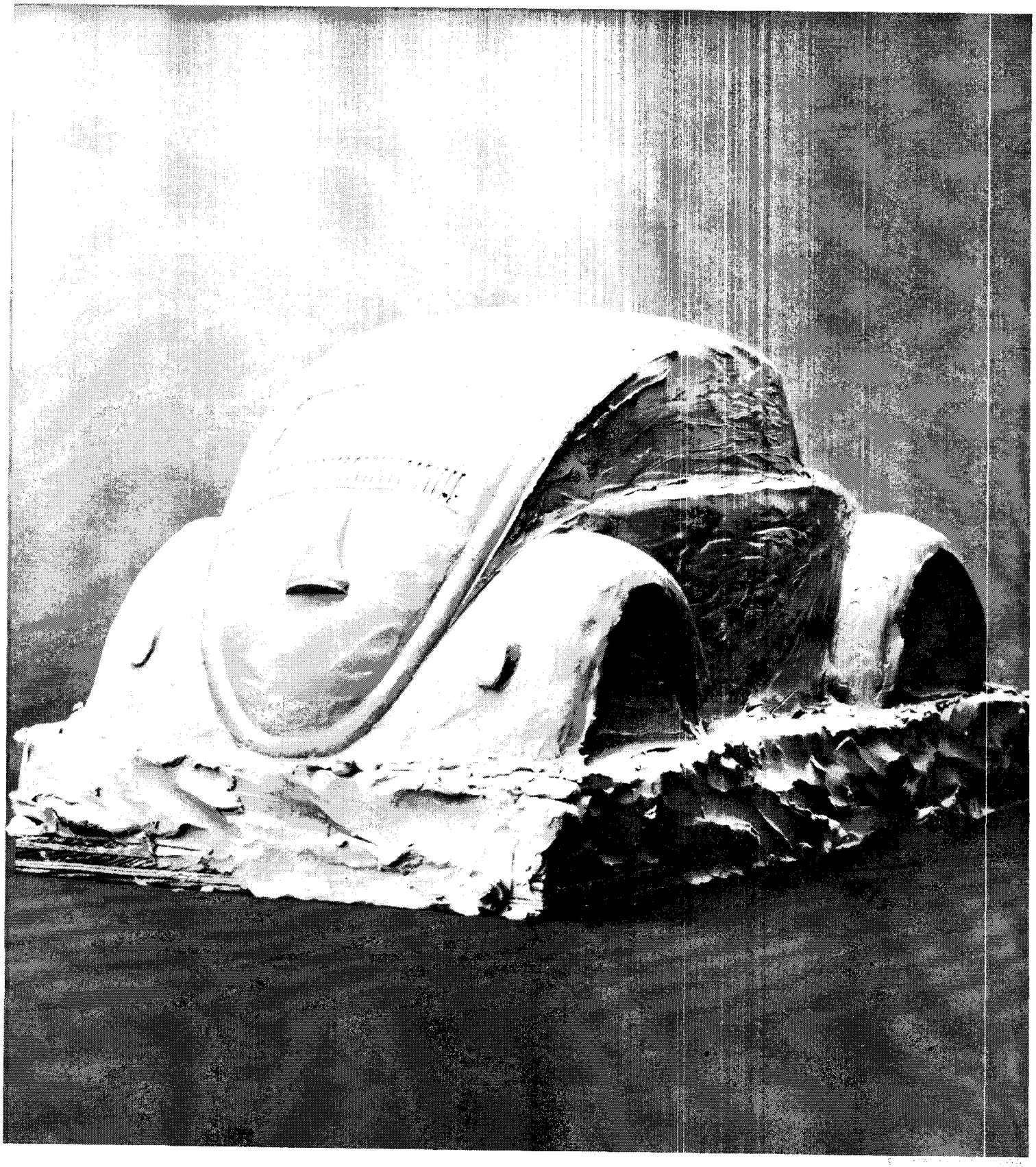

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Weren't they proud of this year's?

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Saturday Review
April 26, 1969

TV and the ARTS

1. The Prospect Before Us

By JOHN TEBBEL

WE have reached the point in the development of television where the private monopoly in programing enjoyed by the networks has come into direct conflict with the public interest on a number of fronts. Nowhere, perhaps, has this conflict been sharper than on the cultural front. For years the medium has been under heavy attack by people who despise its cultural poverty, and recently there has also been a marked disaffection in the mass audience itself—a boredom with the product. No group is more bored than the young. College students who were glued to the tube as children now turn away from it. To use the most battered word of our times, they do not consider it relevant—politically, culturally, or any other way.

Even movies, upon which television has been relying so heavily, show signs of slipping in popularity. Motion picture audiences in this country are growing steadily younger, but the movies shown on television reflect, in general, the conventional middle-class and middle-aged values which have dominated movie exhibition in small towns for decades. The young prefer the kind of movies shown in art houses in cities and college communities; television does not dare show these films except occasionally and late—and even then, in cut versions—or on a UHF channel which has relatively little to lose. People who do watch movies on television are more and more irritated by the stupefying number of commercials, which often make the picture itself seem almost incidental.

As Jack Gould remarked recently in *The New York Times*, "much more direction and push from New York will be indicated to induce Hollywood to forget about formula stuff and use TV as a creative instrument in its own right. Sales-oriented executives, capable in their chosen field but largely numb in terms of venturous theater, still dominate too many decisions at the TV networks."

True, perhaps, but critics and resident intellectuals will likely be one with Nineveh and Tyre before TV is used "as a creative instrument in its own right" by those who presently control it. For television is a *mass* medium, in the truest sense of that abused phrase, and what television's critics sometimes forget is that the history of mass culture shows us that the more the base of a medium is broadened, the lower its cultural level will be. Television has the broadest base of any medium, and by and large, it rests at the lowest cultural level.

What else should we expect? For more than a decade, the critical litany has been that if television's entrepreneurs would only conceive of their medium in the lofty terms everyone envisioned when it first appeared as a factor in national life, everything would be fine. It is asserted repeatedly that the networks underestimate their audiences, that the ratings game is rigged and does not truly represent the national taste, and that programing more closely reflects the commercialism of the network operators than it does the cultural potential of the audience.

ONE could argue this question endlessly, and indeed that seems to be its fate. It is not difficult to cast doubts on the ratings business; sometimes the business obligingly casts doubts on itself. Nor is it hard to castigate much, or most, of what appears on television; no dead horse has ever been beaten more thoroughly. But had the Caesars given the ancient Romans chamber music instead of bread and circuses, there is no reason to believe that the cultural level of the populace would have been raised appreciably.

If the critics are right, they will have

John Tebbel, professor of journalism at New York University, writes frequently for *SR*.

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to explain why *Bonanza* was not only the number one show in America for so long, but quickly attained that status in every country where it was shown, in Europe and Asia alike. *Bonanza,* situation comedies of every stripe, audience participation games, daytime serials, old Hollywood movies, new Hollywood movies—all have one thing in common. They are mass entertainments, designed for a mass medium.

As long as television remains a private commercial enterprise instead of a government-sponsored institution, as it is almost everywhere else, it seems idle to condemn the network heads for programing what they know most people will look at, and therefore what these businessmen will be able to sell best. Surely the hope for the future does not lie in trying to persuade or force the networks to purvey something that would result in their economic suicide. Nor does it lie in government ownership or greater federal control. (Curiously, one hears and reads the same criticisms of television in Britain that are so common here.) Recent attempts to force the networks and individual stations to provide a diversity of programing on FM channels have met with failure, except in a handful of cases.

Would it not be more rational to accept the fact that there is a mass audience with concurrent tastes, to which commercial television is going to cater despite whatever vicissitudes of programing it may pass through as public taste fluctuates within a necessarily narrow range? Then would it not be better to proceed from that point and work out ways and means by which minority cultural tastes can be met and satisfied? Is there any valid reason why *Bonanza* cannot coexist with programing for a higher level of taste?

The consensus today seems to be that a viable alternative to commercial television must be provided, if the medium is to have any meaning beyond simple mass entertainment. As matters stand, music lovers cannot turn to it. What was once offered, holding so much promise, has virtually disappeared, as Peter Herman Adler documents in this issue (see p. 22). FM radio is the only resource for those who want serious music, and even there it is under commercial pressures that are presently diminishing its presence. Similarly, the balletomane finds dance represented only fleetingly in occasional "specials." Looking at art is a growing interest among Americans, as crowded galleries and museums testify, but it is scarcely represented on television. Theater on the tube, which once held the most promise of all, has also been largely relegated to "specials," and many of these are of doubtful quality. Serious, young, creative playwrights no longer turn to television, as they did at its inception.

IF we agree that a viable alternative is essential, two formidable questions arise: Who determines what is to be programed? And how is it to be financed?

The second question is the more difficult. Television is by far the most expensive of the media, and there is little reason to believe it will ever be less costly, except at the receiving end. The cost of experimenting, even of trying to establish the best alternative, has brought nearly every reform attempt to the brink of disaster.

In the case of the Ford Foundation-sponsored Public Broadcast Laboratory, one can see how hard it is going to be to answer both questions. The PBL was financed as a two-year experiment to extend and explore the range of viable alternatives to commercial television already being offered by National Educational Television; as such, it was able to use the facilities of NET stations around the country. It had some splendid plans. Yet, from the beginning it had to contend with a wide disparity of ideas, among everyone concerned, about what constituted good public broadcasting. The governing editorial board disagreed with the creative staff; the creative staff often disagreed with itself.

Early in April, with its time running out, PBL was pronounced officially dead, but some of its basic concepts and its production staff were to be preserved in a restructuring of educational television by the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. Remaining would be a two-hour Sunday night show, in which the emphasis would be more on culture and less on public affairs. The PBL experiment cost $12,000,000 for its two-year run, but the expenditure was justified, perhaps, if for no other reason than that it focused at least some public attention on a few of the possibilities for new programing that could be directed toward the audience which NET has established.

Clearly, foundations cannot carry the burden of alternative broadcasting alone. As matters seem to be working out in the case of PBL and elsewhere, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting may become the major factor in noncommercial transmission. The Corporation was created by the Public Broadcasting Act of 1968. Its fifteen-member board of directors, composed of distinguished citizens, subsequently appointed John W. Macy, Jr., as president of the Corporation. Macy, a former university vice president, had been chairman of the Civil Service Commission and was the Johnson Administration's principal talent scout for federal jobs. He came to his new job with an open mind, having had no previous broadcasting experience.

AFTER his appointment, Macy observed that public television should be "broadly educational," and expressed the belief that local noncommercial stations should not be dominated by a national network. Some facts have been faced by the new Corporation. Frank Pace, its chairman, has said bluntly that there is no alternative to federal funding, and Macy has laid it down that this funding must not impair "freedom from federal interference." Among those who know Congress best, no bets are being taken.

"When a stock splits, should I be happy or sad?"

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Indeed, the kind of help we may expect from Congress could be seen in the March hearings of the communications subcommittee of the Senate Commerce Committee. The Congressmen were disturbed about violence and sex. They thought a television commercial for shaving cream was too suggestive, and one Senator was offended by the fact that *La Dolce Vita*, a motion picture which has been shown without incident all over the world, was exhibited on a Washington station, where presumably the air is purer.

On the subject of violence, the subcommittee offered the novel proposition that it ought to be removed from television, leaving viewers with no knowledge of it except what could be gleaned from newspapers, books, magazines, and movies, not to mention the streets of any city. Television, of course, is the only medium where violence can be censored by Congress.

But again, the chief problem the Corporation for Public Broadcasting faces is money. When Congress created the Corporation, it gave it a niggardly $5,000,000 on which to operate temporarily. Macy expected to go before Congress sometime this month to ask the House Appropriations Committee for $20,000,000 to cover the fiscal year 1970—an exceedingly modest amount, measured by present television costs.

The Corporation's energies and influence will be directed toward the existing noncommercial alternative—approximately 160 educational stations in the nation, which PBL had helped to pull into a network albeit split at times by dissensions over program content. The Corporation intends to keep its hands off programing. "It is important that we not become a judge of individual programing," Macy has said. "We will never tell a local station what is best for its community." What *will* the Corporation do, then? It would, said Macy, aid the national community effort of educational TV by getting funds, assisting in developing and procuring physical facilities such as color equipment, and in general—through grants and other means—bolster and further resources of NET.

What this means, translated into practical terms, is that the Corporation will make an attempt to provide—at last—adequate financing for the whole educational television system, a large part of which has been gasping for financial air since it began. While it is getting money out of Congress, the Corporation will also act as a buffer between the stations and their probably reluctant benefactors, who may be expected to yield to the temptation to find out if they are getting what, in their opinion, is their money's worth, and if not, to suggest suitable changes.

"He's been intolerable ever since Audubon used him as a model."

In announcing the major reorganization of educational television that decided PBL's fate, Macy and Fred W. Friendly, television consultant to Ford Foundation President McGeorge Bundy, made some highly encouraging gestures in the direction of culture. Not only would there be the new two-hour program on Sunday night, devoted to cultural events, but there would be such heartening developments as the creation of a television opera company and a revival of the New York Television Theater, along with better national distribution systems to make this programing accessible to larger audiences.

It was encouraging, too, to note that NET would get approximately $7,600,000 in grants for the coming year, and that the Ford Foundation was granting $5,000,000 directly to fifteen individual stations. Yet this largess only underlined the ultimate problem faced by noncommercial television. Foundation money and private grants, welcome and essential as they are at this stage, cannot sustain alternative television much longer. It will take relatively massive infusions of government money to accomplish what must be done, and the infusions must not be governed by the opinion of Congressmen, individually or even collectively, as to what television should program.

The most likely way to avoid many of noncommercial television's problems appears to be implicit in the report issued late last year by President Johnson's task force on national communications policy. The report focused directly on the diversity of programing, which is the only realistic answer to satisfying all the viewing public all of the time. Briefly, it proposed to give both controversial pay television and comparably controversial cable television equal opportunities to provide the diversity. These opportunities would come not a moment too soon, if they are grasped, because technology, as usual, has outstripped the planners and bureaucrats alike, creating a potentially chaotic situation that might take years to sort out.

Broadly, the report accepts the fact that viewers are going to be bombarded with communications signals ranging all the way from international broadcasting via satellites (turning loose a new set of formidable problems) to communities which will be absorbing not only the familiar commercial variety of TV but specialized programs for special audiences via cable and pay television. Without federal regulation and control of some kind, there is not the slightest doubt that all these endeavors will wind up eventually in the enormous pockets of a national or possibly an international commercial agglomerate.

To oversee this incipient monster and guide it in the public interest, the report advocates creating a major new federal agency, under the Executive branch, which would not replace but rather supplement the FCC. A single corporation under federal regulation would govern international satellite communications, as well as cables and high-frequency radio. There will, of course, be no satellite system at all unless the Government invests in one. Most significantly, cable television is to be given a green light, although with cautionary provisions

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which at the moment have virtually stalled it.

The conflict will immediately center here. The commercial networks have already worked hard trying to destroy pay television, and they are well aware that cable television is an even better device to break their monopoly. It is also "the other woman" capable of ending the happy marriage between commercial TV and the movies, and the motion picture companies are already investigating whether transmission of motion pictures by cable companies is a violation of copyright. Fleets of lawyers have steamed into the cable TV sea of controversy, and no one knows when this legal blockade will be broken.

Some encouragement came from the Justice Department early this April, when Richard W. McLaren, Anti-Trust Division chief in a letter to the FCC described cable TV as "the most promising means of achieving greater competition and diversity in local mass media communications," and indicated that his division supported the cable companies.

Again, the question is freedom. If cable television is to provide real diversification, it must be free to transmit all the signals it can gather, even if they come from a distance. The Anti-Trust Division apparently upholds this freedom, since it urges the FCC to relax its present restrictions on cable companies that forbid them to broadcast in large cities competitive programs being carried out of town. The cable companies, however, will have to devise a system of payment for what they distribute. There will also have to be moves to prevent newspapers or television stations in a particular locality from owning cable companies in the same market, although the Justice Department apparently believes it may be all right to have such ownership in other markets.

The idea, obviously, is to give the cable companies an opportunity to provide the diversity that public television alone cannot supply. Their advertising will be directed at selective, specialized audiences rather than mass markets. It will be a tricky business, admittedly, to solve the hard problems of who is going to own the cable companies, how much competition there is going to be, and how to save enough cable service for noncommercial purposes. There are presently twelve television channel systems available. Eight more could be added by cable in the present state of technology. It is easy to see where and how the crisis is going to come.

Television and society face these and a number of other critical questions. How they are answered, and what pattern of broadcasting emerges from these controversies, may well determine in significant measure the quality of life in America for generations to come.

TV AND THE ARTS

2. Music: The Silent Stepchild

By PETER HERMAN ADLER

TO most Americans, the very notion that they should look to television for opera, dance, and symphony music must seem foreign – almost as foreign as my native Czechoslovakia seemed to Neville Chamberlain at the time of Munich ("a country . . . about which we know nothing. . ."). But those of us who have experienced what radio and television are doing for serious music in the rest of the civilized world—from London to Tokyo, from Moscow to Melbourne—cannot be content with the present state of broadcast music in this country.

Commercial television makes one small but meaningful contribution: Leonard Bernstein's extraordinary "Young People's Concerts." During the rest of the year it may proudly present "Hurok Presents" or, equally daring, take its cameras into Carnegie Hall to tape an eminently salable attraction such as Vladimir Horowitz. Radio—which has yielded its place in the sun to its glamorous offspring but still manages to live comfortably in its shadow—presents serious music essentially by playing commercial recordings, only occasionally hanging its microphones in the concert halls of major symphony orchestras or (most important) at the Metropolitan Opera on Saturday afternoons.

Few of our younger generation are aware that it was not always thus. Some may know there was an NBC Symphony Orchestra, performing under the greatest of them all, Arturo Toscanini, and that these concerts were broadcast live from coast to coast. How many know that there was also an excellent CBS Orchestra, led by Bernard Herrmann and employing the young Eileen Farrell as a staff artist, which presented weekly programs different in style and content from the subscription audience programs of the New York Philharmonic, also carried live on the same network? How many have heard of the weekly programs under Alfred Wallenstein's direction, sponsored by New York's WOR in the 1940s, including in one year a cycle of studio productions of Mozart operas at a time when works such as *Abduction from the Seraglio* or the now almost popular *Così fan tutte* were practically unknown in the United States?

How many know that supporting a

Peter Herman Adler, former musical and artistic director of the NBC Opera and music director of the Baltimore Symphony divides his time between guest conducting and his position as music consultant for National Educational Television.

"The champagne flight was stuck on a holding pattern over Kennedy for two hours."

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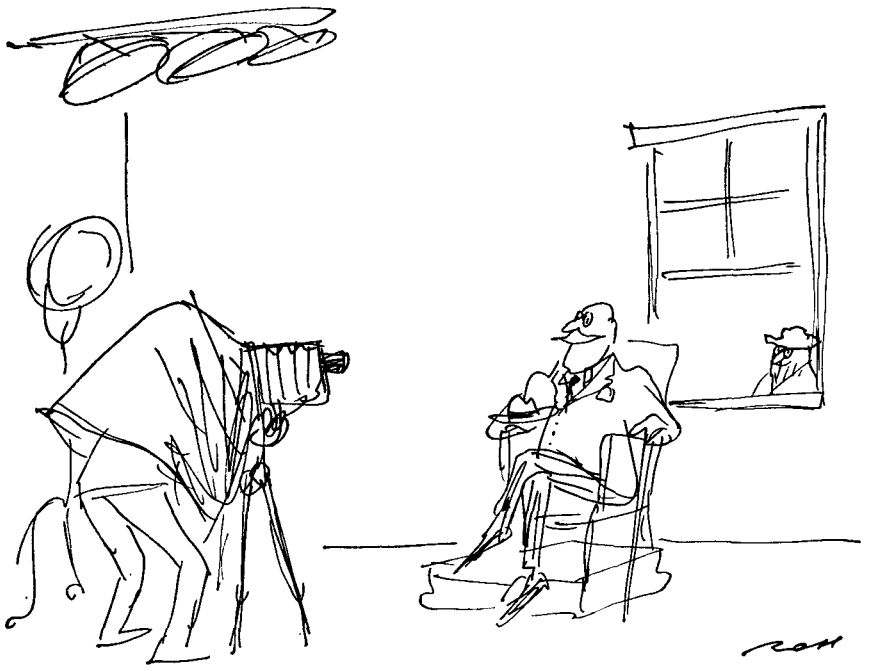

studio orchestra was once considered a mark of respectability and achievement for our large radio stations? The Sarnoffs, the Paleys, and the others who brought radio to the center of American life were struck by the excitement of musical broadcasts; when challenged to show that radio could enlighten as well as entertain, they thought immediately of music.

That, of course, was before television pushed radio into the background. The almost hypnotic attraction of the new medium led American broadcasting leaders to chop off in a hurry some of the best things radio had been doing.

EARLY in the television era, however, NBC, much to its credit, started and maintained an opera program. It was not a once-in-a-blue-moon spectacular, used as a vehicle for Metropolitan Opera stars, but a regular program produced by a small permanent team, cast exclusively by largely unknown young American singers who were trained on the premises for the new and demanding task of direct broadcasts, all done live, without the crutch of prerecorded "playback." The NBC Opera Company, in which I served as musical and artistic director, got its start at a time when television was not yet obsessed with the rating monster, when the music-loving Sarnoffs were prepared to do in television what they had done in radio, when the daring Pat Weaver was network president and Toscanini was still available as an interested observer and constructive critic. With the late Samuel Chotzinoff as producer and liaison to the top brass, we were given a moderate budget and left to work without being subjected to the medium's insane pressures.

At the outset, no one—not even the producing staff—thought that such a venture could make a large or lasting impression in a medium so dominated by the "star" psychology. But the result exceeded our most optimistic expectations, and made itself felt not only in television but also in the world of music. As a matter of policy, the NBC Opera commissioned or gave first performances of new operas by American composers such as Gian Carlo Menotti, Lukas Foss, and Norman della Joio, as well as American premieres of works by Prokofiev, Martinu, and Benjamin Britten. All foreign language works were produced in newly commissioned English translations, with poets such as W. H. Auden leading the list of collaborators. Leontyne Price was featured as Tosca—the first time, I believe, that a Negro artist was cast in a romantic "white" role on any American opera stage, let alone on a network with its sensitive outlets in the South. If one remembers for a moment that I am talking of the year A.D. 1954, you might agree that to take such a risk was an act of true network pioneering.

Menotti's little masterpiece *Amahl and the Night Visitors*—the first opera commissioned for television anywhere—did more than land on the front page of *The New York Times*: It was an immediate international success. Kinescopes of the original production were shown abroad and studied as an example of how effective the television screen can be when it leaves grand opera to the grand opera houses and concentrates instead on intimacy and direct emotional appeal. Other productions such as Prokofiev's *War and Peace* were acquired by central European networks. *Don Giovanni*, with Price singing her first Donna Anna, was broadcast in Auden's new English version in Austria—a remarkable "first" for Mozart's homeland. Countries that had long looked down on America as a cultural nouveau riche openly recognized the NBC Opera as a leader. Today, specialists from Tokyo or Moscow, not to mention London, Hamburg, and Vienna, still remember the NBC Opera as a trail blazer.

The early 1950s undoubtedly saw much in American television that was shoddy; but those who refer to that era as television's "Golden Age" are not nostalgic dreamers. Because it was still awkward and experimental, television could find room for an NBC Opera—just as it found room for newly commissioned dramas such as *Marty*, intimate and wholly adapted to the television screen.

We soon learned, however, that the fullest exploitation of TV's commercial potential called for a different approach. The growing emphasis on ratings made opera's status as a "minority taste" more and more apparent. Viewer figures of 5,000,000, occasionally reaching as high as 10,000,000, were no match for action-adventures or situation comedies. At the same time, the rising budget for television opera was a continual reminder to the network that it was making an expensive gesture for culture. But money was not the only consideration. Even more important was the fact that no other network had followed NBC's lead. With by now typical network psychology, NBC concluded that a format not copied by its competitors was not worth retaining.

The death of the NBC Symphony without any uprising by the public or murmur from Washington showed such a thing could be done. And so, while the name NBC Opera was still used for a time, the permanent team which gave the name meaning was gradually disbanded.

There have been, of course, a few subsequent ventures in the production of music for television. For example, Igor Stravinsky and George Balanchine were persuaded by CBS to collaborate on a newly commissioned ballet-pantomime, *The Flood*; despite immense publicity for the world premiere of a work by two artists of the highest rank, the broadcast was generally regarded as a failure and has not been repeated.

Whether the work or the production or both were at fault may remain open to discussion. Not to be doubted, however, was the artistic director's reaction to the way the production was handled by an organization unfamiliar with this type of work. At a recent exploratory conference on cultural programing for television, Balanchine revealed that a seventeen-minute ballet had been written before it was learned that the network had scheduled and sold a full hour. In a hurried, last-minute process, with an overall studio time of about two days,

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those seventeen minutes were padded out to one hour, with little or no opportunity for general review and artistic coordination. Balanchine's experience with *The Flood* left the leading choreographer of our time with the feeling that television is not for ballet and ballet is not for television—an attitude obviously directed at the manner in which the medium is used in this country, rather than at the medium itself.

Similarly, Gian Carlo Menotti, considered a safe investment after his television success with *Amahl,* was commissioned to write another children's opera with holiday appeal by the same network. It was no secret that practically everybody was dissatisfied with the end result, to such a degree that after a number of delays the tape was buried in an unpopular time-slot and forgotten.

In both cases, the network certainly desired to do something creative. CBS must at least be credited with trying at a time when others had given up. But the truth is that production of serious musical television shows is an infinitely complicated process, which cannot be carried through successfully on a haphazard basis, no matter how eminent the participants. It requires long-range planning, extensive rehearsal time, and, even more important, a production team whose members understand each other as well as they understand the medium in which they work.

On the one hand, few television technicians have the musical experience to find the right balance between ear and eye—a particularly delicate judgment in a medium full of visual temptations. On the other hand, singers whose schooling is aimed at the cavernous areas of halls such as the Met (and what young artist is not aiming at this hall?) need fundamental retraining if they are to project before the "cruel" eye and ear of the TV camera. And this means that achievement can only come from slow, quiet growth, together with a budget designed to foster such growth rather than to lure big names and support huge advance publicity.

More than once it has been proved that without such preparation big names plus big publicity cannot even produce a *succès d'estime,* much less an audience reaction that the rating-watchers will regard as less than disastrous. Why then should commercial broadcasters bother?

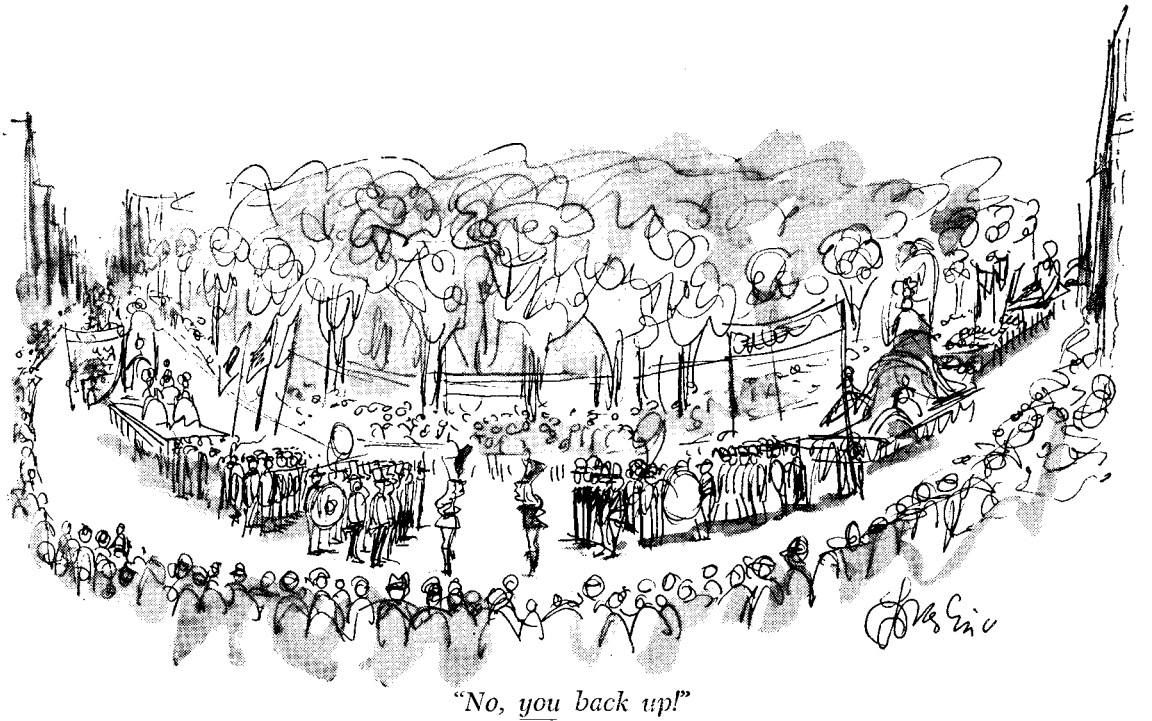
HOW different the situation is in other countries! BBC radio, for example, did not diminish its output of live music when television became the dominant medium. All these years it has employed seven orchestras, spread all over Great Britain, led by the famous BBC Symphony. Two years ago, it added another unit, a training orchestra for young musicians, which performs on radio and television and in public concerts as well. BBC's efforts in television opera are on a similar scale. Since 1948, it has produced an average of ten operas a year, including an occasional relay from Covent Garden or the Glyndebourne Festival, and since 1956 it has commissioned eleven new works.

And BBC is not alone. From the Scandinavian countries in the north to Rome and Naples in the south some thirty major European radio and television organizations, within and outside the Iron Curtain, have their own orchestras and musical staffs, produce ballets and operas (aside from concerts of all kinds), apply the latest film techniques to the presentation of music on television, and commission new works.

The marriage of music and broadcasting continues to attract the best musical minds of Europe. Outstanding personalities such as Rolf Liebermann and Herbert von Karajan head organizations that supply musical (and particularly operatic) programs to the two German television networks and talk freely of the day when the new EVR recording techniques will make it possible to sell opera television tapes directly to the home consumer. And a figure such as John Culshaw has chosen to move from Decca/London Records (where he had made an enviable reputation for the production of operatic recordings of the highest quality) to become head of the music department of BBC Television.

Moreover, the phenomenon is not limited to Europe. Japan's government-licensed network, NHK, aside from supporting the country's best-known orchestra, the NHK Symphony, employs 108 staff producers in its music department, providing an average of 150 hours of musical programs per week for its two radio and two television networks. (Figures provided by an official NHK statement.)

Two years ago in Tokyo, preparing for a concert with the Japan Philharmonic, I asked innocently why rehearsals took place in a broadcasting studio. I was told that the orchestra is fully subsidized by one of the country's four privately owned commercial television organizations. When I looked rather dumbfounded, I was assured that this was no



"No, you back up!"

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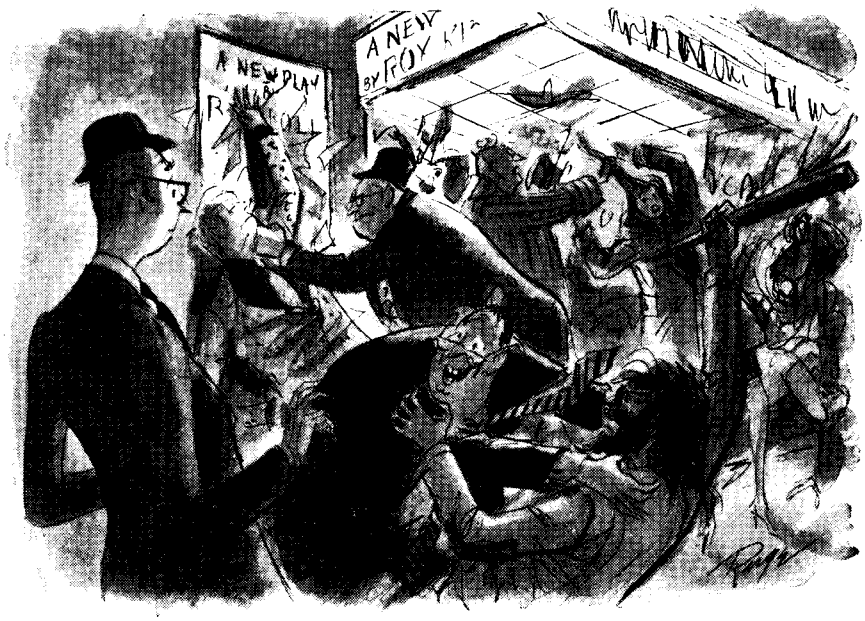
isolated case; the budget of another major orchestra, the Yomiuri Symphony, is underwritten by another commercial network.

All of this activity earns international recognition. The city of Salzburg awards an annual prize for the best original television opera produced in any country. Since the 1950s the Iron Curtain countries have participated, establishing one of the earliest cultural exchanges on the basis of what represents, after all, the only universal tongue: music.

Italy awards annual television prizes in a number of cultural categories, which are often won by musical shows. Last May an "International Television Festival" was held in Prague, at which thirty-nine organizations exhibited representative shows, discussed the results, and awarded prizes. I was in Prague at the time and talked to a number of observers from so-called underdeveloped countries who came to see and learn. To be asked what was being done in America, the country which first developed television in general and television opera in particular, was more than a little embarrassing.

Does all of this indicate that the public in other countries cares that much more for music than the American public? I think not. It is not true that every Italian is an opera-lover, that every Viennese who can afford it goes to the Staatsoper or the Salzburg Festival, or that every German is a subscriber to one of that country's sixty-four permanent opera houses. In an interview published in *The New York Times* in December 1967, Herbert von Karajan remarked that perhaps 20,000 of Vienna's population are operagoers and that the rest of the audience are tourists. Similarly, the opera houses of Germany and Italy have permanent and faithful audiences that compare with the figure given by von Karajan, but audiences that remain largely static and do not seem to grow from year to year. Moreover, the central role played by the staff orchestras of radio organizations in so many countries is mostly counterbalanced by the absence of permanent, self-sustaining symphony orchestras in regional centers, such as we know in the United States.

In contrast, there has been a true explosion in the demand for concert music of all kinds in this country. The American Symphony League's claim that we now have "over 1,000 symphony orchestras" may be a piece of patriotic exaggeration, but it is at least indicative. Most impressive of all is the role of music in our schools. Beginning in elementary school, American children are given more musical training and more exposure to live concerts than the children of other lands. The American high school bands and orchestras are all but unique in the world, and reflect an equally unique desire by parents that their children should achieve proficiency in the use of some musical instrument. "Seventy-six Trombones" and, for that matter, the entire plot of *The Music Man* are unmistakably American.



"Offhand, I'd say it's been one of the most stimulating, exciting, and thought-provoking evenings-in-the-theater I've ever experienced."

THE highly effective music departments of colleges, from the smallest liberal arts schools to the largest universities, are just as impressive. Countries that fathered our concert and opera life, such as Germany or Italy, do not have even the beginnings of such an academic program. During World War II, some of the world's leading composers (Schoenberg, Hindemith, Milhaud) sought refuge in this country and were able to find teaching positions, guaranteeing them a maximum of freedom for their creative work—a phenomenon as impressive as the support given to artists by Renaissance popes and princes.

The creation of those jobs was more than a noble gesture. The process that made them available has now borne fruit for everyone to see. An apparently inexhaustible supply of new American musical talents has appeared everywhere around us, supplying, for example, between 400 and 500 American singers who are in steady employment at European opera houses. A new public for music grows at a rate that is possibly matched only in Russia or perhaps Japan.

Some will find these facts totally reassuring. Those who continually wave the flag of our artistic achievements will be content to recite over and over that more people in this country go to concerts than to baseball games, that more classical records are sold here than anywhere else in the world, etc. The same superpatriots will no doubt say that the disappearance of live music on American radio and television and the loss of this country's once proud position as the pioneer of a burgeoning new field are matters of no consequence and that we should scorn aping the musical manners of others.

But here we reach a critical issue. When we think of American music in relation to the world at large, are we not blinded a little by the cultural inferiority complex of a young country? Our major symphony orchestras, for instance, were founded, patterned, and, for the most part, are still run by Europeans. While their financial health has gradually improved (decisively aided not long ago by a substantial grant from the Ford Foundation), their basic repertoire is more often than not musclebound with the conservatism of their subscription audiences (which are similar all over the world), except when an experimentally inclined and daring conductor can enforce his will.

These factors apply even more to opera. The ideal is still the standard European opera formula, represented at its peak by the Metropolitan. This institution, even more than our symphony orchestras, is admittedly a museum in which a standard repertoire is performed in grand style, at enormous expense, and with great technical brilliance.

To avoid misunderstanding, I should perhaps emphasize here that no one will dispute the importance of a museum as a cultural institution. It is unrealistic, moreover, to criticize the Met for being what it is. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, after all, cannot undertake at the same time the function of the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney, and the Guggenheim. In any case it is obvious that the Met can reach only a limited

(*Continued on page* 81)

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Proposal to a Foundation

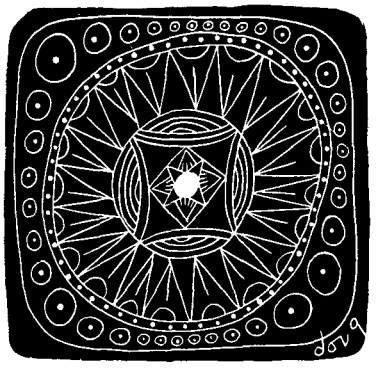
THE English historian-critic A. L. Rowse has identified one of the most persistent and costly tragedies in history: People involved in a great crisis or upheaval seldom understand what is happening to them. So it was in the fifth century B.C., when the Athenians neither comprehended that they were living in a golden age nor that it would pass rapidly into a period of fierce disintegration. So, too, in the last phases of the Byzantine Empire, when people directed their thoughts and energies to everyday matters rather than to the groundswells that were to break apart their civilization. And what of the British in 1648? Few of them knew whether the dethroning and execution of King Charles I was an assertion of their liberties or a denial of them. The French people in 1789 had less difficulty in taking sides than in identifying the sides they were taking.

What is it that people today fail to understand about what is happening to them? What is happening is that they are using up their planet at a fearsome rate and may soon pass the point where their total habitat can sustain human life. Man's world is slipping away from him. His habits, his thoughts, his actions run counter to the essentials of his existence. He has created national governments for the purpose of giving him maximum protection, but he has no way of protecting himself against the governments. In the act of contending with one another, the governments have become instruments of race suicide and world holocaust.

Whatever man's successes in intermediate organization, he has failed to create an organization of the whole. His finest energies have gone into interim projects. The need to apply his intelligence to the operation of human society itself has yet to lay a claim on his awareness or his reason. After at least 200,000 years of evolution, man's instincts and tropisms are still strongly tribal.

Most of what man does is irrelevant to his main problems; his ingenuity has been applied to everything except the need to make his planet safe for human habitation. He has cut into his natural environment with large slashes. His sources of food are being sealed over by the tar and cement of his cities and highways. Next to destructive force, he produces nothing in greater volume than his garbage. He has made his sky an open sewer and his rivers and lakes a poisonous brew. He has pumped his foul wastes into the seas and has stared balefully at billions of floating dead fish.

Instead of fortifying his plants against



insects with rich loam and compost, he has attacked them indiscriminately with chemicals, violating the chain of life and killing off the birds that are far more essential to his own spirit than many of his commodities. By going against nature, he has warred against beauty of line, movement, and sound. He has been mucking up his own planet, but has the arrogance to go searching for life elsewhere in the universe.

What has been happening to people that they don't understand is that they have made a geographical entity out of their world without a philosophy for ennobling it, a plan for conserving it, or an organization for sustaining it. Men crave to do good, to act reasonably and think decently. But goodness and decency and wisdom must have a world purpose in our time if life and thought are to have any meaning at all.

It misses the mark to expect the national governments to do what is clearly necessary—to help create a form for the whole and to try to foster a sense of community that can make it work. The national governments are absolute sovereignties; they themselves represent the largest part of the problem. Whatever the merits of their internal functioning, in their international relationships they are bound by no rules and insist on the right to take action that could have the effect of putting a torch to the human nest.

If the job is to be done, it will have to be done by people. The people must lead and shape their governments. The people must create a way of governing the governments.

Hence our proposal to a foundation, or to a man about to start a foundation: Make available the funds for creating a private body under some such name as the Commission on the World's Future. Bring together men of the stature, outlook, knowledge, and moral imagination of Lester Pearson, Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, Zafrullah Kahn, Andrei Sakharov, Harrison Brown. Pay them each a salary comparable to what men heading the large corporations command. Tell them to regard themselves as members of the human race first and as nationals second. Ask them to consider the problem of the whole above and distinct from the problems of the parts. Ask them to tell people what is happening to their world. Give them the job of preparing a much more important annual document than the reports on the state of the nation issued by the individual heads of governments. Their report would be on the State of Mankind.

Ask them to help create ideas to which people can respond in making their world congenial for human life. True, they will have only words at their disposal. If they are the right words, they will be enough. —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

History's Clues

ARNOLD TOYNBEE'S ARTICLE "Why and How I Work" [*SR*, Apr. 5] was indeed elevating. Toynbee is the epitome of what a historian should be.

Two points that he made support this assertion. First, he believes that we human beings have freedom of choice; our destiny is in our hands. If it were thought that our history was predetermined, what would be the use of examining it? Historical events, resulting from men's choices, provide us with a school of experience.

Second, Toynbee regards historical facts as clues to give us a sharper focus of our universe. This gives our history life by using it to attain, at least hopefully, an ultimate goal. So many people consider history as so many dusty books bulging with places, dates, and events. History becomes a living thing when we use it in terms of achieving a goal.

GARY S. HERTIN,
Butte, Mont.

Gaining Capital

WHOEVER CHECKED the accuracy of Joseph W. Barr's article "Tax Reform: The Time Is Now" [*SR*, March 22] fell down rather badly in letting through the statement that "the remainder of such capital gains [i.e., after eliminating the half that is not taxable at all] are not taxed at more than 25 per cent." The correct figure is 50 per cent, resulting in an effective 25 per cent on the entire amount of the gain; this is bad enough without exaggerating. Indeed, the 25 per cent figure largely explains the significant clustering of the overall tax burdens around the 25 per cent level for the larger incomes on Mr. Barr's table.

The real difficulty, however, is the equanimity with which Barr is willing to swallow whole the arguments of the investment community that the tax treatment of capital gains should not be tightened but rather liberalized, on the pretext that this is necessary "to generate needed investment capital." Actually the effects are the reverse: undertaxation of capital gains in and of itself generates not a dollar of investment capital; on the contrary, any additional tax collections, to the extent that they are used to reduce the national debt, flow back into the market to provide funds for investment, whereas at least some of the avoided tax, if left with the taxpayers, would sooner or later be used for consumption rather than investment.

What the special capital gains provisions do accomplish is, first, to infect every investment decision with extraneous considerations as to whether the return can conveniently be made to assume the technical form of "capital gains" rather than regular income, so as to avoid tax; second, to "lock in" to their investments investors who are put under pressure to hold on, either until the six-month minimum holding period has elapsed, or until the assets can be passed on to heirs free of all income tax; and, third, to provide an excuse for the continuance of that most irrational tax of all, the corporation income tax. If investors were really concerned about generating investment capital, they would be aiming their sights not at the personal income tax on capital gains, but at this illogical and arbitrary monstrosity, which not only distorts investment decisions and perverts corporate financial structures, but probably imposes its burden more heavily on future wage earners, by depriving them of equipment to work with, than on any identifiable members of the current generation.

As long as special favors continue to be granted to so-called "capital gains," vast resources will continue to be squandered in the intricate game of converting income into capital gains, to the great profit of the tax lawyers and the growing feudalization of our economic system.

WILLIAM VICKREY,
Professor of Economics,
Columbia University,
New York, N.Y.

Slinging Dung at the Dean

KENNETH REXROTH'S column on *Gulliver's Travels* [CLASSICS REVISITED, March 22] was to the point. His reference to the anal eroticism, etc., called to mind my research some years back into a psychoanalytical approach to Swift, particularly *Gulliver*. The Dean would likely have written a sequel to *Gulliver* after having read the Freudians and would surely have included a new Academy comprised of psychoanalysts who sling dung at the "neurotic" artist and, afterward, have to shovel themselves out.

This bastion of reasonable, careful men, who base most of their work on biographical premise, produced article upon article denouncing Swift's stability, some using his art to "prove" Swift neurotic, some using Swift to "prove" his art neurotic. One problem: Not *one* analyst cited his biographical source. *All* of the fifteen I read simply assumed that rumors about Swift were true, rumors which have been seriously questioned. The analysts were familiar with Swift, thus contemptuous. But to know the Dean is to love him, as does Mr. Rexroth.

REGINA M. FRAWLEY,
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Limiting the Complex

IT MAY BE that an irreversible step has been taken in regard to the ABM issue since Senator Jacob M. Javits's article "Can President Nixon Stop the Arms Race?" [*SR*, March 1] was published. Nevertheless, I want simply to express my concern over the continual dominant interest in government on the part of the military complex.

It remains clear that more concern must be expressed and action taken to limit the growth of the military-industrial complex, which is adversely affecting our quality of life and hindering solution of the imminent problems in our economy and cities.

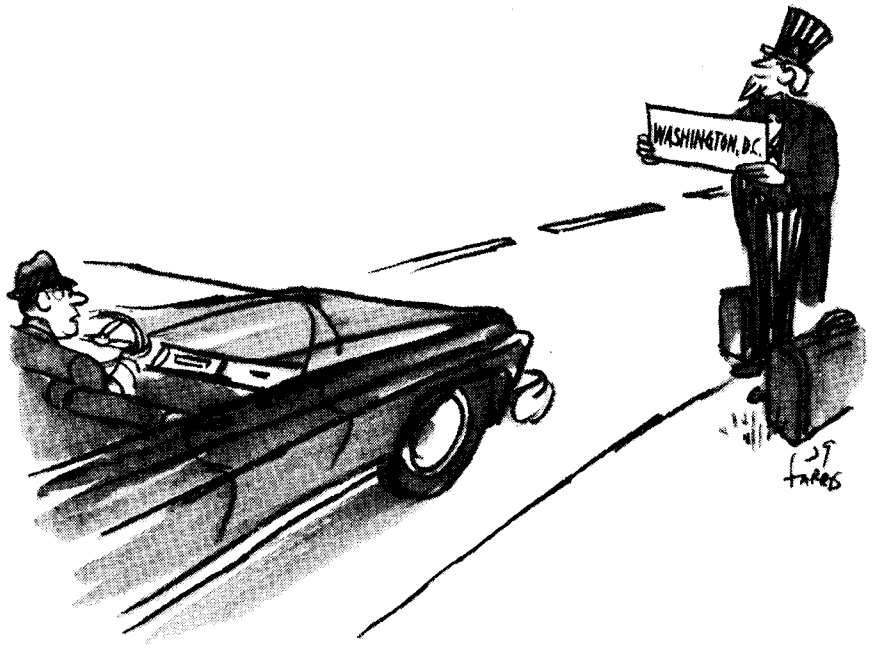
DON MYRVIK,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Thurb

MY THANKS TO Richard Armour for suggesting inclusion of the word "thurb" in the dictionary [PHOENIX NEST, Dec. 28, 1968]. His idea is a lovely one, but I have a feeling they will keep in "thuoc," though it doesn't mean anything to most of us. It seems more likely to me that the word "Mitty" will some day get into the dictionary. The *Medical Journal* would love it. The military would love it and, as far as I know, the only person who wouldn't love it is a man in Brooklyn named Walter Mitty who once threatened to sue and then backed down.

Thank you again for Mr. Armour's piece I can't do anything in return about his last name, since he is already in the dictionary.

MRS. JAMES THURBER,
West Cornwall, Conn.



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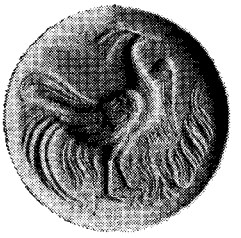
EUGENE B. SKOLNIKOFF

The Public Is Aroused



People are demanding to know the ramifications of the development of chemical and biological warfare weapons—and the dangers that they pose.

FOR THE first time in American postwar history the nation is witnessing a major public challenge to the automatic priority and sanctity of military weapons programs. It remains to be seen what staying power the challenge has, but several symptoms indicate that the relative immunity of military weapons programs from public debate and criticism is at least suffering serious erosion.

The nation-wide controversy over the anti-ballistic missile system, and the striking support for the anti-ABM position in the Senate are such symptoms. The "research stoppage" of March 4th at M.I.T. and other universities to discuss the "mis-application" of science and technology to destructive military purposes is another. The general unrest on the campuses, at least in part directed at the influence of the military in American society, is equally relevant. Also significant is the public response Congressman Richard D. McCarthy (Dem., N.Y.) and others in the House, such as John Brademas (Dem., Ind.), have had to the publicity that followed their request, triggered by an NBC program, for an Army briefing on chemical and biological weapons.

To these specific symptoms can be added more general public concern about the dangers of ill-considered applications or side effects of new technology, and the realization that in the tight-budget inflationary period of today resources going for military weapons programs directly reduce resources available to meet increasingly urgent domestic problems. Moreover, after expenditure of many billions of dollars for defense since 1945, the nation hears with growing skepticism and disbelief that our security is precarious and likely to deteriorate unless this or that system is purchased and deployed. The history of the Vietnam War also contributes to substantial skepticism regarding the statements and objectives of the Defense Department.

This rising concern by the public at large is long overdue. The relative independence of national security issues from scrutiny, especially those involving complex and sophisticated technology, has contributed to the establishment of a self-supporting system in which R&D (research and development) leads to new weapons possibilities and, in turn, new military goals, followed by more extensive industrial involvement and interest, and the generation of ever more R&D for yet newer weapons. This self-supporting cycle feeds the constant race with the Soviet Union, in which the programs mounted to meet the uncertainties and anticipation of what the other may or can do ultimately bring about those very developments.

Of course, these ideas are not new. Many segments of the press and public have been expressing them and related arguments with great elo-

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quence and persistence for many years. Substantial scholarly resources have been devoted to the analysis of these questions, and to prescriptions for the future. But whatever the impact on specific issues of past efforts, the present mood of the nation appears quite changed, and offers the possibility of engendering enough political force to make a substantial difference.

What should that difference be? The arms race is not wholly artificial. The competing objectives of the United States and the Soviet Union are real, and could have led and could still lead to conflict. In fact, one can quite logically argue that the money spent on strategic armaments has been well spent in that deterrence has been successful and has prevented major war. What then, in a complex, embattled, uncertain world, should the goals of this new public awareness and involvement be?

Primarily, finding the ways and the *will* to end the arms race. But an immediate and prior need is to influence the policies of the United States government in order to avoid the development and deployment of unnecessary weapons systems, especially those that will add fuel to the arms race or make arms-control more difficult.

It is to this latter objective that *CBW: Chemical and Biological Warfare,* edited by Steven Rose (Beacon, 209 pp., $7.50), can make a contribution. The better of the sober, thoughtful pieces presented in this slim volume, assembled from an international conference held in the J. D. Bernal Peace Library in London in early 1968, offer a literate, factual and restrained consideration of CBW. The weapons themselves are discussed, as are the research policies and programs of the U.S., USSR and United Kingdom, the actual use of CBW weapons in Yemen and Vietnam, and some of the legal and ethical problems the weapons raise. The contributors, including several from America—among them Jean Mayer and M. Meselson of Harvard, Arthur Galston of Yale, and Elinor Langer, previously of *Science* magazine—form a knowledgeable group of writers from science, journalism and public affairs.

The conference itself apparently had an important impact in England last year in arousing the British public to a concern over the issues associated with CBW weapons, especially in the light of the previously little-known R&D being conducted in the U.K. One apparent result was the stimulation of more active diplomatic efforts by Great Britain to force the issue to the fore in the United Nations. In the United States, because it follows the publication of recent works on the same subject, the book edited by Rose is likely to have less impact, though its very restraint may prove highly effective. The most notable of the preceding volumes is Seymour M. Hersh's angry and well-documented study with nearly the same title: *Chemical and Biological Warfare.*

Nevertheless, the Rose collection of symposium papers offers needed data, and makes a series of telling points briefly and succinctly. The essays on the technical aspects of the weapons systems describe in easily understood language, accompanied by excellent tables, the variety of chemical and biological weapons now available and the essential characteristics of each. This information, which is not readily obtained elsewhere, is a necessary basis for future debate.

THE most significant issue dealt with is, however, the argument now frequently made by CBW supporters that so-called incapacitating agents are a new factor in warfare that make it possible to achieve military objectives without loss of life. Meselson deftly punctures this "myth of humane CBW," pointing out that in battlefield situations "the pressure would be very great to utilize them in any manner that increased the over-all effectiveness of general military operations." Thus, they would likely be used to force the enemy into the open where they can be killed by "inhumane" weapons systems, or employed in confined areas where the dosages would become lethal. Both possibilities—according to the French physician M. F. Kahn in his essay, and supported independently in Hersh's book—are implicit in the American employment of "harassing" agents in Vietnam.

Moreover, resort to any chemical warfare weapon immediately removes the "firebreak" against more general application of such weapons. The distinction between use and no-use is clear; the distinction between lethal and non-lethal is not clear—in fact does not actually exist because the effects of a particular chemical are critically dependent on dosage. Therefore, the utilization of the "non-lethal" weapons in warfare could result in gradual escalation to the more potent weapons. Although one can only judge by actions in Vietnam, since no formal announcement has been made, American policy appears to have accepted this fuzzy and dangerous distinction between lethal and non-lethal, and has exempted the incapacitating agents from the traditional policy of no first-use of CBW weapons. Thus, the nation now reserves to itself the right to employ the "non-lethal" weapons in warfare as it sees fit. One can only wonder at the quality of reasoning that lay behind that decision. And one can also wonder who made the decision, and what role the Congress or the public or even other interested parties within the Executive Branch played in it. There has been little official discussion of the issues involved, issues that must be of concern to the nation as a whole.

Other contributions to the the Rose book, especially Elinor Langer's excellent paper, discuss the rationale for singling out CBW weapons for special scrutiny—not because they are necessarily "worse" than other weapons, but because many *believe* they are worse and thereby the weapons offer a rallying point to bring about control and international agreement. Further, as Miss Langer points out, the programs and systems are still small enough for outsiders to understand and come to grips with. Perhaps, too, one might add, because the systems are uncertain as battlefield weapons nations may be more willing to give them up under suitable safeguards.

Notwithstanding the high quality of the majority of the essays (the one on the Soviet CBW program is weak), the volume is not a full treatment of the subject, and in particular does not deal well or at all with some of the other critical issues associated with CBW weapons. For example, none of the pieces really grapples with the questions raised by the standard justifications for development and deployment of CBW weapons: to discourage the use of CBW by others, and to evolve defensive measures

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in case of attack. Meselson notes that the major reason CBW weapons have not been resorted to in a significant way since World War I is the fear of retaliation. That argument, based on the conviction that the USSR is actively engaged in CBW weapons development, is usually offered as the reason why the U.S. must also continue to develop them as a deterrent to Russian use of the weapons.

Of course, it is not clear that the only restraint to the employment of CBW weapons is other CBW weapons, or that steadily increasing sophistication of weapons is required for that purpose, or even whether the Soviet program may be largely a response to the scale of the American. These are important questions that have to be dealt with if the weapons are to be brought under control.

Similarly, one may ask where the defensive equipment is to protect the American public, or even the GI in case of CBW attack? If defense is one of the major justifications for R&D, remarkably little use has been made of the information obtained. This issue, too, deserves more discussion.

Other neglected issues deserve more elaboration than they receive. For instance, special hindrance to CBW arms control (and to reaching ethical judgments about research) arises because either beneficial or war-related purposes can flow so directly from biological research. This brings up directly what is or should be the responsibility of individual scientists, especially those working in the rapidly expanding area of biology. The chapter on scientific responsibility, by the British Nobel Laureate in Physics, C. F. Powell, is wholly inadequate to the magnitude of that issue.

An important issue, which is not touched on in the Rose volume, concerns the safety precautions necessary to production, transportation and storage of CBW weapons. The risks they expose the local population to in peacetime may be sufficiently high to throw into question any benefits the weapons are supposed to achieve in time of war. The Hersh book, which fully discusses some of the risks involved, raises doubts about many of the U.S. Army's activities and procedures with regard to its CBW program.

In the larger view, however, perhaps the most important comment in the Rose volume is Lord Ritchie-Calder's, which has wider applications for all military programs: "There has been a conspiracy of silence about these activities which are as fraught with mischief and ultimate peril as the development of nuclear armaments." Silence, programs under wraps, the military operating in an environment with no adequate check be-

(*Continued on page* 60)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Folk Culture and Agrarianism

EMORY THOMAS STATES in his review of *The South and the Sectional Conflict* [*SR*, Apr. 5] that my concept of Southern folk culture "seems to be little more than agrarianism stripped down and reclothed in social science jargon."

Of course it is true that both the idea of agrarianism and that of folk culture are related to rural life, but the thing that makes Mr. Thomas's statement untenable is that agrarianism implies independence on the soil, while folk culture does not necessarily imply independence at all. Feudal Europe had a peasant folk culture which was very rich for centuries, but was a far cry from the agrarian ideal. The concept of folk society does not connote anything idylic or any freedom from harshness and exploitation—that is only a notion of sentimentalists, for whom I am not responsible. But it does imply patterns of human life and human relatedness that are very different from those of modern technological society.

If Mr. Thomas thinks that the term "folk culture" is social science jargon, has he seen what the social scientists can do with the lingo when they really put their minds to it?

DAVID M. POTTER,
Stanford, Calif.

SDS Voiced by Cohn-Bendits?

THE VERY ACCURATE and analytical review by Seymour Martin Lipset of *Obsolete Communism: The Left-Wing Alternative* by the brothers Cohn-Bendit [*SR*, Mar. 1] notes obvious omissions in the anarchical references of the otherwise competent and impressive book, notably the Spanish Civil War and the Israeli kibbutzim.

A recent conversation I had with Udo Knapp, a co-president of the German SDS, may provide a clue concerning these omissions. Herr Knapp stated flatly that the book was written for the sole purpose of making money for the SDS and that it represented the collective thought of the party spokesmen and not necessarily the personal thought of the Cohn-Bendits. In fact, he said, everything in the book was cleared by party members and the content was selected to advance the party's status in Germany.

ALLEN DALE OLSON,
Karlsruhe, Germany.

Not Co-authored

THE BOOK ENTITLED *The Kennedy Conspiracy: An Uncommissioned Report on the Jim Garrison Investigation,* which received a brief but refreshingly non-establishment-bound review [*SR*, Mar. 29], has a single author, the undersigned. Originally, Eric Norden and I began the project, which eventuated in *The Kennedy Conspiracy*, together; however, subsequent commitments and inclinations led him into other areas of activity, and I assumed full responsibility for writing the book.

PARIS FLAMMONDE,
New York, N.Y.

Disputed Palestine

DAVID SHOBE [Book Forum, Apr. 12] claims that from 638 to 1250 A.D. Palestine was ruled by Arabs. I will grant that it was ruled by Arabic-*speaking* peoples, but it was as Moslems that these people viewed themselves, not as Arabs. That is why Saladin, whom Mr. Shobe claims as an Arab, could restore Moslem rule to Palestine, even though he was Kurdish, not Arabic, by birth.

Mr. Shobe plays down the Jewish occupancy, claiming Jewish rule extended from 1020 to 721 B.C. This is ridiculous: 1020 is already halfway into the reign of King Saul, centuries after the conquest of Palestine by Joshua. I trust more in the record of the Pharaoh Merneptah, who in 1230 B.C., claimed to have conquered "the people of Israel." Perhaps Mr. Shobe does not consider a people to rule over an area until they are united under a monarchy, in which case one would insist that there never was an ancient Greece, since it was divided into several city-states.

The other date Mr. Shobe gives is 721 B.C., but it is only the date of the fall of the Northern Kingdom (Israel) to Assyria. He ignores the fact that the Southern Kingdom (Judah) remained until 586 B.C., when Jerusalem was destroyed by the Babylonians. However, despite population deportations by the conquerors, a large part of the population of both kingdoms remained behind. With the rise of the Persian Empire, the deported Jews were allowed to return and re-establish a homeland in 538 B.C.; by 516, they had rebuilt the Temple. Palestine remained occupied by Jews, but under Persian and Greek rule till 167 B.C., when, by revolution, the Jews won their independence; this lasted till 63 B.C., when the Romans took control. However, the Jews retained much autonomy till 44 A.D.

Because of increasing Roman oppression there was a revolution that lasted from 67 to the destruction of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. with resistance continuing for three more years till the fall of Masada. This is generally considered the end of Jewish rule; however, from 115-117 A.D. in Egypt, Cyrene, Cyprus, and Mesopotamia, and from 132-135 A.D. in Palestine under Bar Kochba, more wars for independence were fought. Although the deaths from these revolts ran well into the hundreds of thousands, there remained a Jewish community in Palestine, which was ruled by a patriarchate. This government lasted till 425 A.D., when it was abolished by a Christian emperor. The Jewish community itself remained in Palestine until the Crusaders

(*Continued on page* 62)

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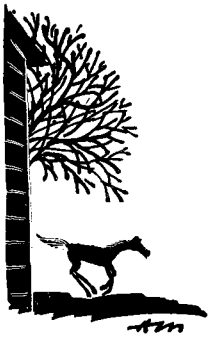
Literary Horizons

Granville Hicks

It has long seemed to me that there could be a very effective novel about life in suburban America, specifically Westchester County, and that John Cheever was the man to write it. For twenty years and more his short stories, which have usually appeared in *The New Yorker,* have shown an intimate knowledge of suburban people and suburban life and a nice ambivalence towards them. He has written two novels, *The Wapshot Chronicle* and *The Wapshot Scandal,* but the Wapshot family is associated with a Massachusetts river town, St. Botolph's, and some of its members range widely. They are both fine novels, but neither is the novel about the suburbs that I have felt John Cheever—and perhaps only John Cheever—could someday write.

Cheever's new novel, *Bullet Park* (Knopf, $5.95), is set in a community that is or might well be part of Westchester County. The novel takes its title from the name of the community, and Cheever begins by showing us the town. A train arrives at the dreary little station, and a passenger is met by a real estate agent. A hypothetical adolescent contemplates the town and its "legions of wife-swapping, Jew-baiting, booze-fighting spiritual bankrupts": "Oh, damn them all [he thinks]. Damn their hypocrisy, damn their cant, damn their credit cards, damn their immaculateness, damn their lechery and damn them above all for having leached from life that strength, malodorousness, color and zeal that give it meaning. Howl, howl, howl." Cheever goes on: "But the adolescent, as adolescents always are, would be mistaken." He says this, however, with his tongue in his cheek, for much that follows bears out the youthful indictment.

There are two main characters in the book, Mr. Hammer and Mr. Nailles. (The joke is much appreciated by their fellow townsmen.) Hammer is the man who goes house-hunting in the first chapter; after that he drops into the background for a while. Nailles has a not very important but fairly remunerative job with a manufacturer of mouthwash, and he is a reasonably representative upper-middle-class American. His wife is no less commonplace and quite as stupid, but he is very much in love with her, and there is no suburban philandering for him. "The intenseness of his monogamy," Cheever tells us, "the absoluteness of his belief in the holiness of matrimony, was thought by a surprising number of people to be morbid, aberrant, and devious."



But, devoted and conventional as they are, not all goes well with Mr. and Mrs. Nailles. The worst thing that happens is that Tony, their sixteen-year-old son, refuses to get out of bed one morning. "I'm not sick," he tells his mother. "I just feel terribly sad. I don't feel like getting up," and he doesn't for three weeks. They have the family doctor, an expensive, unhelpful, and unhopeful psychiatrist, and an even more expensive "specialist on somnambulatory phenomena," and nobody can find out what is wrong with him. When he is cured, it is by a mysterious agency. In the meantime we discover that the whole Nailles family relationship has been less tranquil than it seemed. Steady, sober Eliot Nailles develops a phobia about trains, and manages to carry on only by means of bootlegged tranquilizers.

Part II is devoted to Paul Hammer, who tells his own story. His life has been as unusual as Nailles's has been commonplace. The illegitimate son of a rich radical and his secretary, Hammer has had an erratic upbringing, presided over by his eccentric mother. She is always haranguing him on the corruptness of American society, and once, when he is visiting her in Europe, she describes her plan for a protest that will make people aware of what is going on. "I would single out as an example some young man, preferably an advertising executive, married with two or three children, a good example of a life lived without emotion or value." He asks her what she would do with him, and she replies passionately, "I would crucify him on the door of Christ's Church. Nothing less than a crucifixion will wake the world." After suffering from a recurrent deep depression and a series of unhappy love affairs, Hammer decides that his mother's idea has something to recommend it. What happens is the subject of Part III, which is short and written in the third person.

Both Wapshot novels are frankly episodic; several parts of each appeared as short stories in *The New Yorker. Bullet Park* has a formal design, but I cannot say it is well constructed. Since Cheever could certainly produce a well-made novel if he wanted to, I conclude that he doesn't want to. He has allowed himself a good deal of flexibility, so that he can come at his subject from a variety of angles. As he shows again and again, he can deal beautifully with the surfaces of suburban life—the Monday morning hangovers of the Wickwires, who hold two or three parties every weekend out of a sense of duty to the community; Eliot Nailles's Sunday morning services; the talk about infidelity in a working-class bar. (One of the beautiful touches is the remark made to Mr. Hammer by a woman whose house he is considering: "I don't have a pool myself and frankly it's something of a limitation. When people start talking about pool chemicals and so forth you'll find yourself left out of the conversation.") But, unlike John O'Hara, Cheever is not willing to let it go at that; it is life beneath the surface that interests him: the neuroses of Tony Nailles, the obsessions of his father, his mother's traumatic experiences with off-Broadway nudity and the four-letter words that appear on signs carried by students in Washington Square. He is less interested in the strategies of suburban infidelity than in the vagaries of passion: "The truth of the matter is," Hammer says, "that I frequently fall suddenly in love with men, women, children and dogs. These attachments are unpredictable, ardent and numerous." Cheever provides examples.

It seems clear that Cheever not only doesn't care much about the traditional novel of manners; he isn't even trying to be a thoroughgoing realist. When one remembers such a story as "The Swimmer," which lies somewhere between fantasy and parable, or "Metamorphoses," with its supernatural elements, one realizes that for him life is full of wonders and surprises, even the apparently dull life of Bullet Hill. Faith healers live in the slums and prove astonishingly efficacious; murders are plotted; and, to the amazement of Eliot and Nellie Nailles, rain falls on the just as well as the unjust.

Whatever else is true, Cheever is never dull. The reader moves from page to page, always drawn on by his exuberance. There are the wonderfully precise observations, the brilliant descriptions, the irresistible narrative pace, the impudent wit. The reader comes to realize that what excites Cheever is not so much suburban life as life, which he sees as unpredictable, sometimes terrifying, but often good fun.

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Perspective

J. H. Plumb

I have just come across one of the most moving books that I have ever encountered. Normally one rereads books; this one is to be looked at time and time again, looked at and thought about, looked at and brooded on, especially by those who reside in, or whose roots go back to, remote places. The subject, I am sure, will not seem promising. It is Newfoundland or, rather, that part of it which so many of us, looking down from a plane, see as a wilderness of ice and rock and forest, rarely giving a thought for those who dwell there. Farley Mowat and John de Visser went and lived amongst the outporters, the fishermen and their families who inhabit the rugged, gale-scarred coast lands, far from St. Johns, let alone the mainland of the United States or Canada. These simple people, descendants frequently of Portuguese, Basque and Breton fishermen, who may have begun to roost on Newfoundland's rocks a century before Columbus sailed, live lives of great simplicity and constant struggle against a harsh climate and a crueller sea. Seals and whales and fish sustain their modest existence, which is depicted by John de Visser in some of the most poignant and dramatic pictures I have ever seen. Almost as vividly Farley Mowat describes these Newfoundlanders. By reaching back into their past and indicating their bleak future he gives depth to our understanding of them. *This Rock Within the Sea: A Heritage Lost* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $12.50) may look like a coffee-table book; it is in fact a requiem not only for a part of Newfoundland, but for a way of life.

When man lived by hunting, space was essential to him, and he steadily penetrated the most inhospitable terrain; neither the tundra nor the tropical forest nor the scorching desert nor the wild coasts of Tierra del Fuego daunted him. His exceptional intelligence and retentive memory; his capacity to name and distinguish the tiniest details of his environment; above all, the cunning of his hands that fashioned tools from rock and bone and wood made it possible for him to master those forbidding lands, to breed generations of his kind century after century, millennium after millennium. In the remoter areas—the Arctic islands, the Australian desert, the Amazonian jungle, and far distant Patagonia—once the environment had been sufficiently dominated to maintain a steady subsistence, there was little change; it was in these places that the European discerned some of the most primitive tribes of mankind: primitive, yet with miraculously developed skills that enabled them to survive. And this was true even of the Onas of Tierra del Fuego, who were almost as uncivilized as the aboriginal Tasmanians, whom the English hunted to death in the nineteenth century.

Indeed, reading and looking at *This Rock Within the Sea* led me to reread E. Lucas Bridges's *The Uttermost Part of the Earth*, a brilliant book and a masterpiece of its kind. Published in 1948, it tells of the Onas, who lived in the gale-blown islands, straits, and fiords of southern Tierra del Fuego that reach out to Cape Horn—almost certainly the wildest country in the world and the loneliest. The Onas did not even know how to make fire; except for a cloak of fur, they went naked (sensible since their dugouts often capsized in those turbulent waters, and they swam like fish). Although they had no idea of God or gods, their social lives were complex, threaded with ritual and highly communal. The Onas coped with their hostile environment, and their population, which neither grew nor diminished, stayed in balance.

Then the white men arrived, bringing sheep, for which they needed laborers. Thus the Onas were clothed and reduced to daily toil. The white men also brought measles and so killed off the Onas almost completely. A story of simple tragedy that could be told of most of the earth's remote places. But to this old tale *The Rock Within the Sea* adds a new ironic twist. For it would seem that time is taking its revenge on those who with their superior technology pushed out the primitive peoples. They are now following them into limbo.

The modern world has little use for the marginal lands and the people who struggle to live off them. Factory ships and modern trawlers decimate small fishing communities as easily as herring—as easily as the amenities of modern civilization shrivel faraway isolated towns

(*Continued on page* 60)

—*Photos from the book.*

"They had no flowers, no trees, hardly any soil . . ."

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Life Less One Immortal Lover

Robert Browning and His World: Two Robert Brownings?, *by Maisie Ward (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 337 pp. $8.50), and* ***The Focusing Artifice: The Poetry of Robert Browning,*** *by Roma A. King, Jr. (Ohio University Press. 288 pp. $7.50), refute the charges that the poet was obscure and that his work deteriorated after "The Ring and the Book." Bernard Grebanier's latest book is "The Great Shakespeare Forgery."*

By BERNARD GREBANIER

I HAVE LONG REGARDED Robert Browning as the one English poet whose friend I should like to have been. No other seems to me so admirable and lovable as a man. Maisie Ward's balanced and sensitive biography, which varnishes and suppresses nothing, confirms me in this conviction. I suspect, though she does not say so, that she loves him, too.

The first volume of *Robert Browning and His World,* subtitled "The Private Face," published two years ago, shed much light on Browning's poetry. Its focus was inevitably on the Robert-Elizabeth story, one of the world's truly great romances, not to be debunked except at the expense of the debunker. While it has been told before (notably in Frances Winwar's *The Immortal Lovers*), Miss Ward's volume is rich in fresh insights.

The period dealt with in this second volume, however, has generally been treated cavalierly, more summarized and skimmed than studied. After all, Browning still had twenty-eight years to live after his wife's death in 1861, and he was by no means ready to retire from life despite his unremitting grief. And he was also far from finished as a poet: his crowning achievement, *The Ring and the Book,* as well as numerous other magnificent poems, was written during the years he was deprived of her companionship. (Indeed, as Miss Ward suggests, *The Ring and the Book* might very well never have been composed if Elizabeth had still been by his side, for she apparently found the subject unsympathetic.)

Miss Ward has performed an inestimable service in giving us a full account of the man and his work during those twenty-eight years. She writes with ease, is full of cogent reflection ("There is no magic in Browning's correspondence, it has all gone into his poetry"), is fair and unbiased, sees flaws where they exist, and—what I find delightful—can on occasion be disarmingly feminine ("Had I been she [Elizabeth], I would have trembled after the reception of *Men and Women* . . . "). Miss Ward has culled an enormous amount of information, much of it heretofore unpublished. There is not a page on which interest flags. Her first volume was excellent; this one is brilliant and accomplished beyond praise.

Browning was not yet fifty when his wife died; he was still taking twenty-mile walks, was still ready to be at his desk writing at five in the morning. Twenty times, Elizabeth reported, he had tried to vow that if he survived her he would never marry again. She "held his lips together with both hands. I won't have it." After her death he was tempted "to go straight to the old rooms at Casa Guidi and there live and die!" But he had his son Pen to live for, a consideration that was to be paramount the rest of his days; and he told himself, "Don't be afraid, my good fellow, you'll die too, all in good time."

SO back to London he went, and gave himself up to the composition of *The Ring and the Book.* Thereafter he surrendered to his innate gregariousness by widening his circle of friendships. Carlyle and Tennyson were among his old friends; the Laureate's widow said in response to Browning's praise of her late husband: "He is the greatest-brained poet in England. Violets fade; he has given me a crown of gold." Not the least of Browning's admirers was Swinburne, who indignantly refuted the charge of obscurity so often brought against Browning. Obscurity, Swinburne said, is the product of "confused ideas" and "chaotic intellect . . . if there is any great quality more perceptible than another in Mr. Browning's intellect it is his decisive and incisive faculty of thought . . . To charge him with obscurity is about as accurate as to . . . complain of the sluggish action of the telegraphic wire." To speak of Browning's "obscurity" today would be almost too ironic, in view of the outpourings from some of our contemporary poets.

Miss Ward's book is full of vivid glimpses of Browning the man—his handshake, his conversation, his dislike of lawyers, the excessive kindness that in his last years caused him to exhaust himself answering endless letters—along with some astute appraisals of his poetry. She draws an interesting analogy between the Pope in *The Ring and the Book* and John XXIII.

Roma King's *The Focusing Artifice* achieves quite perfectly what the author states to be his primary purpose: "to show how Browning sought to display the development of the individual 'soul,' as both the source and end of values, and to declare his vision of human experience, portrayed through men and women as the poet brings them together in that unified pattern of artifice that is his art." Professor King's method is to analyze Browning's works in chronological order, examining the structure of the most important ones. Like Miss Ward, he attacks the old platitude that Browning's poetry went rapidly downhill after *The Ring and the Book.* He points out that *Fifine at the Fair,* which the Victorians misunderstood as a defense of adultery, is a wonderful if complex "dialogue of the soul," and that the *Dramatic Idyls* contains poetry equal to Browning's best, as does *Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in Their Day.*

Both these studies will be invaluable to readers of Browning's poetry.

"Christmas catalogues are in the mail."

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Ever Green Was His Valley

A Few Selected Exits: An Autobiography of Sorts, *by Gwyn Thomas (Little, Brown. 239 pp $5.95), recounts the Welsh novelist's varied experiences and wanderings, and the disillusionments that led him to return to his native Rhondda Valley. Philip Burton, who was born in Mountain Ash, Glamorganshire, is director of the American Musical and Dramatic Academy in New York.*

By PHILIP BURTON

GWYN THOMAS WAS BORN in 1913, one of twelve children and the youngest of eight boys, in a coal mining town in the Rhondda Valley. In this autobiography he looks back over his life with wry amusement, and finds that it has been a series of exits from places and spheres tried and found wanting, until at last he has returned happily to the valley from which he made his first exit. "I was home, at my earth's warm center," he writes. "The scared monkey was back in the branches of his best loved tree. I've never had any truly passionate wish to be elsewhere." That word "scared" is a surprise, for Gwyn Thomas has always seemed to be a typical South Wales extrovert, fond of choirs and football teams, particularly in their hours of rowdy and relaxed celebration; yet all the time there was a scared monkey that the mellowed and established author can now acknowledge.

During his odyssey Thomas has been a misfit student of medieval Spanish literature, first at Oxford and then in Republican Madrid; a social worker; a teacher, and a writer of novels, plays and essays that have won him a growing band of loyal and enthusiastic readers. He finally achieved the ultimate popular canonization as an intellectual when he became a member, albeit an uncomfortable one, of the august BBC-TV Brains Trust. He was uncomfortable because "every phrase I uttered invoked in my mind a shower of blinding reservations. The volte-faces came along so fast a large part of the audience turned to face the back wall with a view to anticipating my next maneuver."

There are no reservations in his comments on Brains-Trusters and all their ilk. "Punditry in any shape or place is a base act. The ability to pontificate in public on a wide range of unlike subjects should involve a man in a kind of breath-analyzer test in reverse. If he has done it without being loaded above a certain alcoholic level he should be put down on grounds of brazen arrogance." More characteristic is Thomas's account of the effect upon the "voters" back home of his awesome elevation to the Brains Trust: "They would demand from me the winner of the Derby or the whereabouts of a pigeon or a wife that had failed to return to the loft. I would tell them."

The otherwise admirable book jacket refers to the Rhondda Valley as "wretched." Thomas did not find it so. He has gone back to draw it around him like a warm rug in a world growing ever colder. Here are the values he found there and celebrates in his writing:

> I saw much radiance and goodness, a brightness of tongue and heart, an almost witless idealism. It was these things that held my eye and drove my pen, the whole great jumping joke of so many men and women, highly literate, wedded in equal measure to religious devotion and political militancy, invoking the mercy of God and the wisdom of Lenin in a worsening world.

He has little sympathy with modern muckraking authors: "Write as many theses on caries as you will, the human mouth remains a fairly good proposition."

Gwyn Thomas transmutes the commonplace into the delightfully grotesque by means of his keen perception, his twinkling compassion, his cartoon comedy, and his deft way with words. His five chapters have characteristic headings, *e.g.*, "And Ten More Dogmas Bit the Dust." My preferred title for this review would be "Here He Is Again, Thank God and Little, Brown."

—From the book.

Gwyn Thomas—"all the time there was a scared monkey."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

COMMENTARY

Each of the authors in Column 1 said something in Column 2 about an author in Column 3. Robert Kohn of Yellow Springs, Ohio, asks you to make the right connections. The critical switchboard is on page 49.

1. Van Wyck Brooks ( )	A. *He is fundamentally trivial.*	1. Burns
2. E. Bulwer-Lytton ( )	B. *Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist.*	2. Byron
3. Thomas Carlyle ( )	C. *Three fifths of him genius and two fifths sheer fudge.*	3. Coleridge
4. W. E. Henley ( )	D. *He writes very well for a gentleman.*	4. Dryden
5. Robert Herrick ( )	E. *His wife not only edited his works but edited him.*	5. Ben Jonson
6. Samuel Johnson ( )	F. *Outbabying Wordsworth and outglittering Keats.*	6. Poe
7. Charles Lamb ( )	G. *A poet without love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility.*	7. Shaw
8. James R. Lowell ( )	H. *The Pilgrim of Eternity.*	8. Shakespeare
9. Thos. Macaulay ( )	I. *An archangel a little tarnished.*	9. William Somerville
10. John Milton ( )	J. *Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.*	10. R. L. Stevenson
11. Ezra Pound ( )	K. *His imagination resembled the wings of an ostrich.*	11. Tennyson
12. Percy B. Shelley ( )	L. *Fancy's child.*	12. Mark Twain

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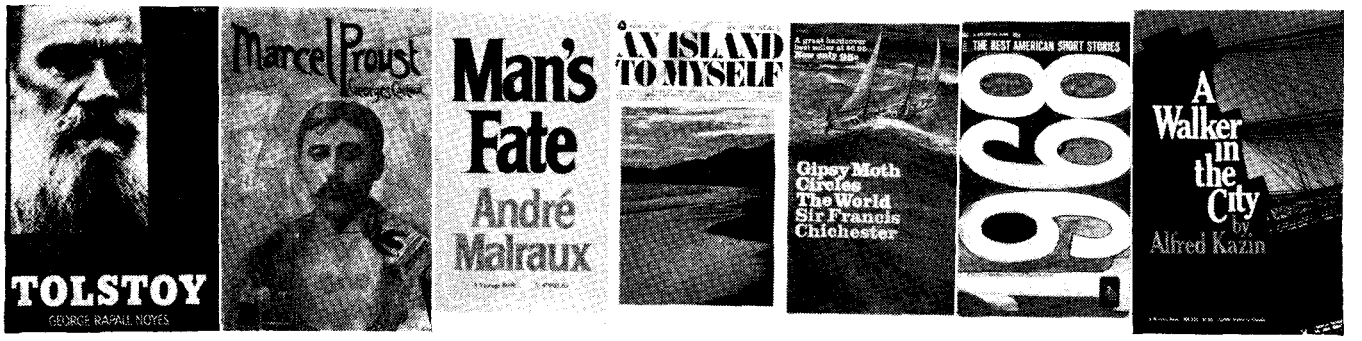

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Marcia Davenport, the biographer of Mozart, and a novelist whose best-selling books include *The Valley of Decision* and *East Side, West Side,* waited twenty years to write her autobiography, *Too Strong for Fantasy* (Pocket Books, $1.25), and even then she discovered that it was too soon. As daughter of opera singer Alma Gluck, she grew up in a circle that included the Toscaninis, Lotte Lehmann, Efrem Zimbalist. Mrs. Davenport's book tells of endearing friendships too with Wendell Willkie, her editor at Scribner's Maxwell Perkins, and others she met along her literary way, among them Thomas Wolfe ("huge, hulking, shaggy, clumsy") and Ernest Hemingway.

But the most impassioned chapters of *Too Strong for Fantasy,* and the reason she delayed writing it, deal with Mrs. Davenport's devoted years with Czech statesman Jan Masaryk, an urbane, witty diplomat who in 1948 mysteriously fell or was thrown from a window in Prague. "I waited all these years until I felt it was no longer topical," the author said recently in her spacious Manhattan apartment. "No sooner was it published, than the Prague rebellion broke out. Masaryk's name was all over the news again." Her book was carried into Czechoslovakia, where whole sections were reprinted in the newspapers. "The feelings for democracy were always there, just beneath the surface. Now I don't think it will ever be possible to suppress them again."

In Marcia Davenport's apartment—elegantly furnished with Oriental rugs on gleaming floors and sconces lighting the pale walls—a portrait of Masaryk twinkles from a silver frame. But she is not one to live in the past. Tall, erect, her salt-and-pepper hairdo short and chic, she is attuned to what's happening. Janis Joplin and the rock beat, sex in the films, new sopranos at the Metropolitan? She's knowledgeable about them all.

One of her major concerns is the current state of fiction. "There's a present-day assumption that story is a dirty word. In the past great writers were first of all concerned with story, with characters, real people interacting," she said. "Today writers care about their personal obsessions." Philip Roth, of course, and his new novel, *Portnoy's Complaint,* represent to her the darkest pit of contemporary prose. "It's a constricted piece of personal experience, tight, squeezed. When I remember Hemingway and all the young writers who were influenced by him, it worries me even more. Think of the Roth imitations we're going to be in for. Just think of it!" —Rollene W. Saal.

The Doers

In an era when great achievements often result from team enterprise, the solitary exploits of Sir Francis Chichester have a special meaning. At sixty-five, when others his age might have been thinking of retiring to a southern condominium, Sir Francis set out from Plymouth, England, on a fifty-four-foot sailing vessel for a voyage which he describes in *Gipsy Moth Circles the World* (Pocket Books, 95¢). His journey, from August 1967 to May 1968, was nearly twice as fast as that of any other small boat and was the longest passage without a port of call (he traveled nonstop more than 15,000 miles). But readers who seek a poetic evocation of sea and stars should be warned that Chichester was far too busy bailing, pumping, and stopping leaks to have much leisure for reflection.

Chichester seems always to have been a man meant for adventure. In *The Lonely Sea and the Sky* (Ballantine, 95¢), he tells about his earlier career as a pioneer aviator who flew the first solo flight from New Zealand to Australia and who, in 1929, in a papery plane named *Gipsy Moth,* flew solo from England to Australia. Certainly he owes a good deal of his self-reliance to his father who, when the eleven-year-old Francis suffered a severe snakebite, sent his son bicycling for five miles to the hospital—alone.

Solitary travelers like Chichester seem to have scant time to loaf and invite their soul. They are too busy fighting the elements. In one of the most engrossing accounts of one man's survival on a Pacific reef, *An Island to Myself* (Avon, 60¢), Tom Neale rushes about as harassed as the entire Swiss Family Robinson. Seventeen years ago the fifty-one-year-old Neale settled himself and his two cats hundreds of miles from civilization, and proceeded to lead a frenetic existence housekeeping, planting, taming wild chickens, fishing, protecting himself from hurricanes. Neale, it seems, never missed the sound of a human voice. In fact, the only vestige of mankind that he continues to yearn for is a cigarette.

Neale's life might have been a bit easier had he taken along *The Survival Book* (Funk & Wagnalls, $1.95), in which three outdoorsmen—Paul H. Nesbitt, Alonzo W. Pond and William H. Allen—provide answers to most questions about wilderness life from the frozen wastes to the tropics. Information is practical or exotic, depending upon where you are at the time. For instance, the tsetse fly bites only in the daytime; polar-bear liver is poisonous; though all bear meat is edible, it must be well-done (bears are less particular—they eat their humans rare).

Fiction

One of the significant novels of this century is André Malraux's *Man's Fate* (Vintage, $1.65). Written in 1933, it was recently reissued probably as much for the timeliness of its revolutionary spirit as for its literary value, which is considerable. Malraux's rebels are young Communists asserting themselves in an abortive revolution in Shanghai. Though *Man's Fate* reflects a segment of contemporary history, what stamps it with greatness is the drama of men—and women, too—caught up in the turbulence of their times.

Frederick Rolfe's *Hadrian the Seventh* (Ballantine, 95¢), long known as an underground classic, has come out into

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the open since the successful run in London and New York of the play made from this curious, semi-autobiographical novel. Rolfe, who liked to be known as the Baron Corvo, was an erratic, irascible Englishman, a strange egotistical priest-*manqué*, a failed artist who once painted a religious mural of a dead saint surrounded by 149 priests, all of whom bore Corvo's face. *Hadrian the Seventh* re-enacts his own fantasy about an unknown writer who is suddenly elevated to the papacy.

In a self-interview in the introduction to *The Best American Short Stories* (Ballantine, 95¢), Martha Foley (co-editor with David Burnett) hands out bouquets and rocks. The flowers go to the "little magazines," which are short on circulation but long on quality; the rocks are for the women's magazines as publishers of the year's worst fiction ("they treat their readers as utter morons"). Among the better selections in this sturdy if unexceptional yearly anthology is James Baldwin's "Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone," which is filled with the intensity of a Harlem childhood, and William H. Gass's cool Midwestern tale "In the Heart of the Heart of the Country."

Some people claim they've read everything. How about *The Golden Casket* (Penguin, $1.95)? Here's a literary curiosity that turns out to be highly entertaining fiction. The forty-six stories were written over a period of more than eighteen centuries by educated Chinese for the amusement of their equally cultivated friends of the leisure class. The tales vary according to their historic period: one written in the second century B.C. tells of warring tribesmen, while an eighteen-century account delicately suggests ways to rid one's husband of his concubines. The commonest themes are love and honor, duty and loyalty; and the prose is impeccable.

NEW AND DULY NOTED: William Sansom's *The Wild Affair* (Popular Library, 60¢), which sets out to prove that the English have more fun than anyone. It's all about a young girl who enters the lists at an office party, and if the story's slight it is also deft. Herbert Gold's *The Man Who Was Not With It* (Avon, 75¢) searches the honky-tonk life of the carnival for some meeting-ground of understanding between a father and his son. Ex-steeplechase jockey Dick Francis is building up quite a following for his suspenseful fiction; the latest is *Blood Sport* (Berkley, 75¢), in which the chase is on after a million-dollar horse disappears.

Writers and Writing

Minerva Press has recently issued some uncommonly good literary studies. French critic Georges Cattaui has written two of them: *Marcel Proust* and *T. S. Eliot* ($1.95 each). In both Cattaui is more concerned with the writing than the writer, though because Proust, reclusive and alienated, was more than most "a prisoner of his childhood," he demands that extra attention be paid to his curious background. Proust, writes Cattaui, was "a sort of fabulous animal, half-blind to the lights of the world, but endowed with strange antenna which made him sensitive to unknown vibrations." Terser about T. S. Eliot, he concentrates on the essence of the poet's work from the early, funny verses to the later plays and more obscure poetry.

In *Stendhal: Notes on a Novelist* (Minerva, $2.50), Robert M. Adams wonders, "Is he, in fact, a great novelist or a great . . . character?" What emerges of course is that Marie Henri Beyle, or Stendhal as he preferred to be known, was both, a winer and diner of extraordinary proportions, given in general to great excess, and a writer of classic dimension. The last in the Minerva series is Robert de Luppé's *Albert Camus* ($1.95), a tightly-woven account of a writer whose life-style, that of a man involved in the events of his times, was reflected in his philosophic fiction and drama.

One of the first English biographies of Tolstoy was that by George Rapall Noyes, published fifty years ago. Noyes had met with the aged writer and his book, *Tolstoy* (Dover, $2.50), is a broad-scale portrait of a man more emotional than intellectual, a Russian aristocrat who set out at the end of his life in 1910 with a peasant robe and staff, leaving behind a note to his wife and mother of his thirteen children: "I thank you for your honorable life of forty-eight years with me." The process by which the nobleman changed into a mystic is one that intrigued Noyes and imbues his biography with its own kind of literary urgency.

ALSO NOTED: Philip Durham's *Down These Mean Streets a Man Must Go* (Chapel Hill, $1.95) is about Raymond Chandler, an "Irish romantic" who insisted that the detective story is a tragedy with a happy ending. Chandler's hard-boiled heroes, says Mr. Durham, are in the mainstream of American pioneer fiction, in which the solitary, resourceful leader must shape his own destiny. In *A Walker in the City* (Harvest, $1.95) Alfred Kazin poetically reshapes a wealth of unpoetic material, his own youth in the rough immigrant world of Brooklyn, New York.

Two uncommon art books have just appeared in The Great Masters of Drawing series (Dover, $1.50 each). *Drawings by Leonardo da Vinci*, selected by Giorgio Castelfranco, and *Drawings by Botticelli*, selected by Aldo Bertini, reproduce thirty-two sketches that were originally studies for later paintings and sculptures. Owing nothing to color, the artistry of these black-and-white drawings lies in the perfection of the draftsmanship, the simplicity of line.

Above: Study for the angel's head in "The Virgin of the Rocks," dated as 1483, from *Drawings by Leonardo da Vinci*. Left: "Saint Thomas Receiving the Virgin's Girdle," from *Drawings by Botticelli*.

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Chronic Ambiguity in Choosing Sides

The System: The Misgovernment of Modern Britain, *by Max Nicholson (McGraw-Hill. 456 pp. $10.95), and* ***Britain's Future,*** *by David Calleo (Horizon. 252 pp. $6.50), criticize Anglo-Saxon reliance on "muddling through" rather than long-range planning. Roger D. Masters, who teaches at Dartmouth, is the author of "The Nation Is Burdened: American Foreign Policy in a Changing World."*

By ROGER D. MASTERS

MESMERIZED BY VIETNAM, Black Power, and student unrest, Americans seem to be paying less and less attention to developments in Europe. This trend is unfortunate, not only because of its effects on our allies, but because we have much to learn from the problems faced by other Western democracies. In particular, the political issues confronting contemporary Britain are of tremendous importance—both as a factor in American foreign policy and as a guide to our own political system.

As recently as a decade ago Great Britain was generally held up in this country as the model of a modern democracy. For example, in one widely used textbook, *Patterns of Government,* Harry Eckstein wrote that the "*inherent* capacity for effective action is the truly distinctive characteristic of British government, one it shares with practically no other important democratic system." Today many observers seem inclined to take a diametrically opposed view, and emphasize Britain's incapacity for effective government.

Max Nicholson, an Englishman who served for a number of years as a high-level planner, has written a scathing criticism of what he calls "the British system of misgovernment." Tracing the blunders, accidents, and indecision that have led to the radical decline in Britain's fortunes over the last forty years, Nicholson attributes the fundamental failure to faulty economic and educational policies, imperialism, and above all to incompetent governmental leaders and administrators. The "System," he concludes, "flourishes through men who do not like or believe in finding the facts, who positively loathe ideas and long-term planning, who regard it as waste of time to review and draw considered inferences from past failures, and who prefer struggling along in a chronic state of muddle and overwork to accepting any modernization which might require them to do their jobs coherently, and to associate as equals with specialists or planners of different habits of mind."

David Calleo, an American political scientist whose earlier *Europe's Future* lucidly set forth the options facing the Western alliance, is somewhat more indulgent. Focusing on "the postwar muddle" in British foreign policy, Calleo reviews Britain's inability to decide between an Atlantic or European orientation, which, he admits, has rested on "perfectly understandable" motives. Still, he too concludes that "it is almost impossible to pick up a serious study of any aspect of contemporary British economic and political activity that does not complain bitterly of a fundamental inability to plan and administer effectively."

Of the two books, Calleo's is the more satisfying. Not only does it outline with admirable clarity the alternatives facing Great Britain; it also presents the arguments for each with fairness and depth. Indeed, anyone who seeks information and guidance on current political, economic, and monetary problems in Europe would do well to read *Britain's Future,* for Calleo explains coherently

such generally misunderstood issues as de Gaulle's veto of British membership in the Common Market and the chronic balance-of-payments deficits facing both Britain and the U.S.

AMONG the most welcome aspects of Calleo's analysis is an objective presentation of the solid reasons behind current French foreign policy. As he makes clear, much of the criticism of de Gaulle, both in Britain and this country, has derived from an inability to define adequately the alternatives facing the Western democracies. In both London and Washington there has been a lamentable tendency to treat European unification and NATO as consistent parts of a single policy, whereas the former—because its ultimate objective is an autonomous political and military unit—necessarily undermines the perpetuation of America's nuclear hegemony, as institutionalized in NATO.

Calleo's basic assessment is a welcome change from the fashionable view that all European problems are caused by de Gaulle's stubbornness:

> America's true interest is not to fight France, but to come to terms with her . . . A strong, self-sustaining Europe means an independent, self-determining Europe and the end of American "hegemony." In theory, the American government has always accepted this. But in practice . . . American diplomacy, in spite of its good intentions, has not been able to resist the time-honored imperial tactic of sustaining the weak to keep down the strong. Hence, the often pointless quarrel between the U.S. and Gaullist France.

Encouraged by Washington, British refusal to face the tough choice between commitment to a European orientation and dependence on the U.S. has, as Calleo convincingly shows, undermined both NATO and European unification. Curiously enough, this attempt to avoid a clear-cut definition of aims characterizes Max Nicholson's criticism of British "muddling through."

IT is easy to praise Nicholson's desire for decentralization, active citizen participation in government, and more imagination in the higher civil service. Still, his proposals for reform tend to emphasize governmental reorganization, without reference to the substantive political choices that must be made if Great Britain is to control her own destiny.

Hence Nicholson's discussion of Britain's foreign aims obscures the need to decide between participation in the Common Market—with its implication of a "Europe of States" that could one day move toward federation—and a totally autonomous British policy. On the contrary, Nicholson seems to feel that by liquidating her empire Great Britain can eventually both join the Common Market and play an independent global role "as the sponsor and guide of a world peace and development party" in the U.N.

The primary consequence of this unwillingness to define and choose between long-range alternatives is that problems are approached in a partial and often incoherent way. Even if some of Nicholson's own proposals are subject to this criticism, however, his review of Britain's past—and particularly of the "accidental" coincidences that led to the British Empire—are instructive for Americans, who should also free themselves from the typically Anglo-Saxon reliance on muddling through.

As Nicholson wisely points out, "it is possible to assess the caliber of governments by checking how much of their

(*Continued on page* 59)

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WORKSHOPS FOR WRITERS

SR's Annual Preview of Writers' Summer Conferences

By GORHAM MUNSON

FOR INCLUSION in this directory a writers' conference is defined as an *ad hoc* affair rather than a regular curriculum of writing courses in a summer school. A writers' conference consists of workshop talks, evening lectures, and individual manuscript evaluations; the staff is composed of experienced writers and editors, and the student body of published and unpublished writers. Such a conference is usually sponsored by a college and often meets in idylic country spots. College credit may be available, but the atmosphere is more professional than academic.

Recently there has appeared the traveling writers' conference. This is being tried this summer on a bigger scale than previously by the University of Georgetown Writers' Conference, which has already secured the minimum number of members to guarantee its tour of Ireland, England, and Scotland. Thus, in its forty-fourth year the writers' conference idea still shows innovative power.

One- to Three-Week Conferences

PACIFIC COAST WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of California State College at Los Angeles, will meet June 23-July 3 on the campus of California State College at Los Angeles, San Bernardino Freeway at Eastern Ave. Founded 1952. Director: Leon Surmelian. Staff: Budd Schulberg, Christopher Isherwood, William Inge, Charles Angoff, Sheridan Gibney, Clyde Robert Bulla, Margaret Leighton, Francis Lederer, Sterling Silliphant, Norman Corwin, Geraldine Brooks, Dick Irving Hyland, Ted Simmons. Novel, short story, film and TV writing, playwriting, nonfiction, poetry. Evaluation of manuscripts and personal interviews. Those who attend for credit may earn three quarter-credits. Tuition: $70 noncredit, $82 credit. Members of the conference live near campus, eat in college cafeteria. Last year's attendence: 102. For brochure: Peter C. Madsen, Pacific Coast Writers Conference, California State College at Los Angeles, Los Angeles, Calif. 90032.

WRITERS' WORKSHOP IN WRITING FOR PUBLICATON, under auspices of San Diego State College, will meet Aug.11-22 at San Diego State College. Founded 1963. Director: Noel M. Loomis. Staff: Alice Wellman Harris, Ruth Boyer Scott, Judy Van der Veer, Marjorie Thayer, and A. E. Van Vogt. Short story, novel, book-length nonfiction, articles. Tuition: about $22 per unit. College credit: one unit per week. Last year's attendance: 80. For brochure: Noel M. Loomis, SS-216, San Diego State College, San Diego, Calif. 92115.

CALIFORNIA WESTERN WRITERS CONFERENCE will meet Aug. 11-29 at the campus seaside lodge at Point Loma. Founded 1960, now being renewed. Director: Dr. Don Eulert. Staff-in-residence: Robert Creeley, Richard Brautigan, Mike Ahnemann. Workshop leaders: Michael McClure, Ed Dorn, four others to be named. Workshops in film, poetry, and prose. The purpose of the conference is to study an interrelationship of film, poetry, and prose with the most relevant and contemporary practitioners. Students may enroll in one workshop interest but will attend discussions of other genre. Editors and producers will consider manuscripts. Either three or five quarter-units may be earned (graduate or undergraduate) by either two or three weeks' attendance. Tuition: $105 for two weeks, $175 for three. Room and board: $35 per week. Enrollment limited to 25 in each genre. For brochure: Don Eulert, director of creative writing, California Western, 3902 Lomaland Drive, San Diego, Calif. 92115.

SUFFIELD WRITER-READER CONFERENCE, under auspices of Suffield Academy, will meet June 22-29 at Suffield Academy, Suffield, Conn. Founded 1956. Director: Jeanne B. Krochalis. Staff: William Jay Smith, Padraic Colum, Louis Untermeyer (poetry); Bryna Untermeyer, George Garrett (fiction); John Fisher (drama). Scholarships to writers, teachers of English on secondary and college level, and to college students interested in writing. All-inclusive fee for tuition, room and board: $150. Day students: $85. Last year's attendance: 45. For brochure: Jeanne B. Krochalis, director, Suffield Writer-Reader Conference, Suffield Academy, Suffield, Conn. 06078.

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of University of Colorado, will meet June 15-27 at Boulder. Founded 1930. Director: Paul M. Levitt. Staff: George P. Elliott, Harlan Ellison, Vance Bourjaily (fiction); Richard Gehman (nonfiction); Alan Dugan, Richard Eberhart (poetry); Arnold Weinstein (dramatic writing). Visiting workshop leader: Hal Porter. Eight Harcourt, Brace & World fellowships, one Charles E Tuttle nonfiction fellowship, one Alan Swallow Memorial Poetry Fellowship, two *Scholastic Magazine* juvenile writing scholarships, several University of Colorado scholarships, Barry Oringer Dramatic Writing Fellowship. Tuition: $110. Board and room: One week, $53 single, $43 double. Two weeks, $104 single, $84 double. Last year's attendance: 100. For brochure: Paul M. Levitt, director, Writers' Conference, Hunter 125, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo. 80302.

WRITERS WORKSHOP IN CHILDREN'S LITERATURE, under auspices of Temple Buell College, will meet Aug. 3-15 on the Temple

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GORHAM MUNSON, Distinguished Visiting Professor of English at the University of Hartford, is the author of *The Writer's Workshop Companion* and *Penobscot: Down East Paradise*. He was on the staff of Bread Loaf Writers' Conference for thirteen sessions and has been the director of three other writers' conferences.

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Buell College campus, Denver, Colo. Founded 1965. Director: Robert Lewis Weeks. Staff: Lois Duncan, Dr. Alison White, Mary Calhoun, Elizabeth Griffen. Visiting lecturers: Elton Norwood, Dr. Joel Greenspoon. Workshop sessions will include writing for young readers, writing for teenage readers, article writing for children. Three full-tuition scholarships. Tuition: $100. Room and board: $7.25 per day. Last year's attendance: 35. For brochure: Robert Lewis Weeks, director, Writers' Workshop, Temple Buell College, Denver, Colo. 80220.

Twelfth Annual Institute in Technical and Organizational Communication, under auspices of Colorado State University, will meet July 20-25 at Colorado State University, Fort Collins, Colo. Founded 1958. Co-directors: Dr. Delbert McGuire, Dean Roy Nelson. Speakers: Seventeen leaders from Technical Communications. Tuition: $100. Room and board: $33.39 double, $45.08 single. Last year's attendance: 50. For brochure: Delbert McGuire, C-255, Social Science Building, Colorado State University, Fort Collins, Colo. 80521.

Indiana University Writers' Conference, under auspices of Indiana University, will meet July 7-12 at Bloomington, Ind. Founded 1940. Director: Robert M. Mitchner. Staff: Anton Myrer (novel), Stephen Birmingham (short story), Maia Wojciechowska (juveniles), Philip Hamburger (nonfiction), John Ashbery (poetry), Hal Rigdon (feature articles), Sam Smiley (playwriting), John Weston (fiction skills). Visiting lecturers: John M. Allen, Howard S. Cady, Austin C. Clarke. Seminar leaders: Syd Hoff, Naome Lewis, Kirk Polking, Jean Chimsky, John Schaffner, others to be announced. Additional consultants headed by Gertrude Hecker Winders. Grant of more than $1,000 from Indiana University Foundation to cover Ralph L. Collins All-Expense Fellowship; ten regular tuition scholarships; five Young Talent scholarships; a $100 grant-in-aid; $100 Bobbs-Merrill Fellowship; $100 grant-in-aid for juveniles; $50 Indiana Press Women's Fellowship. Eight cash prizes for superior writing in individual workshops; $100 Gwendolyn Brooks poetry prize; $100 C. S. Lewis short story prize; Elizabeth Enright Memorial Award; $50 Founder's Award. Tuition: $10 registration fee; $25 for one workshop, $45 for two; $15 to audit one workshop, $10 for each additional one. Except for a few teachers of creative writing, auditors are not accepted who are not regular manuscript-submitting members of at least one workshop. Minimum fee: $35. Rooms: $22-$33 per person for six-day week ($12.50 for students under eighteen) in dormitory; $5.50-$8.50 per person per day for air-conditioned rooms with private bath in Indiana Memorial Union. Meals at student rates in the Union dining facilities. Enrollment limited to 125. For brochure: Robert W. Mitchner, director, Indiana University Writers' Conference, 448 Ballantine Hall, Bloomington, Ind. 47401.

Judson Workshop for Writers and Artists, under auspices of Judson College, will meet July 27—Aug. 3 at Elgin, Ill. Founded 1966. Director: Charles Waugaman. Staff: Lawrence Fitzgerald (articles), Lenore Morgan (juveniles), Irene Murry, Berniece Roer Neal (short story), Harry Edward Neal (articles), Marion Van Horne (beginning writing), Charles Waugaman (watercolor and etching), Ralph Seager (poetry). Visiting lecturers: David Burnside, Joseph Bayly. Prizes in poetry, articles, short story, oil, watercolor, graphics. Last year's attendance: 60. Tuition: $25. Room and board: $50 full week; $10 per day. For brochure: Charles Waugaman, Judson College, 1151 N. State Street, Elgin, Ill. 60120.

Creative Writing Conference, under auspices of Eastern Kentucky University, will meet July 21-25 at Eastern Kentucky University, Richmond. Founded 1963. Director: Byno R. Rhodes. Staff: X. J. Kennedy, Edward Stephens, John Fox. Room: air-conditioned room $3 per day single, $2 per day double. Board: Cafeteria meals approximately $3 per day. Last year's attendance: 25. For brochure: Byno R. Rhodes, Eastern Kentucky University, Richmond, Ky. 40475.

Appalachian Writers Workshop, under auspices of Alice Lloyd College, will meet July 20-26 at Pippa Passes, Ky. Founded 1964. Director: Albert Stewart. Staff: Robert Hazel, Robert Francis, David Morrah, Billy C. Clark. Workshops in poetry, short story, novel, drama, essay. Five part- or full-expense scholarships for young writers. Tuition: $25 per week. Room and board: $30 per week. Last year's attendance: 40. For brochure: Albert Stewart, director, Appalachian Writers Workshop, Box 132, Pippa Passes, Ky. 41844.

Cape Cod Writers Conference, under auspices of Twelve O'Clock Scholars and Cape Cod Community College, will meet Aug. 10-15 at Craigville Inn, Craigville, Mass. Founded 1963. Chairman: Harold Wilson. Staff: Margaret Walker (novel), Shaun O'Connell (nonfiction), Jean Poindexter Colby (juvenile), Ellen Bryant Voight (poetry). Visiting lecturers: Dr. Alan Geyer, Louisa Kreisberg. Tuition: $65. Room and board: $12.75-$17.75 per day. Last year's attendance: 60. For brochure: Mrs. Pierre Vuilleumier, secretary, Cape Cod Writers Conference, Craigville Inn, Craigville, Mass. 02636.

Technical Writers' Workshop on Nantucket, under auspices of University of Massachusetts, will meet June 30-July 8 at Nantucket Island. Founded 1966. Director: John E. Mitchell. Staff: Jay R. Gould, Paul H. Flint, Kenneth Tong, R. E. Chandler, M. C. Morris. All-inclusive fee for tuition, room and board: $250 for in-state residents, $265 for out-of-state residents. Course accredited on both graduate and undergraduate levels. Enrollment limited to 16. For brochure: Professor John H. Mitchell, Department of English, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Mass. 01002.

Imaginative Writers' Workshop on Nantucket, under auspices of University of Massachusetts, will meet June 9-27 at Nantucket Island. Founded 1967. Director: John H. Mitchell. Staff: Richard E. Kim, Michael Mazzis, Richard Todd, Phoebe Larmore, James Landis. All-inclusive fee for tuition, room and board: $250 for in-state residents, $265 for out-of-state residents. Course accredited on both graduate and undergraduate levels. Enrollment limited to 16. For brochure: Professor John H. Mitchell, Department of English, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Mass. 01002.

Star Island Writer's Conference will meet Aug. 3-17 at Oceanic Hotel, Star Island, Isles of Shoals off Portsmouth, N.H. Founded 1957. Director: Mary Chisholm Sweetser. Staff: Jane McDonnell. Visiting lecturers: Lorus J. and Margery Milne, Elizabeth Hanlon, Rev. Francis Wilson, David McCord. Edna Cornell. Scholarship awarded annually. Tuition: $50. Board and room: $102-$124 for conference period of fourteen days. For brochure: Mary Chisholm Sweetser, director, Star Island Writers' Conference, 10 Kneeland St., Malden, Mass. 02184.

Boston Area Writers' Conference (for commuters), under the auspices of University College, Northeastern University, will meet June 8-14 at Northeastern's Suburban Campus, Burlington, Mass. Director: Reid B. Morrison. Staff: George Starbuck, Samuel L. Albert (poetry); Caroline Bird, Doris Luck Pullen (nonfiction); Elizabeth Yates, Elizabeth Jamison Hodges (juvenile). Tuition: $42 for both credit and noncredit students. $10 registration fee for those not previously registered at Northeastern University. $15 manuscript reading fee. Manuscript deadline is May 8. For brochure: Reid B. Morrison, conference director, University College, Northeastern University, Boston, Mass. 02115.

Pauline Bloom Holiday-Workshop will meet July 10-24 on a trip by air to England, France, Holland. Daily workshop. Individual conference with Miss Bloom. Limited enrollment. For information: Pauline Bloom, 60 Plaza St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11238.

Chautauqua Writers' Workshop, under auspices of Chautauqua Institution, will meet June 30-July 18 at Chautauqua, N.Y. Founded 1946. Director: Dr. Stanley Koehler. Staff: Harry Minetree, James Hatch (fiction); Leo Hamalian (nonfiction); Dr. Stanley Koehler (poetry). Credit students by arrangement with Syracuse University Center at Chautauqua. Auditors accepted. Tuition: $45 for each workshop; $115 for all three. Credit students: $49 per credit hour. Auditors: $2 per class hour. Room and board: $60 for three weeks. Gate fee: $10. Last year's attendance: 60. For brochure: Joseph C. Clark, vice president, Education,

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Chautauqua Institution, Chautauqua, N.Y. 14722.

TECHNICAL WRITERS' INSTITUTE, under auspices of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, will meet June 16-20 at Troy, N.Y. Founded 1953. Director: J. R. Gould. Staff: Robert A. Senser, B. F. Hammet. Visiting lecturers: S. J. Goodman, Louis L. Ullman, R. S. Pease, Alex M. Bototis, Harry W. Smith, Jr., Ronald D. Eames, Anthony J. Sammartino, Albert O. Pardoe. Courses on editing, manuals and instruction books, publications management, sales literature, special features. Tuition: $200 including luncheons and annual dinner. Last year's attendance: 75. For brochure: J. R. Gould, director, Technical Writers' Institute, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y. 12180.

ST. DAVIDS CHRISTIAN WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of St. Davids Christian Writers Association, will meet June 22-27 at Eastern Baptist College, St. Davids, Pa. Founded 1958. Director: Mildred Schell. Staff: Helen Kingsbury Wallace (beginning writing), Charles Paul May (advanced article writing), Ralph W. Seager (experimental writing), Sally Saunders (poetry), Jean Hoskins Richards (writing for the religious market), Paul Murphy (articles), Barry Bohro, Jr. (subject?). Tuition: $23. Room and board: $42. Last year's attendance: 70. For brochure. Mrs. Margaret S. Ward, publicity director, American Baptist Board of Education and Publication, Valley Forge, Pa. 19481.

WRITER'S WORKSHOP IN SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY, under auspices of Clarion State College, will meet June 23-Aug. 1 at Clarion, Pa. Founded 1968. Director: Robin Scott Wilson. Staff: Frederick Poho, Fritz Leiber, Harlan Ellison, Damon Knight, Kate Wilhelm. College credit given. Tuition: $150 for six weeks; $50 for any two-week segment. Room and board: $19 per week. For information: Robin Scott Wilson, director, Clarion Writers' Workshop, Clarion State College, Clarion, Pa. 16214.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL WRITERS' CONFERENCE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH, under auspices of University of Utah, will meet July 7-18 at Salt Lake City. Founded 1947. Director: Harold Moore. Staff: Galway Kinnell (poetry), Richard Scowcroft (novel), Harvey Swados (short story). College credit available. Limited number of tuition scholarships. Tuition: $50. Room: $4.50-$6 per day. Last year's attendance: 65. For brochure: Harold Moore, director, The Writers' Conference, University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah. 84112.

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Middlebury College, will meet Aug. 13-27 at Bread Loaf, Vt. Founded 1926. Director: John Ciardi. Staff: John Frederick Nims, William Meredith, Andrew Glaze, Miller Williams (poetry); William Sloane, Harry Crews, Seymour Epstein, John Williams (fiction); Arno Karlen, Peter Schrag (nonfiction); Eunice Blake (juvenile literature). Thirty fellowships and scholarships that pay all conference fees; twenty working scholarships for waiters and waitresses. Tuition: $135 contributors; $105 auditors. Room: $35-$75. Board: $70. Last year's attendance: 209. For brochure: Edward A. Martin, assistant director, Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt. 05753.

COOPER HILL WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Literary Publications Foundation, Inc., a nonprofit corporation for the advancement of literature and the arts, publisher of *Poet Lore*, will meet Aug. 10-24 at Van's Barn, Cooper Hill, East Dover, Vt. Founded 1968. Director: John Williams Andrews. Staff and lecturers: Doris Marston (article writing), Robert Wyndham (biography), Lee Wyndham (juveniles), Alex Jackinson (marketing), Dorothy Gilman Butters (novel, short story), Miriam Andrews, John Williams Andrews, Wilmon Brewer. Guest authors: Paul Scott Mowrer, William D. Mundell. Tuition: Contributor-conferee, $115; auditor-conferee, $95; student-conferee (aged 17-21), $80; conferee by day, $15 per day. Room and board: accommodations in ski lodges near Mt. Snow, $10-$13 per day per person including breakfast and dinner. Last year's attendance: 15. Maximum planned for 1969: 50. For brochure: Director, Cooper Hill Writers Conference, 52 Cranbury Road, Westport, Conn. 06880.

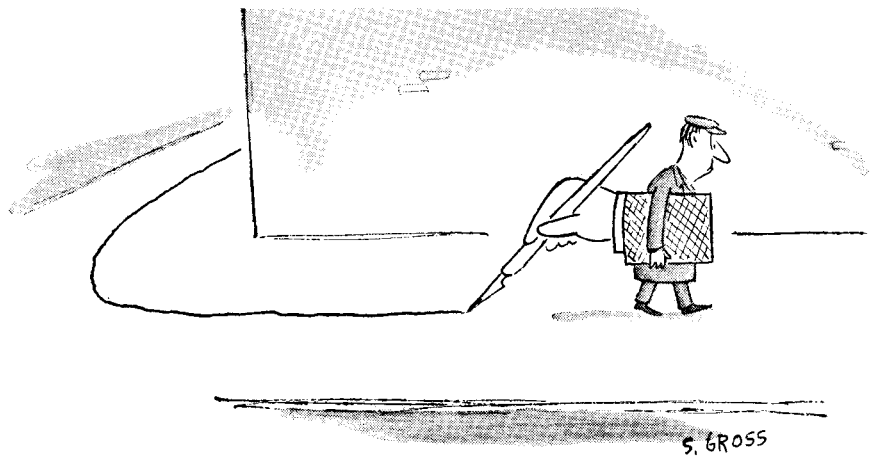
GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of the Summer School, Georgetown University, will meet Aug. 4-8 on compus of Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. Founded 1960. Director: Dr. Riley Hughes. Staff: Patricia McGerr (novel), Roland Flint (poetry), Whit Burnett (short story), Hazel Wilson (juvenile), Elsa Russell (editing), Joseph T. Durkin (history), Frances Spatz Leighton (ghost writing), Marjorie Holmes (magazine articles), Milton Lomask (biography), Pauline Innis (humor), Dominic Hughes (translating). Visiting lecturers: Barbara Blakemore, Harry Edward Neal. Ten tuition scholarships. Tuition: $50. Room and board: Room, $23 per week; board at campus cafeteria. Last year's attendance: 106. To celebrate the tenth anniversary of the conference, the campus session will be followed by an independent three-week European session (Aug. 9-30) in Ireland, England, and Scotland, with twelve workshop sessions, at $795. For brochure: Gerald J. Sullivan, Georgetown University Summer School, Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. 20007.

RHINELANDER SCHOOL OF ARTS, under auspices of Community Arts Development, University of Wisconsin, will meet July 21-Aug. 1 at Rhinelander. Founded 1964. Director: Robert E. Gard. Staff: Mel Ellis (articles); August Derleth, Tere Rios (fiction); George Hartung (humor); Edna Meudt (poetry); Robert Gard (playwright's laboratory); Marie Kazali (marketing). Artist in residence: Harry Mark Petrakis. Scholarships for all workshops. Tuition: One week $35, two weeks $65. Last year's attendance: 200. For brochure: Mrs. Arnita Ready, Community Arts Development, 216 Agriculture Hall, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis. 53706.

GREEN LAKE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of American Baptist Board of Education and Publication, will meet July 5-12 at American Baptist Assembly, Green Lake, Wis. Founded 1948. Director: Harry Edward Neal. Staff: Anne Powers, Ralph W. Seager, Lyle W. Koerper, Harry Edward Neal, Berniece Roer Neal, Lee Wyndham, Alfred C. P. Klausler. Visiting lecturer: Harry Mark Petrakis. Tuition: $20. Last year's attendance: 138. For brochure: Green Lake Writers' Conference, American Baptist Board of Education and Publication, Valley Forge, Pa. 19481.

UPPER MIDWEST WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Bemidji State College and the Louis W. and Maud Hill Family Foundation, will meet July 22-Aug. 5 at Bemidji, Minn. Director: William D. Elliott. Staff: Robert Bly (poetry), John R. Milton (fiction), Robert Tucker (nonfiction). Evening lectures and autograph parties: Sherman Paul, Frederick Manfred, Sigurd Olson, Frederick Wolven. Graduate or undergraduate credit available. Tuition: $40. For information: Dr. William D. Elliott, Division of Language and Literature, Bemidji State College, Bemidji, Minn. 56601.

CANADIAN CREATIVE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under the auspices of Ryerson Polytechnical Institute, will meet Aug 11-22 at Toronto. Founded 1968. Director: Gerald Lampert. Staff and lecturers: James T. Farrell, Austin Clarke, John Robert Colombo, Adrienne Clarkson, David Collins, Alice Denham, Hugh Garner, William French, Graem Gibson, John Herbert, Serrell Hillman, Eric Koch, Janine Manatis, Al Purdy, Lister Sinclair. Workshops in novel, short story, poetry, drama, nonfiction. Senior editors will scout conference. CBS-TV staff



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will consider scripts. Royal Alexander Theatre will consider scripts for possible production. Tuition: $75 for one workshop, $90 for two, $100 for three. Room: $35 for two weeks. For brochure: Gerald Lampert, Department of English, Ryerson Polytechnical Institute, 50 Gould St., Toronto 2, Canada.

One- to Four-Day Conferences

ARKANSAS WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet June 6-8 at Albert Pike Hotel, Little Rock. Founded 1945. Director: Anna Nash Yarbrough. Visiting lecturers: Hayes B. Jacobs, Dr. Lily Peter, Rosa Marinoni, Sue Abbott Boyd, Ruth Malone. Several hundred dollars in awards for poetry and prose. Registration: $3. Last year's attendance: 208. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for brochure to: Anna Nash Yarbrough, director, Arkansas Writers Conference, 510 East St., Benton, Ark.

STATE OF MAINE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Ocean Park Association, will meet Aug. 19-22 at Ocean Park. Founded 1941. Director: Adelbert M. Jakeman. Staff: Sue McConkey, Dorothy Clarke Wilson, R. N. Coffin, and others. Prizes. Tuition: $5. Last year's attendance: 100. For brochure: Adelbert M. Jakeman, chairman, Maine Writers' Conference, Ocean Park, Me. 04063.

FIFTH ANNUAL TAR HEEL WRITERS ROUNDTABLE will meet Aug. 15-16 at Sheraton-Sir Walter Hotel, Raleigh, N.C. Founded 1965. Director: Bernadette Hoyle. Sessions on the novel, poetry, juvenile writing, articles, column, markets, public relations, short story, etc. Lecturers to be announced. Writing contests. Tuition: $25. Last year's attendance: 110. For information: Bernadette Hoyle, director, Tar Heel Writers Roundtable, P.O. Box 5393, Raleigh, N.C. 27607.

ANNUAL SPRING WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Akron Manuscript Club, will meet May 17 at Breathnacht Country Club, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. Director: Mary Lou Dotterer. Visiting lecturer: Vera Henry. Last year's attendance: 90. For information: Mrs. Gene L. Dotterer, 1023 Portage Trail, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio 44221.

THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL SHORT COURSE ON PROFESSIONAL WRITING, under auspices of School of Journalism, University of Oklahoma, will meet June 3-5 at Norman. Founded 1937. Directors: Foster-Harris and Helen Reagan Smith. Staff: Joseph Hotchkiss, Margaret Hartley, Floyd Thatcher, William Cannon, Joel L. Pyland, Larry Ashmead, Bill Burchardt, Ellen Levine, Francis Figate, Bob Bristow. Workshops in poetry, technical and trade writing, confession, short story, novel, juvenile, religious writing, markets. Annual award. Tuition: $20 Last year's attendance: 300. For brochure: Director, Short Course on Professional Writing, Oklahoma Center for Continuing Education, University of Oklahoma, 1700 Asp Ave., Norman, Okla. 73069.

PHILADELPHIA WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Delaware Valley writers' clubs, will meet June 11-13 at the Warwick Hotel, Philadelphia. Founded 1949. Direc-

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tor: Carl A. Rickert. Staff: Pauline Bloom (short story), Marjorie Cheyney (poetry), Paul Murphy (articles), Doris Patterson (confession), Jean Richards (juvenile), C. Hall Thompson (novel), Doris Bell Paiss (TV script), Jean C. Soule (humor), Lewis P. Nachod (fiction), Paul C. Mims (short-short), Jack Lindeman (poetry), Richard S. Fuller (features), Hobart Berolzheimer (research). Speakers: Edgar Williams, Riley S. Brown, Lisa A. Richette, Pat Hurley. Manuscript contest open to conferees; cash awards and book prizes. $18 scholarship open to writers' clubs. Tuition: $35 entire conference. Last year's enrollment: 160. For brochure: Mary P. Kelso, registrar, P.O. Drawer "U," Springfield, Pa. 19064.

PINEY WOODS WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Stephen F. Austin State College, will meet June 25-26 at Nacogdoches, Tex. Founded 1960. Director: F. A. Rodewald. Staff: Members of English Dept. Visiting lecturers: Larry McMurtay, Nina Vance, Dr. Winston Weathers. Tuition: $5 for attending members, $10 for non-attending members. Last year's attendance: 253. For brochure: F. A. Rodewald, director, S.F.A. Box 3007, Stephen F. Austin State College, Nacogdoches, Tex. 75961.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST WRITERS CONFERENCE will meet July 24-26 at Seattle University, Seattle. Founded 1955. Director: Nelson Bentley. Staff: To be announced. Visiting lecturers: M. S. Wyeth, Gloria Mosesson, Eileen Johnson, Herbert Montgomery, Louise Boggess, Luther Nichols, Jean Z. Owen, Gene Olson, Ruth Egge, Yvonne Stevenson. Workshops in novel, short story, articles, nonfiction books, drama, juvenile writing, poetry, photo-journalism; beginners' workshop, contest workshop. Playwriting prize. Junior literary award contest. Tuition: $20; $3 for full-time Seattle University students. Last year's attendance: 400. For brochure: Patricia Campbell, executive secretary, Pacific Northwest Writers Conference, 1330 Boren Ave., Seattle, Wash. 98101.

NINTH DEEP SOUTH WRITERS' AND ARTISTS' CONFERENCE, sponsored by Louisiana Branches of National League of American Pen Women, will meet June 5-7 at the University of Southwestern Louisiana, Lafayette. Founded 1961. Director: Betty Utley Walker. Nine prize contests. Registration: $3. For program: Peggy Garnett, 1606 N. 2nd St., Monroe, La. 71201.

LEAGUE OF VERMONT WRITERS' SUMMER INSTITUTE, under auspices of League of Vermont Writers, will meet July 10-11 at Lamar Lounge, Waterman Bldg., University of Vermont, Burlington. Founded 1945. Director: Mrs. Harriet W. Riggs. Program to be announced. Visiting speakers include Jacqueline Jackson, Alden A. Watson, Mary Pearl, Marguerite Hurrey Wolf. Small registration fee. Last year's attendance: 100. For information: Mrs. Jadie Stoddard, secretary, League of Vermont Writers, Wolcott, Vt. 05680. Please enclose stamped self-addressed envelope.

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Even a One-Eyed Husband Is a Husband

The Adventures of Menachem-Mendl, *by Sholom Aleichem, translated from the Yiddish by Tamara Kahana (Putnam. 222 pp. $5.95), narrates the grandiose plans and spectacular downfalls of an Eastern European Don Quixote, as recorded in his letters to his wife and her acerbic replies. Paul Kresh edits "The American Judaism Reader."*

By PAUL KRESH

BACK IN 1909 the Yiddish-speaking world was chuckling over the first book of Menachem-Mendl's letters from the great wide world and the scolding replies from his wife, Sheineh-Sheindl. Even before that—as early as 1892—the letters were delighting subscribers to various Yiddish newspapers and magazines, where they continued to appear over a period of eighteen years. Up to now, though, non-Yiddish-speakers have had to be satisfied with stories and plays about Tevya the Dairyman and other popular figures in the Sholom Aleichem *dramatis personae,* most of whom were content to face life from behind the ghetto walls of Kasrilevka and Anatevka. The alternative was to make their acquaintance through literary travel guide Maurice Samuel's *The World of Sholom Aleichem,* where they greet us somewhat spruced up and in their Sabbath best for the tourist trade.

Now at last Tamara Kahana, the granddaughter of Sholom Aleichem, has completed her long-anticipated English translation, and we can all share in Menachem-Mendl's instructive but hilarious adventures. (We had to wait for Miss Kahana to finish translating *Mottel the Cantor's Son* and her grandfather's autobiography, *The Great Fair,* but it's been worth it.)

Who is this Menachem-Mendl? An urban counterpart, you might say, of his spiritual cousin Tevya. But while Tevya stays home in Anatevka with his wife and five daughters, Menachem-Mendl, *luftmensch* extraordinary, a veritable Don Quixote of Eastern European commerce, sets out to conquer the big world beyond Kasrilevka, that "townlet of the tiny folk" where Russia kept its Jews. He becomes by turns a money speculator in Odessa, a *soi-disant* dealer on the stock exchange in Yehupetz (really the city of Kiev, Miss Kahana confides), a merchant, an unremunerated writer for a fly-by-night journal, a marriage broker, and an insurance agent. In all these endeavors he fails spectacularly and predictably, by virtue of his gullibility, innocence, and indomitable optimism. We learn of each risible fiasco to which our hero is foredoomed by reading over his shoulder, as it were, when he writes home to his irascible wife in Kasrilevka, and through her answers as she pleads with him to come home, quotes her mother's tartest aphorisms, and accurately calls the shots on the outcome of every venture her luckless husband outlines.

THE style of the Menachem-Mendl letters is even more of a marvel than the anecdotal delights that abound in them. Each begins with a formal salutation, which is in the original a mixture of Hebrew and Yiddish. The correspondent expresses his hopes for the health and well-being of his "dear, wise and modest helpmeet, Sheineh-Sheindl, long may she live." He then proceeds to relate, with incurable exuberance, the latest of his schemes to amass a quick fortune in a city where Jews are forbidden, and where he has to resort to such subterfuges as eating ice cream all afternoon at a café until he develops a bellyache, in order to avoid being run out of town. And he is so pressed for time he will have to "cut this short" but "in my next letter, please God, I'll write you everything in detail."

Comes next the inevitable answer from Sheineh-Sheindl, whose pen spews undiluted acid in a manner calculated to cut masculine pride down to size. She opens with a formal assurance that "we are all, praise the Lord, perfectly well," and then chronicles the children's illnesses and mishaps, relays her mother's latest homely words of wisdom ("If a dig in the ribs doesn't work, try a brick . . ."), fills her husband in on the latest gossip, and winds up with a prediction that his newest enterprise will come to naught, like all the others. He had better hasten back to her irate side while he still has legs to carry him.

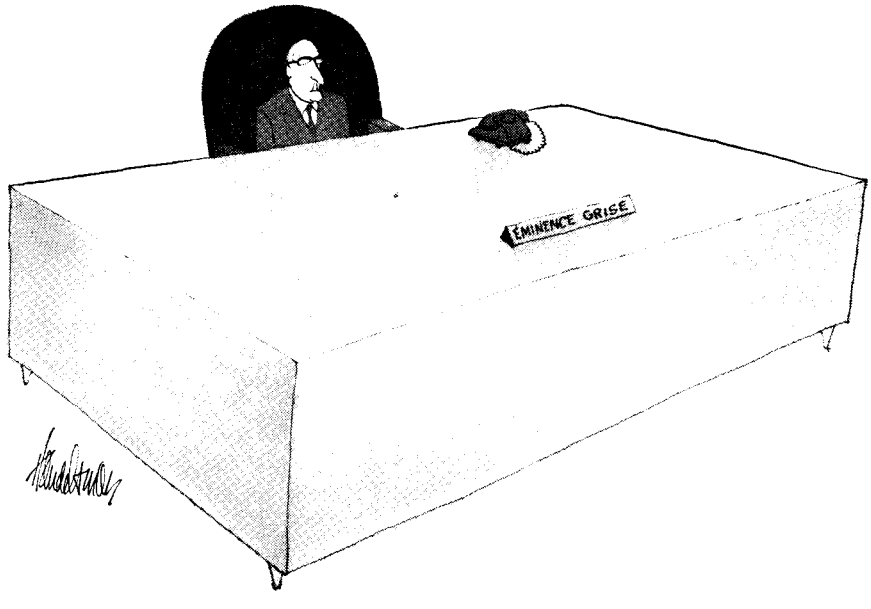
And yet after each débacle this same woman is able to modulate her tone to wifely compassion and raise her disheartened spouse from despair. Warn him she will without let-up, but seldom does Sheineh-Sheindl say "I told you so." For, as her mother points out, "Even a one-eyed husband is a husband." It becomes evident that, in those days of matches arranged by marriage brokers and held together often by sheer social pressure, Sheineh-Sheindl really loved Menachem-Mendl.

All the letters except the last two—in which Menachem-Mendl does indeed "write everything in detail" and the anecdotes are shaped into full-fledged tales—are miracles of compression. The master storyteller manages to reveal in half a dozen paragraphs the salient points of plot and character and at the same time to hint subtly at the underlying sadness of what it meant to be a Jew at that time in Russia.

In preparing this collection the author discarded many letters he considered unworthy of preserving between hard covers. Even so, a few of those remaining are dangerously thin—the price, perhaps, of tailoring them to the tastes of the casual, impatient reader of the periodicals where they initially appeared. At the same time, and more important, they avoid the far worse sin of clutter, and they never prettify.

What happens to Menachem-Mendl finally? Does he come back to Kasrilevka? For that you'll have to read the book; and you won't be disappointed. Moreover, this English version is clear as crystal, straight-forward, idiomatic, but never slangy or tasteless or awkward to the ear. Sholom Aleichem's prose may lose, as they say, a little in translation, but, believe me, it is never debased in the process.

(*Fiction reviews continued on page* 58.)



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The Cossums aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

Lester Davis is a friendly, dark-ed little boy whose smile can light o an entire room. But for most of s six years, he hasn't had much to hile about.

Lester lives in Laurel Creek, an ppalachian town of 200 people in county with a per capita income $557 a year. Like most of the her people of Laurel Creek, Lester ves in a three-room weatherboard ouse, along with his mother and ther and nine brothers and sisters. hey have no well, and of course no side plumbing. So Lester's mother, ressie, carries all the family water o from the nearby creek.

Lester's father, Ray, used to work the coal mines, but since the ines "played out" he's been unem-loyed. As Tressie admits, "It's aw-l hard going. We never could get s a good start before." They still ouldn't have a "start" if it weren't or the Cossum family.

Ed and Martha Cossum live in suburban community of contem-orary homes. Looking out back you an see one of those large, above-ground plastic swimming pools. And you can see the beginnings of a redwood deck around the pool, which Ed and his two children, Bill and Carol, are uilding themselves.

Ed is a systems analyst. He pends most of his day thinking bout third generation computers. ortunately, Ed and Martha also hink about this generation of chil-ren living in Appalachia.

Through Save The Children ederation, the Cossums are helping ester and his family. They contrib-te $15 a month. Though it's not a ot of money, the Cossums could probably have done a lot of other things with it.

The Cossums' contribution will be made available to the Davises not as a gift, or charity, but as a loan. An interest-free loan which Lester's father can borrow to begin a self-help project.

Mr. Davis already has a project in mind. He plans to use the Cossums' money to buy and feed two cows, then sell the calves as they come along. As Mr. Davis says, "A man likes to find ways to take care of his own family."

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

Down Home on the High Seas

IN HAWAII, where I played a barefoot Clark Kent for four years, I used to stay away from Honolulu Harbor on the nights the *Lurline* sailed to that rocky slab of reality we called the Mainland. It wasn't so much the traffic that dissuaded me, as the tears. Sometimes the wailing got so loud you could scarcely hear the dockside band playing "Aloha Oe"—which was just as well because that lugubrious little tune had a way of causing even a man of steel to swallow hard.

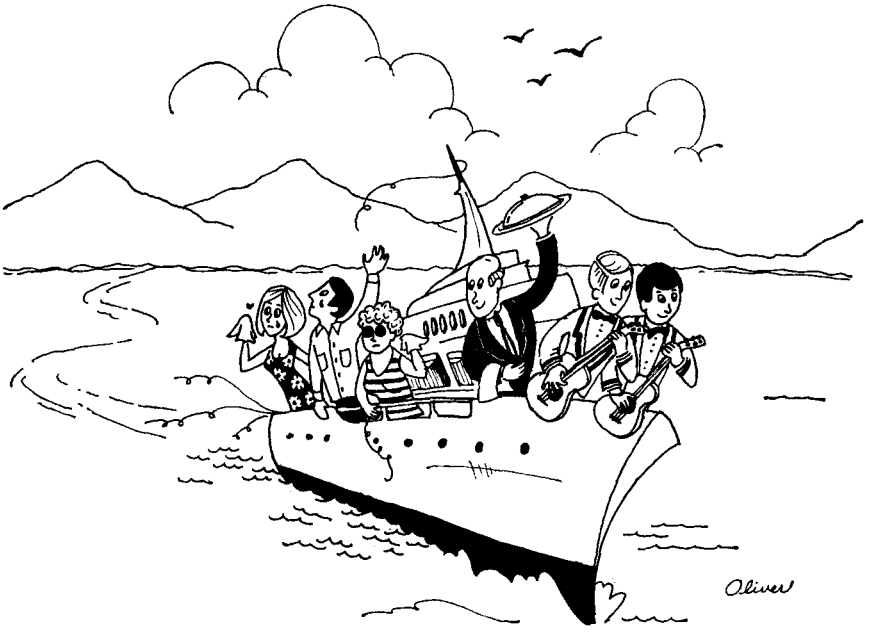
I was surprised to observe a similar flood of emotion one Friday night a few weeks ago as the Princess Cruises's *Italia* prepared to nose out of the Port of Los Angeles. After all, most of the 350-odd passengers would be floating back into port in two weeks, and those who couldn't spare the time, or grief, would be flying back from the halfway point, Acapulco. Yet, the farewell embraces lingered well after the warning was sounded to clear the ship of visitors, and I began to wonder if these (mostly) Californians were taking to heart the doomsday predictions that the West Coast is about to break off from the rest of the country and slide into the deep.

When the visitors had finally torn themselves away, and stood on the pier directly across from the main deck, the clamor was not abated. It rose, instead, on the brassy heaven-bound notes of the ship's Italian combo, and then just before we sailed at 11 o'clock, the passengers at the rail lofted paper streamers to their opposite numbers on the pier. Across the way, a woman of about twenty-five, weeping openly, speared a strand as though it were the last tangible evidence of mankind's existence on earth. It came from her younger sister, who was crying too.

I took in the tumult for a while, and the twinkling hills behind the harbor, but when I ducked inside I was swallowing easily and thinking ravenous thoughts of the buffet that lay waiting below. It was heartening to find a lineup of passengers poised at the door of the dining room, heartening to know there were others on the *Italia* who put first things first. Through the glass doors, which were about to be swung open, I could see a table stretching back into infinity like a cornucopia, positively swaying beneath its plenitude. One of the first in line was a stout middle-aged woman whose snug-fitting gown looked unable to survive another feed. "Travel," she chuckled, as though explaining her presence, "is a broadening experience."

Even as I operated on the first *cannelonì*—it was an Italian-staffed ship—I could sense a difference between West Coast and East Coast cruising, a difference that shows up no less in the life styles of the two areas. On a cruise out of New York to the West Indies, I could imagine passengers indulging less in farewell histrionics and more in such matters as what to wear to the 11 o'clock buffet. ("Can my Edwardian tux wait for the Captain's dinner?") My fellow voyagers who were trooping into the dining room looked far from dowdy, but doubtless they were more concerned about the cut of beef they were about to order than the cut of suit they were wearing. On an East Coast cruise to the Caribbean the wine stewards, by this time, would have worn out their elbows; ours were fiddling absently with their corkscrews.

Perhaps the difference is less than I perceived. Certainly some smart San Franciscans and fast Los Angelinos would have altered the tone, made the contrasts less distinct, but these two breeds of Westerner were hardly in evidence. Pasadena and San Leandro were better represented. All of which made for a disarmingly down-home style of sailing.



This has been a hallmark of West Coast cruising ever since the Pacific and Orient Line began dabbling with the idea about 1960. Before then, there were crossings to Hawaii and points beyond, but it was felt that cruising—calling in a series of ports and returning to the point of embarkation—would have a rough go in the vast Pacific. In those days when you boarded an outbound liner from the West Coast you brought enough paperbacks and Dramamine to fill a duffel bag, because the spans were long and the stops few. After several days at sea one could begin to see why Balboa, when he came upon the eastern rim of the Pacific in 1513, was content to name it, and not cross it. The alternative, of course, was to fly east across the country and board a liner heading for an island-dotting cruise of the West Indies.

One of the first lines to sense the merit (both economic and esthetic) of short-range West Coast cruising was Princess Cruises, which began plying the Mexican coast with a leased ship in the mid-1960s. It went so well that Princess built two ships expressly for cruising, the *Italia* and *Carla*, and soon was leading Matson, American President Lines, and P&O (the Big Three of the Pacific steamship business) down the Mexican trail to Mazatlan, Puerto Vallarta, Manzanillo, and Acapulco. Princess will turn north for the first time this summer with a series of cruises through the inland waterways of Alaska, as will Matson and APL. P&O will enter the Alaska running in 1970. Two-week cruises to Mexico or Alaska start at $495, though a passenger would have to pay twice as much to get a spacious room on an upper deck with full bath.

On the first morning out, as I lay on

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the deck waiting for the sun to show its face from behind nagging rain clouds, I began to notice a flowering of West Coast friendliness. The voyagers were playing a game with Bingo cards, filling up the squares with each other's signatures so that a drawing could be held and prizes awarded. The idea was to strip away a person's defenses, to provide an excuse for saying hello, and if the device seemed to smack of a child's first day at school or of an opening-night banquet at an Elk's Club convention, the participants took to it hotly.

I was leaving the sun deck in quest of a mid-morning bowl of bouillon when two middle-aged couples from San Diego stopped me for my Bingo autograph. Before I had dotted the second i, they were inquiring into my place of birth ("Where are you from *originally*?" I am always asked, as though, like Bridey Murphy, I have lived an earlier life) and my sociability. I looked up to see one of the women pulling out a picture of her daughter. "Lovely girl," I said, telling the truth. She said it was a shame I hadn't met her daughter the night before at the farewell party, but added in all seriousness: "You'll just have to meet her when we get back to Los Angeles. She's coming out to pick us up." When I told her I would be getting off in Acapulco and not returning to Los Angeles, she looked genuinely distressed. "Well," she said, brightening, "you'll just have to come see us in San Diego sometime."

I think another reason that Jim Brooks, the *Italia*'s social director, had installed the Bingo game was simply to pass time. Time: one of the prime attractions of a cruise. Time: so often the biggest drag. To fill up the daylight hours one could tinker with trapshooting, Spanish lessons, lectures on the upcoming ports of call, swimming, shuffleboard, games, and exercise machines. At night there were dance bands, singers, movies, a Mexican dance team, make-believe horse races, and onstage group games like the one in which a half-dozen blindfolded husbands are guided along a row of seated wives and told to feel the physiognomy of each in search of who belongs to whom.

If a passenger did nothing more than show up for every meal and snack, he'd barely find enough time to sleep. From the 6:45 a.m. "eye-opener" coffee at the Verandah bar to the midnight buffet, the dinner bell echoes incessantly. Meal time seemed the favorite event of many, including the three ladies from California who shared my table. I don't think they were as charmed with the food (though it was uniformly good) as they were with our waiters, Sergio and Ivano, one blond, the other swarthy, both of them supremely dedicated to making a female, no matter what her age, feel like a woman. The first night when one of the ladies ordered sweetbreads for dinner, Ivano took to calling her and the others "Sweetie." Now, that wouldn't have done much for my ego, but all week long the very mention of the word sent the ladies into fits of giggling euphoria.

Lunch and dinner are served in two sittings, and once a passenger is assigned to a sitting and a table, it is difficult to change it. I should think the matter could be made more flexible. One shouldn't have to eat three meals a day for two weeks with the same people if he is annoyed with their politics, or the way they chew. Early on I realized some topics to be too volatile for discussion ("You know what's behind the student mess?" one of the ladies informed me. "A bunch of Commies!"). After that, when Sergio and Ivano weren't serenading our table, we talked of tamer things. The woman on my right, who called herself a little old lady from Pasadena, dwelled mostly on her family. "My husband and son would be here," she said, "but they had to stay home and fight the union."

The *Italia* anchored at Puerto Vallarta during the third and fourth days, called at Manzanillo on the fifth, and pulled into Acapulco on the sixth, to spend three days before turning around. Manzanillo seemed the least popular, most of the passengers choosing to do their sight-seeing from the deck of the ship. The best thing about calling at Puerto Vallarta was a ride many of the voyagers took in a smaller boat down the coast to Yelapa, a tiny beach town on the edge of a jungle. The motor launch, stocked with beer, Margueritas, and a rock band, chugs past Mismaloya where Liz Taylor watched Richard Burton make *The Night of the Iguana*. (The Burtons were back in P.V. when we were there, at home on Gringo Gulch.)

Yelapa is no longer the unspoiled paradise the travel brochures describe. One comes ashore from the motor launch in a dugout canoe to be greeted by curio venders and men selling rides on burros and speedboat-pulled parachutes; and yet the broad expanse of sand, the glistening bay, the thatched huts all but hidden on the green hillside suggest a bit of Bali Ha'i. Far down the beach, well removed from the center of commerce, I came across pairs and groups of young American visitors taking their ease, a hippiefied calm about them. "You're lucky to be here," I said to a long-haired girl in a bikini, remembering my sunkissed spell in Hawaii. "I envy you this life."

She looked up from doodling in the sand, and shook her head slowly, somberly. "You must never envy," she said, and went back to her artwork. —D.B.

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The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

New Breeds in Art

ART IS SPAWNING curious new breeds that often rely on familiar labels no longer related to original connotations. Take the word "research," for instance. Not so many years ago art historians, dedicated to research, spent long hours in museums and libraries ferreting out secrets about specific artists, periods, or objects. Such students traveled widely, read source material in original languages, sat at the feet of renowned scholars, and followed each lead with breathless attention. Indeed, they became so immersed that at times, lost in dates, dogma, and details, they all but forgot about art.

The scene is changing rapidly. Scarcely a week goes by that some pleasant young man or woman fresh out of college and armed with nothing more than an undergraduate degree and a major in art history complacently offers his or her services as a research assistant. The expression now substitutes for an inefficient secretary who has a yen for "Art," no knowledge of dictation, and a term paper or two as credentials. The dictionary describes research as a "careful, systematic, patient study and investigation in some field of knowledge. . . . " Today the words "careful," "systematic," "patient," "study," "investigation," and "knowledge" are gone. What remains is merely "in some field," and this field is fast becoming a happy hunting ground for any well intentioned neophyte who identifies art with romance, and research with condensed references in an encyclopedia.

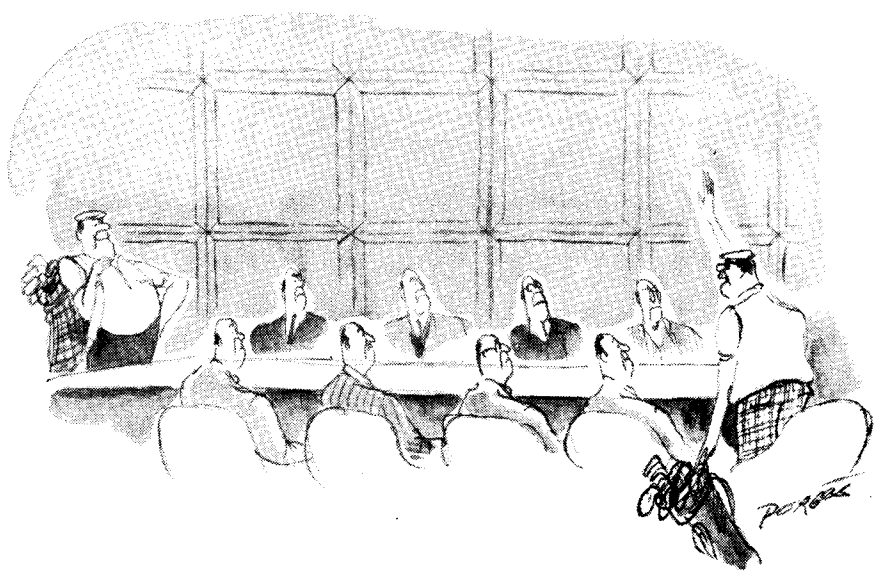
The awesome title "curator" is also in danger. Museums still try to retain a degree of professionalism where this once prestigious word is concerned, but many newly arrived private collectors are installing dulcet-voiced young ladies as their art baby-sitters. They call these glorified secretaries curators. For those who once struggled through graduate school, through years of humble museum apprenticeships, such effortless recognition is unnerving. Formerly, a curator was supposed "to take care of" art, a responsibility demanding special training, since not even prima donnas are more temperamental than paintings and sculpture. Pigments crack, bronze casts multiply, canvases disintegrate, prices change, authentications vary, provenances are elusive, watercolors fade, and fakes are always with us. In medicine and other sciences, misleading professional titles are suspect; in art anything goes today, even instant curators.

Another new gimmick is providing short cuts to college degrees even at the doctoral level. University students specializing in the fine arts have come up with a painless method for producing ready-made theses. They simply blitz art critics with questionnaires so designed as to avoid any future work for themselves. First comes the bootlicking letter, obviously mimeographed for wide distribution, urging that the critic (always the student's favorite writer) document his opinions fully so that these words may act as a major contribution to a "probing" research project. Herewith a few typical questions: "What is your opinion of modern art? What has it contributed to the life of our times? How would you characterize Surrealism? What do you recommend as a good bibliography on Expressionism? What is the basic influence of Japanese prints on modern art?" Because these requests are multiplying and, let me add, growing more banal daily, I have been forced to mimeograph a standard reply. It reads, "How about doing your own work?"

Perhaps the most astonishing new art breed is the bidder at auction sales. For years this once anonymous personality hid behind his monocle, his handkerchief, or his agent. His face was unknown to the public. He felt, and rightly, that he could make the best possible financial deal by bidding secretly, by not letting on that he, a concerned collector, was vitally interested in a particular work. There is little doubt that the best bargains acquired at public auction were usually engineered discreetly. Today, it would seem the aim is less to buy advantageously than to make news, to be seen, to be televised, and to be generously described in the press. Now private bidders resemble actors. They arrive at the sale dramatically; they wave, bow, and even pose for photographers. In fact, the auction house has become a prime public relations stage, and, as a result, an arena for ever-accelerating prices.

If we have instant curators these days, we also have mini-patinas. The latter reach us mostly from France where foundries are turning out a stream of posthumous bronzes by distinguished sculptors who are, alas, no longer around to object. And they most certainly would. For to see familiar compositions by Rodin, Daumier, and Bourdelle, their surfaces sprayed with paint and further vulgarized by varnish, is distressing. When the demand for art was still rational, casters in bronze considered themselves skilled artisans. Because they were not rushed, they took time to polish and work over each piece until the surface of the metal acquired a life of its own. And often they were fortunate enough to have the full cooperation of the sculptor himself. For craftsman and artist alike, the integrity of the patina was paramount. To obscure the metal's surface with paint and varnish was little less than sinful. But now avid and inexperienced collectors accept shoddy mini-patinas, produced hastily to satisfy a frenetic market. Our message to the buyer is be wary, be informed, and be adamant.

From Europe comes another novelty, this time from London. Toward the end of last year I spent a few weeks in that city and visited some fifty galleries, many



"Motion seconded."

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of them dealing in old masters. Heretofore, the prospective customer was regaled with impressive facts about the past owners of a given work and, of course, about the illustrious artist who created it. As impeccable pedigrees and names of fame become less and less available, new ploys are invented. We no longer hear that "this canvas by the immortal Titian belonged for two centuries to the family of Lord so-and-so," but rather that "this fascinating composition by a little-known, seventeenth-century artist's artist is in mint condition and is enhanced by a peerless period frame." Dealers begin to scrape the bottom of the barrel when frames become a lure. And as for that "mint condition," it sometimes seems too minty, almost as if an agile modern chef had freshened up the sauce.

The living artist himself is often a new breed, a man harassed by income taxes and by his own ubiquitous image. He suffers from an updated kind of exposure —not from cold and hunger, but from sudden adulation and equally sudden neglect. In less than a decade he can skid from affluence to poverty, from stardom to abrupt oblivion. Gnawing fear is a concomitant of his life. For him success is a new kind of torture, an ephemeral insecure illusion that may vanish overnight. Today, accountants and lawyers are the prosperous artist's advisers, the former for tips on taxes, the latter for counsel on complicated lawsuits, usually directed against dealers. Time was when galleries exploited artists by purchasing their works at sub-bargain prices. Now artists are busy suing dealers and often paying their lawyers with valuable paintings. Dealers tended to gamble on unknowns, but attorneys are more cautious. They rarely represent a man who has not arrived. Galleries and artists no longer maintain stable relationships; they shop around for one another at a dizzying pace. No one counts on even a modicum of permanence—a dilemma which finally takes its toll in nerve-wrenching anxieties.

Last but not least baneful in the new hierarchy is a modern coalition between critic, artist, and dealer. What does this mean? It means that John Doe, influential writer on present-day art, publishes a number of laudatory articles on an artist he admires, touting him as the master of all masters, whereupon certain dealers in America and abroad rush to show this man's work. But what perhaps is not so clear is the business relationship between John Doe, the dealers, and the artist in question. What are we to believe if critics, who are theoretically impartial, join organized combines that demand not their business acumen alone but the virtuosity of their pens? The critic thus assumes a dubious role behind-the-scenes; he turns into a manipulator of public taste who himself materially benefits from his own words more as entrepreneur than as writer. That such an unannounced Janus figure wields power is indisputable.

If the boundaries dividing painting and sculpture are no longer visible, neither are the boundaries defining other peripheries of art. Critics become businessmen who, as advisers to artists and dealers, emerge as leading personalities themselves in an already over-personalized field. The scene is absorbing, cynical, and open to any taker. Euphemistically we might call it exciting; realistically we must call it depressing. Again the final watchword is—beware.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 E 12, 2 F 11, 3 G 1, 4 B 10, 5 J 5, 6 D 9, 7 I 3, 8 C 6, 9 K 4, 10 L 8, 11 A 7, 12 H 2.

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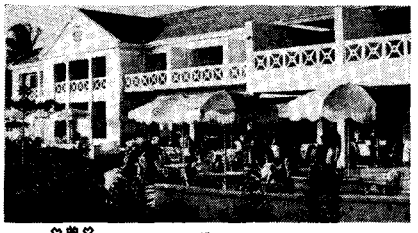

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

The Thing Happens

IF A JUDGE had not brought charges against and issued warrants for the arrest of the producer, author, director, and performers of *Che!* the police would not have arrested them, and this article would not have been written. For *Che!* is a rather boring play despite its extremely interesting notion of presenting an allegorical conflict between the President of the United States, a CIA agent, a Roman Catholic nun, and the revolutionary Che Guevara in terms of uninhibited sexual aggression. Its author, twenty-nine-year-old West Indian playwright Lennox Raphael, is a poet, and his play would appear to be a sincere attempt at artistic expression.

The action in the small Free Store Theatre at 14 Cooper Square begins with the American President completely naked except for a top hat and a red-white-and-blue waist cord that hides nothing. For about an hour he, the female CIA agent who remains fully covered except for her nipples which are visible through two transparent plastic cups, and Che, who removes and puts back on his clothes as the occasion demands, exchange a relentless series of one-sentence expressions of their sexual intents toward each other. A typical example: "I will dynamite your loins with my teeth," answered with, "This violence will get us nowhere."

These exchanges are accompanied here and there with genital gropings, which for all their audacity would seem not to arouse the actors physiologically, nor do they prove very erotic for the audience. However, after about an hour of this, a new character enters. She is the nun dressed in a transparent black habit underneath which she wears only an abbreviated bikini bottom. When she exclaims, "As our good Pope John said, 'Reap in harvest where our illustrious residue of spiritual victory is consummated in joys of psychic redemption,'" the President comments, "You are far out."

At this juncture, the nun removes her habit and her bikini to have sexual intercourse with the naked Che. Although director Ed Wode had announced that the performers might, should the spirit move them, actually consummate the act, they appeared merely to simulate it. It was not a revolting or embarrassing display. Indeed it seemed as natural and as esthetically lovely as a series of well-selected photographs. The fact that it had little erotic effect on the audience is puzzling. For only last season Mr. Wode presented a play called *The Christmas Turkey* which featured a completely nude actress named Bonny Finberg, who managed to be most erotic just sitting there voicing her desire to be tortured and violated. This suggests that nudity combined with a verbal appeal to the spectator's imagination can be more effective than simple naked copulation. But this does not exclude the possibility that nude lovemaking onstage in the right context may not be as sexually provocative as it already has been in films.

After this sequence, the nun for some reason puts her bikini back on, and keeps it on during subsequent intercourse and other deep lovemaking, which therefore become patently false. Moderation in the pursuit of artistic freedom, it would seem, is no virtue. At the end, the nun gives a gun to the President who shoots her and Che, and then uttering an obscenity falls on top of his victims, leaving the world to the animal kingdom represented by a guitar-playing gorilla. Although the gorilla has also made love to the nun, he is in the author's mind an innocent figure, for the final stage direction in the script is: "*Passion reverts to innocence.*"

Che! is a large work, and one would hope that Mr. Raphael might be encouraged to revise his play and give it more structure. Unfortunately, the support of the Dramatists Guild and the Authors League of America notwithstanding, Mr. Raphael and his collaborating artists almost certainly face convictions for their boldness. According to an old New York State law it is illegal even for a man and his wife to be as sexually "deviate" within the privacy of their own home as these performers were onstage. If it were not for this, *Che!* would constitute a good legal test of the degree to which responsible citizens deem it permissible to restrict the artist for the good of society.

Since *Che!* was careful not to admit persons under twenty-one years of age, and to warn people about the kind of performance they would see, it could be maintained that the play's producer was no more liable for any harm it might do to its customers than the cigarette manufacturer who prints a warning on his product's label. As for introducing people to sexual practices they might copy with ultimate regret, or with damage psychological or physical to another per-

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son, it could be argued that for every sexual molester encouraged by *Che!* or a film like *I Am Curious (Yellow)*, there are probably many more potential molesters kept innocuous because of the vicarious sexual gratification such attractions afford them.

One might also ask why the same people who are furious about *Che!* are not twice as furious and twice as vociferous about such more important issues as the war in Vietnam, or even about air pollution, which will in the long run do more damage to human beings. And is the freedom of the painter, the filmmaker, and the playwright to explore the subject of sexuality, even when the art they create is judged esthetically poor or without redeeming social value, to be surrendered simply because emotionally outraged members of the public condemn such experimentation?

By coincidence the fuss about *Che!* occurs at a time when *Oh, Calcutta,* a revue, is being readied for production, and in which former drama critic Kenneth Tynan has assembled contributions from a number of prominent writers on the subject of sex.

Since Mr. Tynan is a self-confessed voyeur and is on record as being in favor of showing sexual intercourse onstage, we asked him to elaborate. First he explained that for him there were drawbacks to such a display. One was that nudity onstage was less effective than in films, because the stage is a long-shot medium. Furthermore, although a solitary voyeur accidentally observing a lovemaking couple who had neglected to draw their blinds might get erotic pleasure out of the sight, the same viewer sitting in a theater with a large number of other people would find their presence inhibiting to his ability to feel such pleasure. Therefore, *Oh, Calcutta,* which is designed to be as erotically exciting as possible, will make use of nudity and portray lovemaking only to the extent that they prove pleasurable to audiences.

However, Tynan the critic, as opposed to Tynan the entrepreneur, believes that there are dramatic situations in serious plays which would justify the stage presentation of sexual intercourse. He cites as a hypothetical example, a play which set out to show the horror of a marriage between a Calvinist old Scotsman and a very young girl. *Oh, Calcutta* has no such intent. Rather it will hopefully so pleasurably arouse its audience, that couples will skip their after-theater supper to rush home and make love. "It will be," says Mr. Tynan with a wicked smile, "the first erotic show with pure motives."

SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

The Writers' Dilemma

ON A RECENT WEEKEND, some forty film and television writers, all members of the Writers Guild of America, West, converged on the UCLA Conference Center at Lake Arrowhead for an exhaustive (and exhausting) reappraisal of the special problems presented by these media. How can the writers of movies or TV shows gain greater control over the finished product, so that the pictures on the screen actually reflect their own ideas and not those of the producer, the director, or of several anonymous rewrite men? And no less important, how can the writers gain from critics and the public the degree of recognition that they feel has too long been denied them?

The conference, although unique, is hardly an isolated phenomenon on the writing scene in Hollywood today. In the matter of recognition, the Guild for several years has been sending admonitory letters to those critics who persist in placing an apostrophe after the director's name (e.g., John Frankenheimer's *The Fixer*) in referring to a film, arguing that in most cases the director was working from someone else's script. And on the industry front, the Guild hammered out an agreement with the Producers Guild that banned the use of the controversial apostrophe to all but perhaps a dozen directors who are also producers (which the Directors Guild is now hotly contesting). As a further step, the Writers Guild is currently considering the publication of a book that would spell out the contributions of the writer to a film or television program; also the establishment of annual awards to those critics who have "consistently recognized the basic and vital contribution of the writer," and a "Tarnished Typewriter Award" to those critics who have not.

Far more complex, as the conference quickly revealed, is the question of writer control. Unlike in the theater or in publishing, the film or television writer is rarely a free agent. He works on assignment, paid by the week to develop material selected by others. In films, more often than not, he does an adaptation of someone else's play or novel; for television, he is generally asked to create a plot that involves the settings, characters, and format of a series already on the air.

Although this practice has ceased, its implications have not. Writers may be put on a project, then taken off at the whim of the producer. A writer may complete a script to his satisfaction, only to learn that it has been turned over to another for a "polish"—or even a complete rewrite. The Writers Guild itself is constantly embroiled in arbitrations that attempt to determine whether or not enough of a writer's contributions turned up in the final script to warrant a screen credit. In television, the situation appears to be even worse. Since either the producer or his story editor is also a writer (and often the originator of the show's format), script changes are the rule rather than the exception.

On the other hand, as Leonard Spigelgass, a member of the Guild's governing board, patiently pointed out, it is a little too much to expect a studio to let a man on salary write *The Brothers Karamazov* when what they really want is another episode for *Gilligan's Island*. "In the theater," said Spigelgass, author of the recent, short-lived *Wrong Way Light Bulb*, "the playwright has complete control over his material because he takes all the risks. If someone wants to produce his play, he simply leases it to them, and under our Dramatists Guild contract, not a word can be changed without the author's consent, for the playwright has created the characters, the plot, everything. In the films, he is simply part of a vast collaborative effort in which he is paid—and often quite well—for his contributions." Spigelgass also went on to suggest that a helpful distinction might be made between "writers," whom he thinks of primarily as craftsmen hired to do a specific job, and "authors," who are essentially the creators of original material for any of the media.

So long as the writers for films or television remain, by Spigelgass's yardstick, merely "writers," their position can only be equivocal. Much as they may search for recognition, much as they may yearn to be creative, much as they may rail against the depradations of their handiwork from on high, they are still writing to order. As one Hollywood writer, who has also written for the stage, succinctly put it, "When I'm writing for the movies, I'm not a writer. I take in writing." Meanwhile, those writers—even those Hollywood writers—who are truly "authors" are writing plays and novels. And often with the hope that one day their work will be purchased by a studio, and they can become "writers" for the movies.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Orchestration of Cultures

A RECENT "reality-adventure" color special, *Adventures at the Jade Sea* (CBS), filmed on location in the Republic of Kenya, was an object lesson in the importance of the drawing of parallels when comparative cultures are examined by the mass media. Parallels, when they are present, make a contribution to what Margaret Mead once described as "the hope of the orchestration of cultures, efforts to envision a growing world culture to the building of which each culture could make a unique contribution." When parallels are absent no contribution is made; indeed, there is an intensification of the noise of cultural discord.

The hour-long program about Lake Rudolf—billed by Metromedia Producers Corporation as "the legendary Jade Sea, a remote and hostile area"—broke even in the contribution department: about 50 per cent harmony and the same per cent discord. Written, produced, and directed by David Seltzer, the program was structured in a "tease," four sequences, and an epilogue. William Holden, who lives most of the time in Kenya and prefers to be called a conservationist rather than an actor, narrated and played himself as the on-camera host in what appeared to be a "laid-on" conservation-anthropology adventure "with both capture vehicle and camera car." The essential message observed that the modern world of "fishing camps, big game safaris, and accommodations for tourists from all parts of the world" was an arrow aimed at the heart of "this primitive shore . . . surrounded by dormant volcanoes where mammoth crocodiles sleep."

Mr. Holden acted as a sort of advance scout, penetrating "Kenya's last holdout of primitive life" and discovering, while engaged in animal census-taking, exotic native tribes—"primitive, proud, and aloof, small and impoverished." In one segment, the invaders recorded a traditional "rites of passage," an adolescent circumcision ritual; in another they gained the cooperation of a tribe in the restoration of the ostrich in their area. The natives had exterminated the bird for its feathers, which they consider to be symbols of manhood. Along the trail they touched on the problem of poaching, which "has depleted Africa's wildlife by 70 per cent in the last 100 years." Finally, among the El Molo, the poorest tribe, the adventurers found an Italian missionary, who symbolized the region's best hope for non-exploitative treatment in the inevitable modernization that lies ahead. The cross-cultural parallels were present in the sequences that featured the Turkana tribe, which had exterminated the ostrich, and the El Molo, suffering "a conspiracy of hardship: protein starvation, calcium deficiency, a high infant mortality rate, and an average life span of just thirty-five years."

The Holden expeditionaries, in persuading the Turkanas to refrain from slaughtering newly transplanted ostrich offspring, showed the tribesmen Polaroid pictures of themselves; they also projected film on a screen exhibiting shots of lions, elephants, rhinos, and chimpanzees—animals these people had never seen. The TV film cameras recorded the astounded, delighted reactions of the adults and children to the images of themselves and the unfamiliar animals. Similarly, among the El Molo, the Westerners distributed bubble gum, kites, and balloons to the children. The shots of the boys and girls chasing the flying balloons and pulling on the kites provided an exhilarating exposure to universal, childlike joy. Here the parallel of the gleeful, wonder-filled faces and outbursts of emotion leaped across geographic and ethnic frontiers, and captured viewers in a common humanity. No such parallels were present in the other sequences of *Adventures at the Jade Sea*. Their absence reinforced conventional stereotypes of Africa as a land of darkness, peopled by ignorant primitives being swept away by progress.

Who was responsible, in this production, for the presence of the parallels, and for their absence? Were event and non-event due to fortuitous accident, calculated strategy, or to unconscious cultural blinders? Some students of comparative cultures would assert that "the system" operates to control negative images of Africa for manipulative purposes. A more sympathetic view would ascribe the negative images to "our peculiarly American tendency to believe ourselves able to think for the whole of mankind." Had the notion of cross-cultural parallels been consciously pursued by the producers, it would have been simple to note that we Americans have our own manhood and warrior rituals, which make sense to us. Just think of a football game at half time or of a political convention at the moment of nomination.

Such parallels would have balanced the cultural prejudices inevitably set in motion by images of the exotic and alien, and would have reminded us of the relative and tentative nature of our own cultural imperatives—a usefully humbling experience.

"Reality-adventure" specials on television may no longer be classified simply as entertainment. They selectively focus our attention and help shape our beliefs and behavior. Television must watch its parallels in projecting cross-cultural images. In the orchestration of cultures, it has a moral imperative to phrase statements about other cultures so that they are acceptable to all men everywhere who value the dignity of the individual.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Semkow's Scriabin; A New Try with "Tiefland"

SCRIABIN is a name with such specific connotations that it is something of a shock to encounter a work bearing his name but bearing few of the characteristics for which he is well known if little performed today. Such was the positive contribution of Polish-born Georg Semkow's choice of the Scriabin Symphony No. 2 for his introductory program with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. New as he was to New York, the Symphony—though completed in 1901—was just as new (Boston heard it, also for the first time, under his direction last December).

Its Russian lineage is evident in a gravitation to brooding melancholy, depths of introspection, and pronounced tendencies to beating the oppressed breast. As the work of a composer just turned thirty, but already known to Western Europe as a touring, concertizing pianist, Scriabin's Symphony No. 2 suggests that his Symphony No. 1 might also be worthy of attention. No. 2 is dominated by a sense of capacity, an urge to self-revelation, and a proud conviction in a life's mission. Like other of his orchestral works to come (such as the *Poème d'extase* and *Prometheus*), it is overlong and repetitious—an odd inclination for a composer of many great piano works that have not a note too many.

If the Second Symphony discloses a Scriabin with a "mystic chord" still in the future, it also suggests a Scriabin with a mystic named Franck in his past. Heavy brass in the lower register, absorption with the possibilities of a motto theme that recurs cyclically, and one particularly insistent phrase (in a Franck-related pattern of dotted eighth, sixteenth, and a quarter note) provide an index to much about Scriabin which had been baffling previously (at least to me). At the most, it is a work of impact and conviction; at the least, it is a demonstration of extraordinary determination to write a symphony by a man whose great gifts were rarely subject to the orchestral discipline from which such masterpieces flow.

Semkow's effort with the Scriabin was, altogether, the evening's best by this Russian-trained musician of Polish background who is now artistic director of the Royal Opera in Copenhagen. (His opportunity with the Philharmonic, it may be recalled, came about when Zubin

Mehta fell out of the season's guest sequence for reasons not unrelated to an interview in which he expressed only qualified esteem for the Philharmonic's personnel.) Semkow was clearly in command of the work's essential details, and the orchestra responded to his driving leadership with an attentive, energetic, and highly professional effort.

In the preceding performances of the C-major Symphony of Haydn, which bears No. 48 and the nickname of "Maria Theresia," and the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, it did not sound to me that there was 1) as much leadership 2) as much attentive response. Perhaps the experience of playing two nights before under the direction of George Szell and for the four weeks previously under the direction of Pierre Boulez left the Philharmonic less than primed for a conductor of Semkow's persuasion. That is to say, persuasion is all right in its way, but the carrot without the stick hardly propels such an orchestra as the Philharmonic galvanically on its way. Semkow's conducting is classically oriented, with a squarely time-beating right hand accompanied by some imploring movements of the left hand that suggested the example of Wilhelm Furtwängler (transmitted either at first- or secondhand). His Haydn was neat, tidy, and non-urgent; his direction of the orchestral element of the Mendelssohn was without the kind of mental laser beams needed to search out commonly unrevealed details. In this, however, it was twin to the solo effort of the orchestra's concertmaster, David Nadien, which was exemplary for suavity, facility, and, even, good sound, but without the impulse to take flight—in a phrase from another work of Mendelssohn—"on wings of song."

The American Opera Society atoned somewhat to its faithful following for a recently wayward performance of Bellini's *La Straniera* with a soundly satisfactory one of D'Albert's *Tiefland* as the final offering of its Carnegie Hall season. That is, it was soundly satisfactory within the perimeter of the work's possibilities, which, sizable as they are, nevertheless embody some impossibilities.

Primary credit for the result belongs to Otto-Werner Müller, a youngish conductor otherwise unknown to New York, who was reputed to be of German birth and present occupation in the Midwest (no information on the artists was offered in the program). He established a suitable atmosphere in the prologue and thereafter performed efficiently in relating the effort of the orchestra at stage left to the singers at stage right, most of whose attention was fixed on scores before them.

Fortunately, too, director Allen Sven Oxenburg had found in Angela Gulin and Ion Buzea two equally unknown performers equally apt for the demanding, central roles of Marta and Pedro. Gulin, a plumply youthful-appearing soprano of Spanish background, aroused attention with the big if not voluptuous sound she produced, and retained it with the passionate identity she established with the unfortunate Marta (rumor has it that she successfully auditioned, on this occasion, for a Met contract). Buzea, a tallish man of Rumanian extrac-

(*Continued on page 75*)

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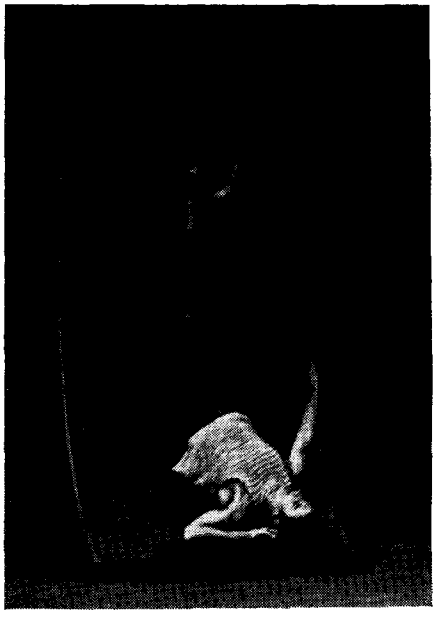
World of Dance

Walter Terry

—Photos by Martha Swope.

Moon (Takako Asakawa) and Sun (Bertram Ross) dance in Martha Graham's *Canticle for Innocent Comedians* — In their duet they reached out, grasped, blessed, . . . adored, and celebrated each other.



Sun (Ross) rests against an arc of sky.

A Journey From Within

THE ART OF Martha Graham, through the eye, penetrates the mind; the art of Martha Graham, if you will let it, can penetrate your very muscles, even your being. A revival, after more than fifteen years, of her *Canticle for Innocent Comedians,* during her two-week engagement at the New York City Center, brought this fact into sharp focus, kinesthetic as well as visual.

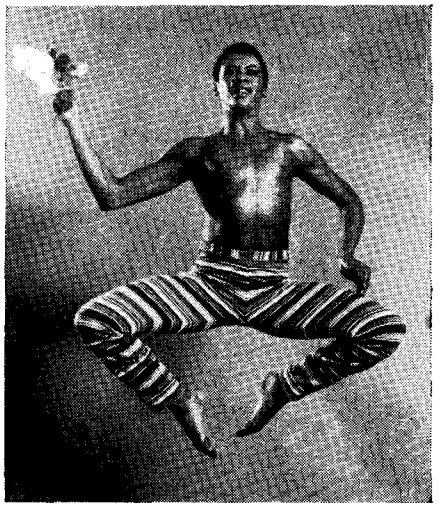
To "assist" (*assister:* to be present, witness, attend—as the French so aptly define the duty of an audience) demands that the non-performer bring something of himself to the performance. With dance, a kinesthetic awareness is important. This is especially true of modern dance, and of Miss Graham in particular. When traditional ballet (and I stress "traditional" as distinct from contemporary ballet methods) wants to communicate something about a character or situation, it most often resorts to mime, to gestures which are mute words.

Miss Graham has said on many occasions that her purpose is "to give substance to things felt," and "to reveal the inner man." So it is that she speaks to us from deep within the body. From her very core come the pulses, the emotional purposes, the raging conflicts, and the ecstasies which result in her absolutely unique dance theater. If we are to "assist" in the experience, we must reverse the process and, kinesthetically, travel back over the footlights and identify our immobile selves with the movement of the dancers' muscles, and from their journey penetrate that "interior landscape" where the action, in its deepest sense, takes place.

The kinesthetic journey isn't always as jolly as a trip up the Hudson. Sometimes, therefore, it is not always easy—but it is essential—to expose oneself to that destructive jealousy which afflicted Medea (*Cave of the Heart*) and legions like her; to the monumental remorse of a Jocasta (*Night Journey*); perhaps even to the "ancestral footsteps" echoing down the ages in *Dark Meadow.* It is easier to make quick identification with that inner contest against a nameless fear in *Errand Into the Maze,* for all of us know that whatever our personal monster or Minotaur may be, only we can do battle with it.

Canticle is direct, for it is in praise of nature, but it invites each of us to relate the wonders of nature to himself. There is quite certainly no St. Francis among us to praise in canticles the birds and the flowers or, as in Ted Shawn's ageless *St. Francis* solo of "O Brother Sun and Sister Moon," but Sun, Earth, Wind, Fire, Moon, Stars, and the intangible (but just as real) Death are with us always. But how many of us even attempt a simple identification with these constants of nature? Isadora Duncan, as a baby, found the rhythm of the sea in herself, and the sea was with her for the rest of her life, in tragedy and in ecstasy. Ruth St. Denis, as a New Jersey farm girl, made obeisance to the sun, quite convinced that much more of God was there than in a "lugubrious" church service.

On seeing *Canticle* this spring—it affected me much more deeply and with greater kinesthetic impact than it had when I first saw it almost twenty years ago—I suddenly thought that it *does* relate the "interior" and "exterior" landscapes, and that it *does* invite the society debutante, the weary ghetto dweller, the comfortable suburban housewife, the harried businessman, the poets, the real-



William Louther as Fire, "a flicker of flame."

ists, the common man, and the uncommon man to take a trip that requires neither pot nor pusher. Where does it take us, provided we are willing to go?

Have you ever climbed the vault of blue sky, or wanted to? Have you been hypnotized by the flicker of flames in your fireplace and had your heart leap as your eyes looked? Have you felt the wind investigate and caress every strand of hair, ruffle your clothes, hold you back and urge you on? If you are a lovely woman, have you ever opened a garden door, stepped out into the moonlight, captured with your hands a bolt of moonbeams and thrown them, as a luminous mantle, about you? That is what *Canticle for Innocent Comedians* invites us to do.

It also, as Moon and Sun reach conjunction, invites us (kinesthetically) to discover within our own bodies what

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conjunction is. It can be both pure and erotic, and I'm not at all sure that there is any difference at all. Miss Graham, a few years ago, was confronted ("affronted" would be a better word) with a self-righteous, bigoted castigation by two members of Congress accusing her of using federal funds to present a bed-*ridden* work, *Phaedra*, in Europe. Her now historic response was that, first of all, the stage bed that she presumably used for carnal purposes would accommodate only one person (she invited anyone morally concerned to try it out), and that "eroticism is a lovely thing."

More than a half-century before, St. Denis, dancing her historic *Radha* in Vienna, had Hugo von Hofmannsthal, critic and poet (librettist for *Elektra* and other Richard Strauss operas), finding voluptuousness and spirituality in lovely conjunction and recording, for posterity, that her dance of the sense of touch (*Radha* culminated in the dance of the five senses), in which she kissed her own body, created as powerful, indelible beauties as the famed—cold and lovely—Elgin marbles.

Touch. It *is in Canticle*, and, watching it, I hoped that husbands and wives, lovers and dreamers would see it, and, what is more, *do* it. The dance of the Sun and Moon was as cool as the Elgins, as sweetly erotic as innocence merging into experience. It was all done in the language of dance.

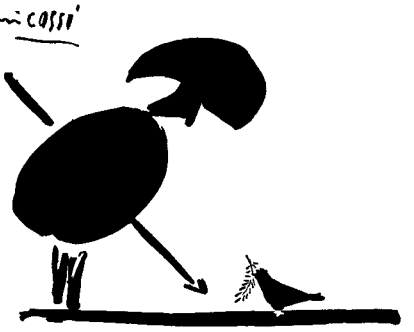
They—Takako Asakawa as Moon and Bertram Ross as Sun—touched. They found body concaves and convexes that would make contours. They stood back and looked and felt; they moved separately; they made tactile advances, ever so delicately; they hung suspended, reached out, grasped, blessed, silently adored, celebrated each other. Why shouldn't that happen, in movement, to mates in San Diego, Larchmont, Wichita, and Canarsie? It should and it could.

I'm not saying that every husband, every lover, every seducer, every friend can do the lifts, the patterns, the muscular marvels that the glorious Graham dancers can do, but they can find their own counterparts to such actions.

It is proper the reporter note that Miss Graham was the choreographer; that Thomas Ribbink composed the score, including chanted sounds for baritone; that the title comes from a poem by Ben Belitt; that Jean Rosenthal provided the lighting for the illumining of the Graham fantasies; and that Frederick Kiesler designed the mobile pieces which gave us glimpses of sky, of enclosures, of doors to life and death, of windows to the moon. But the dance reporter should also recommend that you not merely *see* Miss Graham's *Canticle for Innocent Comedians* for yourself, but that you also *feel* it, with every perceptive and receptive part of you.

Miss Graham makes identification with the mysteries of the body and of the heart, through dance, a really shining experience; for her dancers are, in the words with which William Saroyan titled one of his unforgettable plays, *The Beautiful People*. Each of us is aware of his own blemishes. The Graham dancer—white, black, brown, Oriental, blue-eyed, dark-eyed, slant-eyed—has striven for perfection and achieved it as few dancers, gathered in performing assembly, have.

Watching them as a close family of artists, one senses that outside expressions of integration are elementary, and that petty powers—black, white, red, or what—have been left way behind. Miss Graham and her dancers give us conflict, cruelty, and tragedy, as well as high drama, but they also give us love. For through the searching art of Martha Graham, herself part Mayflower-Puritan, part Black Irish, we participate in the loftiest dance "love-in" in the theater.



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Phocion: A Man for This Season

By JACK VALENTI

HIDDEN away in the obscurity of another age is a man who could stand on any college rostrum today and find in the young a mighty constituency, even as in his own time. This old, spike-hard philosopher-politician-soldier told it the way it was, except he told it in Greece from about 400 until 317 B.C. His name was Phocion.

Plutarch said that his virtue was overmatched in an unequal contest with an adverse time and that the ill fortunes of Greece brought him into history inglorious and unsought. It is a matter of some debate whether the body politic enjoys the stern admonitions of a plain-spoken leader, who calls up for review the public voids, damns for all to hear the public vacancies, and tells the people what is best for them though his advice does not match the public mood. Some communities claim this virtue, but few nations ever give it substance. The leader who speaks in honest prose is seldom celebrated for his longevity in office.

It was Phocion's lot to lead when Philip and Alexander roamed the ancient world, when none but the Macedonians found the future a thing of promise. Phocion displayed a cynic's mien toward the hawks of his time. When Demosthenes was exhorting the people to crank up their machines of war against the Macedonians, it was Phocion who cautioned them against hasty action. It was Phocion who was not fooled by either the oratory or the guile of those who stood in the assembly and harangued the crowds with what Phocion dismissed as a noisy charade. It is enough to say that in his eighties, Phocion became the second man in Greek history to be condemned by the Athenians to drink hemlock for his opinions, which he willingly did, for he was tired of telling the truth unheeded.

He rarely laughed, or cried. Although a general, he lived in the field like a common foot soldier. Indeed, those who served in battle under him would smile and say it was a very cold winter because Phocion was wearing a thin coat. He and Demosthenes, as one might suspect, were rivals in the public assembly. Demosthenes was the greatest orator of his generation, but it was also said that Phocion was the most powerful speaker. It was not how long he spoke, or the passion of his speech that found a response with the people, but a rare ability to compress in a few words what others would find necessary to expand to interminable lengths. Once a friend found Phocion, murmuring aloud to himself, behind the stage of a theater where he was to address the citizenry. "What are you doing, Phocion?" asked the friend. Said Phocion: "I am considering how I may shorten what I am going to say to the Athenians."

CHABRIAS, the Athenians' commander, sent Phocion to deal with an island from which Athens was demanding supplies. Chabrias wanted to send Phocion with an armed guard of twenty ships. Phocion said no, for he felt that this force was insufficient if it was intended for him to approach the island as an enemy—whereas one vessel was enough if he were to approach as an ally and friend. Phocion took one vessel, offered friendship and affection to the magistrates, conveyed to them the trust in his heart, and returned with his vessel laded with provisions.

Athens reached out for Phocion whenever storms appeared, and the fact that he was elected general on forty-five different occasions reflected the great public respect for his integrity and wisdom, albeit a short-lived respect, sundered by a faulty public memory. It was part of Phocion's concept of leadership that he refused to seek out the generalship, contending that if the people wanted him, they would have to confer their favor without his regard.

Phocion understood the fragility of fame. When the Delphic Oracle decreed that Phocion was the ablest of Athenian leaders and advised his accession, it was Phocion alone who stood forward and disputed the Oracle's view; when he presented himself thus to the people, they applauded and cheered him wildly. Turning to one of his friends, Phocion muttered, "Have I inadvertently said something foolish?"

After a war in which the people had been timid and afraid, a war which Phocion had brought to a close with neither great losses nor clear-cut victory, the Athenian populace bore down on Phocion, cursing him for denying them full triumph. In the midst of their uproar, Phocion retorted: "My friends, you are fortunate in having a leader who knows you, otherwise you would have long since been undone." In a controversy with the Boeotians about a minor boundary dispute, he counseled negotiation. The other side excoriated him, demanding war. "You had better," admonished Phocion, "carry on the contest with the weapons in which you excel, your tongues, and not by war, in which you are inferior."

MOST of the well known leaders opposed Phocion, but none more severely than Demosthenes. The great orator scathingly addressed him one day saying: "The Athenians, Phocion, will kill you some day when they are in a rage." To which Phocion dryly commented: "And you, Demosthenes, if they once again are in their senses."

Philip of Macedon was an ever-present danger. There came a time when it looked as if the Athenians, armed and roused, were ready to fight. At that precise moment Philip showed clear signs of being tractable and peaceable, and Phocion counseled a treaty. One of his detractors denounced him and demanded to know if he would persist in peacemaking now that the Athenians were confidently poised to do battle. "Yes," said Phocion, "I shall persist in the treaty though I know if there be war, I shall be in office over you, and if peace, you shall be in office over me."

Demosthenes's opinion carried the day, through his eloquently stated prem-

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ise that it was better for Athens to make war as far away from home as possible, fighting the battle outside Attica. "Good friend," said Phocion, "let us not ask where we shall fight, but how we may conquer in this war. That will be the way to keep it at a distance. If we are beaten, it will quickly be at our door."

After Philip's death, Alexander then nearing the zenith of his sweep across the known world, wrote Athens demanding a supply of vessels. Public speakers objected to sending them. Phocion, when asked his opinion by the council, advised acceptance. "Sirs," he said, "I would either have you victorious yourselves, or friends of those who are."

Another popular orator was Leosthenes, also a war hawk, who brought Athens into the Lamian War. He scoffed at Phocion's consistent hesitancy in unfurling battle banners, and scornfully asked Phocion what benefits he brought to the state after so many times elected general. "It is not a little," answered Phocion, "that the citizens have been buried in their own sepulchers and not on some battlefield." And when Leosthenes continued to beseech the council, Phocion answered him: "Young man, your speeches are like cypress trees, stately and tall, and they bear no fruit."

He was assaulted by Hyperides in the Assembly with the questioning jibe: "When will the time come when Phocion will advise Athenians to make war?" Phocion replied: "As soon as I find the young men keep their ranks, the rich men contribute their money, and the orators leave off robbing the treasury." Hyperides, to coin a rich cliché, had no answer for that.

At a later time when the people appeared eager to take the field against the Boeotians, Phocion stood in opposition at first. His friends came to him and said to him that the people would kill him for always being in conflict with the majority view. "Ah," sighed Phocion, "that would be unjust of them if I give them honest advice; if not, it will be just of them." But the majority view persisted and grew in volume; and against this overwhelming force of opinion, Phocion proclaimed that all Athenians under sixty should immediately outfit themselves with five days' provisions and follow him from the Assembly into the field. This caused great consternation among those older Athenians and in their startled frenzy they cried out against the order. "Why do you resist?" shouted Phocion, "I am now fourscore and I am ready to lead you." The rage for war instantly subsided, as Phocion knew it would.

Phocion's view that citizens can only intrude on the business of command was both stern and emphatic. When private citizens attempted to advise him on the hill he should occupy in battle and how he should deploy his troops—an enduring proclivity of the public that persists to this day—Phocion would lift his eyes to the sky and intone: "Oh, Hercules, how many generals we have here, and how few soldiers."

On the forty-five separate occasions when Athens chose him for supreme command, he performed with valor and with rude disregard for the niceties of persuasion and flattery. Finally, in his eighty-fourth year he failed to prevent the Macedonian seizure of Piraeus and the Assembly turned on the old man, full of more years and larger honors than any other Athenian, and put him to death for treason. More than that, they excluded his body from public burial, consigning it in fury to an oblivion he did not deserve, but one from which he surely would have never cringed. Phocion's loyal wife gathered his bones, dug a place for them by her fireside, saying: "Blessed hearth, to your custody I commit the remains of a good and brave man, and I beseech you, protect and restore them to the sepulcher of his fathers when the Athenians return to their right minds."

And as it always happens with any society which, having flung a noble leader from his office in a fit of rage or false premise, and which finds that the mischief it has inherited and the new leaders it has installed serve only to illuminate the memory of the gains, now gone, whose benefits they can no longer retrieve and the loss, now large, whose void it has no force to fill, the Athenians repented. They put Phocion's accusers to death. They built him a great statue of brass. They reburied his bones in a grand ceremony. And then they mourned him, read eulogies, and prayed for his guidance for there were more storms and now Phocion was not there.

It is all there in Plutarch, and the young, who fret for the lack of such a man, ought to read about him.

Underwater Skin Flight: Peacock Flounder

By Laurence Lieberman

A PATCH of sandy bottom shifts left,
halts, backs up. It's flapjack.
I give chase,
stamp each last place the sand jumped too late.
I slip, fall backwards, cup him under
my instep.

Flapjack's underside, turned
up in my hand, is dirty near-white:
his former right side, now his bottom, it
always faces down. When two weeks young,
flapjack leant on his side; liked to lie
low and swim flat; stayed turned, left side up.
His eyes, on independent swivels,
stare oppositely, at each other
perhaps (both on topside), or off two
ways. The underside eye (old right),
the rover, migrated to topside
when flapjack switched from upright to side-
lying posture.

I study his top
side (old left), pancake-flipped on my hand
griddle: a peacock pattern of blue
spots, neon-winking in large gray-green
dark rings, the colors altered to fit
whatever tones the background, from sand's
nocolor to coral's varicolor,
takes, chameleon-quick.

I release him.

Floor-scudder!

—he drops, plumb to the bottom,
scoots a few feet, shivers, throwing sand
over his back (topside), roots in, half
burying himself.

He hugs his flat-
ness to the sameness underfoot . . . Blends.

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(Fiction reviews continued)

Madness in the Nest

***The Girl in Melanie Klein,** by Ronald Harwood (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 182 pp. $4.95), a British entertainment set in a mental home, unravels the mystery of its latest inmate but leaves tangled the question of her sanity. Haskel Frankel is a fiction editor and critic.*

By HASKEL FRANKEL

THE PROVOCATIVELY TITLED NOVEL, *The Girl in Melanie Klein*, has nothing to do with pregnancy or the incipient birth of a female. Ronald Harwood's low-key English comedy takes its title from the room designations at The Nest, a private asylum outside London. At The Nest rooms are—or were until Dr. Lipschitz replaced names with numbers—named for pioneers in the psychiatric world. Ergo, Melanie Klein, the Austrian-British psychiatrist who died in 1960. The girl in Melanie Klein is Niobe Grynne, brought to The Nest bald and mute; and with her arrival Mr. Harwood is off on one of those off-beat tempests in teapots that seem to be a British specialty.

For until Niobe's arrival life at The Nest was as peaceful as life can be in an asylum, even one that looks like a country estate. Prior to Niobe, The Nest seems to have had only three patients (how it supports itself when the staff outnumbers the patients is something the author never goes into, but no matter). The trio are the narrator, Hugo, a onetime ballet dancer and, as result of several violent attacks on associates, a long-time resident of The Nest; Wing Commander Wassler, who is still fighting World War II; and Nora, an elderly lady who has herself confused with Queen Victoria. In charge of The Nest is Dr. Lipschitz, who has at least one breakdown in his own background and trembling hands.

Hugo, Wassler, and Nora are a relatively contented threesome, who busily clean a swimming pool that will never be filled and play Nest Tennis, a game of their own invention. In Nest Tennis all participants stand on the same side of the court, each with a hockey stick and a stone. The object of the game is to lob the stone *slowly* enough over the net so that the player has time to hurdle it and beat the stone to the other side. No one has ever won the game. (Nest Tennis is Ronald Harwood's happiest invention and provides a lovely *Alice in Wonderland* touch, a touch this novel could use more of.)

How the seemingly mad unravel what happened to Niobe Grynne (christened Naomi Green) and the aftermath comprise the bulk of the novel. Mr. Harwood's style is light, humorous, and suspenseful enough to keep the reader interested if not passionately involved. However, the question of sanity is what intrigues one with *The Girl in Melanie Klein*. Who is sane and who is insane? Is one to believe Niobe's story? If so, she is sane. But then again, should we believe Hugo's retelling of the story? Remember, he is our narrator. Niobe could be sane; we know that Hugo is mad. Or do we? After all, Dr. Lipschitz is in charge of Hugo's case, and there are some nagging doubts as to the doctor's mental stability. But that takes us back again to Hugo's reportage on Dr. Lipschitz.

It is this sort of puzzle-box approach that makes *The Girl in Melanie Klein* quietly tantalizing and something more than a suitable vehicle for a Peter Sellers screen romp. If you can imagine one novel as being both sunny and Pinteresque, *The Girl in Melanie Klein* is it. Or perhaps I too am mad.

Might Have Beens

***A Compass Error,** by Sybille Bedford (Knopf. 270 pp. $5.95), suggests that while individuals can choose their directions to some extent, it's chance that determines the outcome. Cecile Shapiro is a free-lance writer and critic.*

By CECILE SHAPIRO

CHILDREN WONDER: If my mother had married my uncle Joe, would I still be me? If I had been born in the olden days, would I be different? Adults speculate: If I had taken that job when I had the chance, what would I be doing now? If I had understood her sooner, would my whole life be different?

Flavia, the central character in Sybille Bedford's *A Compass Error*, muses: If that inhuman woman had not tricked me into a betrayal, would my mother have married the man she loved? Would I have gone to the university as I intended? Would I have become a writer early rather than late? Would my entire life have been different?

But Mrs. Bedford knows better than to allow matters to hinge entirely on the climactic chance event. She encourages the reader to speculate in turn. Would any of this have happened if Flavia had not been left alone for a summer, at seventeen, in the south of France? Would she have been in Provence at all if her mother, Constanza, had not been delayed on a railroad journey to Brussels, where she was to marry Lewis Crane? How would Constanza even have met Crane if not through her first husband, Simon? Would she ever have married Simon were it not for her mother's joy in the match? And would she have cared that much about pleasing her mother, the former Anna Howland, if the older woman's marriage to an Italian prince had not gone bad? Yet the marriage might have remained reasonably stable and happy, would it not, if Anna had not been so rigid—or was it intolerant — or, perhaps, merely so American?

And so the links of the chain were forged. The question is whether a single error determined the course of events, or whether many errors have been compounded to add up to the final pattern. The metaphor of the compass implies that life is something individuals can control, that one direction is better than another, that people can steer correctly or incorrectly, with skill or otherwise. The novel itself, however, suggests that metaphors are all very well and goals may be what some people have at seventeen, but chance is the Joker to watch out for. It's the wild card that wins the game.

LEST all this make *A Compass Error* sound like a faintly disguised tract, let me say quickly that it is not. On the contrary, it is gracefully written and, in one portion, as filled with suspense as anything you are likely to find. Indeed, this is a light novel in the best sense. The women are beautiful and rich, the settings make us wish we were there, and the subject is love. We believe in all of them while we are reading; but our deepest feelings are not awakened, for none of it seems to have very much to do with us.

If you have read Mrs. Bedford's ear-

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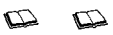
lier *A Favourite of the Gods*, you will recognize this new book as a sequel concentrating on the next generation of the same family. If you have not, there's no problem; for *A Compass Error* can give as much pleasure to those with no prior knowledge of the characters.



Friends in Need: In *A Card from Morocco* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.95) Robert Shaw, author of *The Man in the Glass Booth*, introduces us to a couple of middle-aged sad sacks adrift in Madrid, gentlemen of low self-esteem who, despite their bad behavior and all the trouble they put us to, manage to win our affection.

Arthur Lewis, retired British major, and Patrick Slattery, exiled American painter, are periodic drinking partners whose lives seem to be one hot, fly-buzzing afternoon of boozy ennui after another. Lewis is all silent pain, a gentle, discreet fellow hiding his loathsome secret with a stiff upper lip. Slattery is a fear-haunted but grossly funny guy who gets mean when he drinks. Together they are something of a quiet riot, though the laughs are bitter.

Little by little in their loneliness and boredom they expose portions of their innards, expecting at each tiny revelation to be ridiculed—as they ridicule themselves. After the American makes himself vulnerable by showing Lewis his paintings, Lewis feels free to confide in him the truth about the demon he's been wrestling with: a sick sexual obsession about his young wife. Slattery tries to talk him out of it, savagely lacerating him in the attempt, but the fantasy becomes reality as Lewis actually produces a virile young man for his wife —the sort of man he does not feel himself to be.

At this point the reader's sympathy for Lewis is strained, to say the least, for the wife is a simple, trusting girl who is happy with him the way he is; yet Shaw's skill is such that his compassion for Lewis becomes ours.

Slattery turns out to have a humiliating secret, too, revolving around pink silk panties and a desire to revenge himself on his aged father for a variety of family hurts.

In the end these two Madrid misfits part, having proved unable to protect one another from the disasters they masochistically sought. The great thing, though, is that they tried hard, and, ill-matched as they are, developed a loyalty for each other that neither was able to give to himself.

The book is extraordinarily well written, and students of fiction will be intrigued by the fulsomeness of a tale told almost entirely in duologue.

—Martin Russ.

Chronic Ambiguity

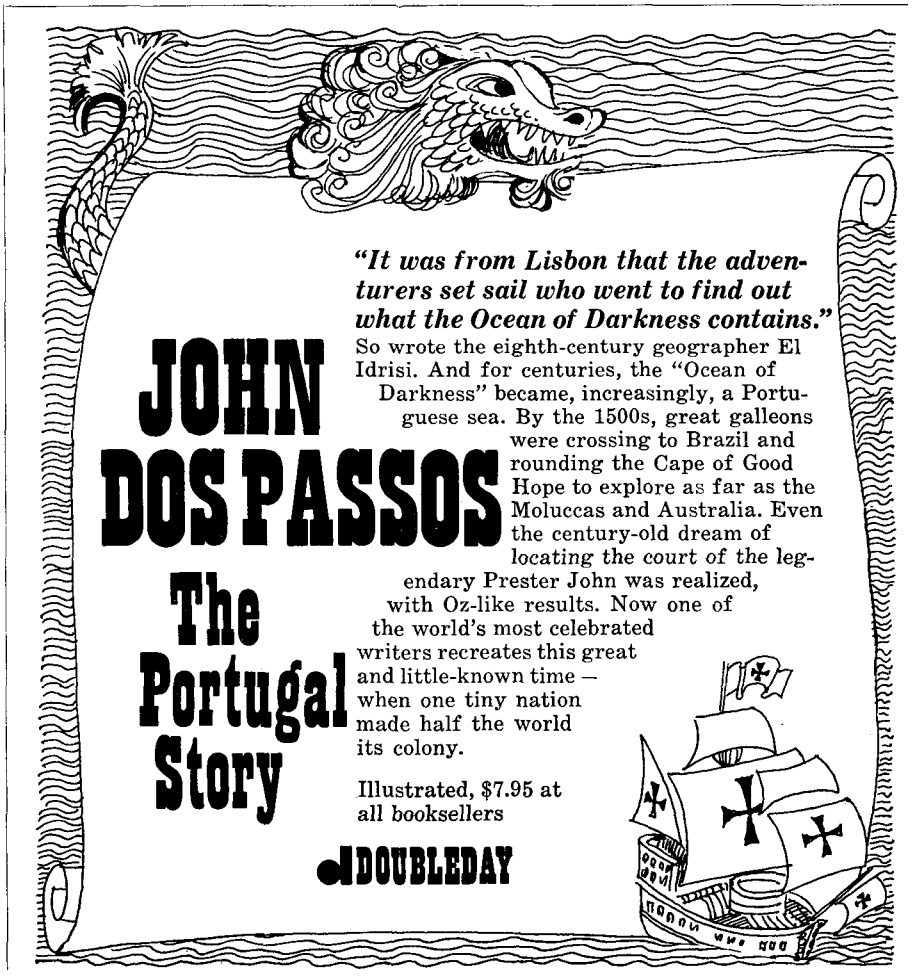
Continued from page 38

effort is directed to developing their own plans and policies, and how much is diverted to coping with whatever happens to be hitting them from outside." Using this criterion, he argues that the extension of Britain's global empire in the nineteenth century was one reason the British have lost the enormous technological and political advantages they held in 1850; and he shows how misgovernment led to Britain's imperial policy as well as to her later foreign-policy disasters, such as appeasement in the 1930s and the Suez crisis, not to mention the decline of her economy.

The massive and in many ways intractible problems now facing Great Britain should be sobering to Americans. Britain no longer presumes to bear global responsibilities that would justify something like our commitment in Vietnam; race relations in Britain, while tense, represent nothing like the problems of our black ghettoes. Yet recent British governments can be accused, not without justice, of a massive failure to confront clearly the main policy options facing their society.

By this criterion, could one not conclude that the United States too is badly misgoverned? To what extent have our political leaders and administrators been merely "coping with whatever happens to be hitting them from outside"? Neither Vietnam, where our military intervention is now almost universally admitted to have been a blunder, nor the war on poverty could be described as much more than hastily conceived responses to pressing crises. Much the same—or worse —could be said of our European nuclear policies, our muddling through in the dollar crisis, and the contradiction between our objective of nuclear arms contorl and the ABM decision.

Even leaving American domestic policies to one side, a compelling case for misgovernment can be made with respect to our foreign policy under the Johnson Administration. Whether President Nixon's European tour foreshadows a reversal of his predecessor's disastrous lack of priorities remains to be seen. Although Henry Kissinger, prior to his appointment as Presidential Assistant for National Security, showed a clear awareness of "the necessity for choice" (as he aptly titled one of his books), can one man alone reverse the deeply ingrained Anglo-Saxon habit of avoiding choice? And if not, is the United States fated to fritter away its economic and technological advantages in imperial ventures, as the British have done?


"It was from Lisbon that the adventurers set sail who went to find out what the Ocean of Darkness contains."
So wrote the eighth-century geographer El Idrisi. And for centuries, the "Ocean of Darkness" became, increasingly, a Portuguese sea. By the 1500s, great galleons were crossing to Brazil and rounding the Cape of Good Hope to explore as far as the Moluccas and Australia. Even the century-old dream of locating the court of the legendary Prester John was realized, with Oz-like results. Now one of the world's most celebrated writers recreates this great and little-known time — when one tiny nation made half the world its colony.
JOHN DOS PASSOS
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DOUBLEDAY

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and villages. Farley Mowat and John de Visser bitterly blame the government of Newfoundland for the steady depopulation of its outports and for the dreadful sense of loss that these simple fishermen and their wives feel when they have to abandon their homes. Certainly not much wisdom or compassion has been shown. Optimistic growth centers that have been created have rapidly turned into dying communities of the unemployed. Uprooted and lost, the middle-aged and the old wait stoically for the end of their time; the young bolt to Canada, to Quebec and Montreal, to a new life of neon lights, pop groups and opportunity.

But government policy or no government policy, this would have happened. The world is contracting, not expanding. So in the Newfoundland outports the people are leaving, as they are leaving the Faroes, the Hebrides, the Northern isles of Norway; even locales nearer the great cities—the Auvergne in France, the Apennines of Italy's deep south, the Pennine Chain in England are emptying too. Nor is America immune—the drift from Vermont, from Maine, has long been pronounced. Modern life no longer requires the marginal lands on which our grandfathers waged so stern, so bitter a fight with nature.

To realize just how bitter and stern the fight can be, turn to John de Visser's magnificent photographs, particularly those that illustrate the chapters called "Bastions of Courage" and "It Won't Be Very Long"; linger over the last haunting picture of this group. These human beings clung like limpets to their barren rocks. They had no flowers, no trees, hardly any soil; potato patches had to

be made by hand; only the sea yielded a harvest and the bleak mountains an occasional windfall. The sense of aloneness, particularly in sickness and in death, must have been profound—and the sea, of course, constantly sucked in its victims.

LIVES lived so starkly, so remotely, so intimately with nature at its harshest bred trust, compassion, neighborliness, resourcefulness—qualities that contrast strongly with the delinquency and violence of our towns. Onas did not lynch each other; the outporters never locked their doors. Such communities did, of course, have their vicious sides, their ignorance and superstition. As with most isolated groups, the Newfoundlanders could get prodigiously drunk. And doubtless bitter feuds were handed down from father to son. Pity should be reserved for those who have been caught in the inexorable extinction of their ways of life and not for the ways themselves.

Nothing can stop this withdrawal from places either hostile or remote. It will go on and on until they are empty, save for an occasional temporary community of technicians—radio specialists in Thule, uranium miners in the Yukon, or here and there, where the climate is good, a tourist resort—Hiltons on the Caymans or the Cocos. But the great expansion of men and women into every corner of the earth in order to live there generation after generation is over. The great contraction has begun; the great conglomerates, the great antheaps will replace them. One can only hope that out of the upheaval which they generate will come a balance as delicate, as supremely viable as that which the Onas created for themselves in Tierra del Fuego or the outporters in Newfoundland.

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cause no one really knows what's going on—this may be the crux of the problem for future public action and control.

The reasons for secrecy about the details of the weapons are understandable: 1) to deny knowledge of them to the "other" side, who won't therefore learn what your offense and defense consists of; 2) to prevent proliferation of knowledge that can be incorporated into weapons systems by third countries. But the reasons for withholding general information about the CBW programs themselves, of the kind available concerning nuclear programs, cannot be similarly defended. Such secrecy has kept the central issues with regard to development, use and control of CBW weapons largely out of serious public discussion; it has permitted the Army to follow its bent without public debate, and it has allowed dangerous procedures and inefficient operations that could never stand up to objective scrutiny (the Chemical Corps Dugway Proving Grounds was, at least in the past, considered a joke as a technical evaluation test range by all GIs who were there, and by those who quickly learned via the grapevine of the utter incompetence with which the "scientific" tests were conducted).

CBW weapons are not alone in posing this problem; perhaps the most important deficiency in the American policy process today, especially that related to armaments, is the absence of a means of developing competence and information outside the government that can result in relatively disinterested analyses of issues and programs. When trying to understand large-scale, complex, technologically sophisticated systems, the press or the public or the Congress has nowhere to turn but to those most involved: the military or industry. The country must find alternatives.

But with regard to CBW the nation cannot wait for new institutions. The issues must be forced into the open by many different means. Congressman McCarthy's recent letter to Secretary of Defense Laird asking for public answers to a series of policy questions encompassing many of the issues mentioned above could be an important step if the Defense Department is forced to respond and if the answers are evaluated by people not committed to the Army's program. The collection of essays discussed here and the other books that have appeared are also most useful steps. For public skepticism toward military budgets is a rare commodity; it must continue to be fed with the sort of information and discussion Steven Rose has assembled.

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Atoms of Irony

Nagasaki: The Forgotten Bomb, *by Frank W. Chinnock (World, 304 pp. $6.95), tells the story of the world's second nuclear attack. Richard Hudson, editor of War/Peace Report, wrote the text for "Kuboyama and the Saga of the Lucky Dragon," illustrated with drawings by Ben Shahn.*

By RICHARD HUDSON

IF IN ORDER TO DO AWAY with the institution of war it were only necessary to demonstrate how horrible war—and particularly nuclear war—actually is, then mankind would have been living in secure peace for some time now. Books, plays, films and other media have made it abundantly clear that science has led us to the point where the world can quite literally be turned into a hell. So, one must ask, is it worth making the case again? I think the answer is yes, if it can be expressed in a fresh way, for man's powers of forgetfulness and rationalization are stupendous. What Frank W. Chinnock has done in *Nagasaki: The Forgotten Bomb* is to make the old statement from a perspective that may remind readers of the fears they had during the Fifties, or perhaps at the time of the 1962 Cuban missile crisis.

Chinnock's chief contribution stems from the extensive research he did before he began writing. According to notes in the book, he spent a year and a half on it, traveled 50,000 miles, and conducted hundreds of interviews. He evidently talked at length with some of the crew members of *Bock's Car*, the plane that carried the Nagasaki bomb, and with survivors and relatives of survivors of the devastation they wreaked below. Then he wrote a fast-moving yarn in a style much like that of *Reader's Digest*, on which Chinnock served as an editor for twelve years.

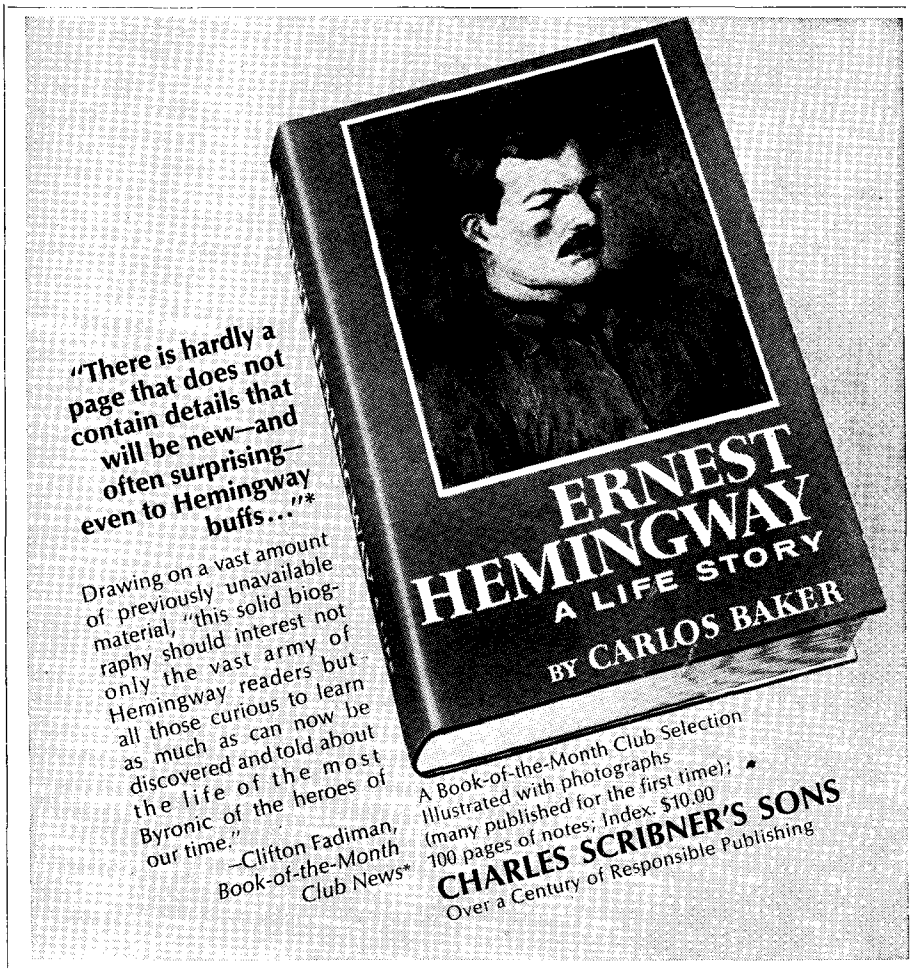
Ironies abound in the story. First, Nagasaki was not among the original four cities designated as possible targets; Kyoto was. But shortly before Secretary of War Stimson was to approve the targets, an acquaintance told him of Kyoto's great cultural history. Stimson struck Kyoto from the list, and Nagasaki was added. Next, when *Bock's Car* took off, the primary target was Kokura, with Nagasaki second. Smoke obscured Kokura, so the plane proceeded to Nagasaki, which was almost saved by a cloud cover. However, the pilot stretched his orders to bomb visually, and decided to use radar.

On the ground, there were endless macabre flukes: An eleven-year-old boy playing a game dived into the river to search for his sister's bell; when he surfaced, he found himself surrounded by screaming victims and flattened houses. An old man talking to his wife by a three-foot wall bent down to pull some weeds; she stopped talking in mid-sentence, and it was only much later that the husband was able to understand what had happened: the heat rays from the center of the explosion had swept over his head and struck her down. A streetcar was charred, leaving the passengers sitting neatly in their rows of seats, "burned to cinders like little mummies." There was even a woman who gave birth while thousands were in their death pangs all around. Perhaps the ultimate irony was the case of the man who had been suffering for ten years from a stomach ulcer, and who was later told that the radiation from the bomb had somehow cured him.

On questions of the morality and the political history of the atomic bombing of Nagasaki, Chinnock does not contribute much that is new. He generally accepts the conventional view that the weapons were dropped to bring the war to an end faster, as opposed to the "revisionist" position that President Truman and Secretary of State Byrnes saw the bombings of Japan as a demonstration of power to be used in the coming Cold War with the Soviet Union. He does quote Byrnes as saying that the bomb "might well put us in a position to dictate our own terms at the end of the war." However, as he retells the story of the

meeting at which Emperor Hirohito decided Japan must surrender, it is clear that Chinnock feels the two nuclear bombings, along with the Soviet declaration of war during the three days between them, did succeed in bringing about an earlier cessation of the fighting.

But what sticks in the reader's mind is the graphic, horrible detail of the Nagasaki bombing and the courage of its victims in the face of it. It inspires the hope that the story may live not because this was the second time a nuclear weapon was deliberately used against people, but because it was the last.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A Threatened Public's Nuclear Ombudsman

The Careless Atom, *by Sheldon Novick (Houghton Mifflin. 225 pp. $5.95), charges that it has been a national folly for the government to allow large nuclear power reactors to be built near populated areas. The physicist Robert A. Charpie was director of the Reactor Division of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory from 1958-61.*

By ROBERT A. CHARPIE

THE COMPLEX PROBLEM of the environmental and public risks attendant to large-scale use of nuclear power receives an even-handed treatment by Sheldon Novick in *The Careless Atom*. Only rarely does Mr. Novick permit his personal prejudices to contravene the measured recital of reactor accident history and his appraisal of the public health threat represented by large power reactors situated near metropolitan areas.

As associate editor of, and one of the major contributors to, *Scientist and Citizen*, the journal published by the Committee for Environmental Information, Mr. Novick belongs to a valuable community that poses the central technical and policy questions which circumscribe large-scale scientific enterprises, and demands of the leadership responsible and technically sound answers. In *The Careless Atom* he casts himself in the role of ombudsman for the public vis-à-vis the danger caused by nuclear power on our living environment.

Novick has wisely chosen to write boldly and simply for the broad audience that so often must stand immobilized and uninformed on the sidelines during policy debates among "technical experts." In the past this has led to courses of action which, at a later time, have not been accepted as wise or in the public interest. He suggests that, together with the decisions to create an ABM system and put a man on the moon, it has been a national folly for the government to encourage (or even allow) large power reactors to be built near populated areas. Novick's thesis is that the Congress blundered in 1946 when, in the process of legislating civilian control of atomic energy, it created the uniquely powerful and influential Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. Over the years, he contends, the JCAE's role has been transformed from watchdogging the AEC to joining hands with it and AEC-trained atomic energy technologists. The result has been a conspiracy of expertise and power which "has largely removed decision making in atomic energy programs from the process of normal debate," thus making it impossible to pose policy-related questions as required by the public interest.

In my view, Mr. Novick's development of this theme, together with his factual review of nuclear excursion experience, makes a valuable contribution to public understanding of an important problem.

Unfortunately, the author has weakened his central conclusion by treating superficially the complex interplay of reactor technology, electric power production economics, and public safety. It is surely sound to posit that reactor accidents will continue to happen from time to time and that there are unsolved technical problems both in present water reactors and future fast reactors. It is an oversimplification to blame these accidents primarily on the commercial desire to reduce power production costs, and a disservice to damn the reactor community for allegedly ignoring public safety in the interest of promulgating presumably low-cost nuclear power.

Before writing the book Mr. Novick would have done well to spend enough time within the councils of power reactor planners to understand firsthand the tens of thousands of hours a design devotes to myriad details in order to minimize the probability of an accident and the effects of those accidents that do take place. He would have learned, in personal terms, the agony of the decision making every reactor project head feels when public safety is at issue. Mr. Novick would have profited from spending a day with Bennett Lewis, who lived with and wrote about the NRX accident, or Walter Finn, who launched America's programs for boiling-water and fast reactors; for he would find these men humble and concerned human beings vitally interested in their fellow man's safety and not impelled merely by theoretical cost reductions.

Novick should have known John von Neumann, who constantly counseled caution; he would have been stimulated by a visit with Eugene Wigner or Edward Teller, each of whom has given freely of his time for twenty-five years in the interest of assuring public safety; he might have sensed the intensity of concern and devotion to the highest standards of public responsibility of men like Manson Benedict, William Webster, Phillip Sporn or Harris Ward.

More important, however, Mr. Novick would have discovered that these men are not part of the establishment he so soundly condemns.

Perhaps, he might even have come to believe, as I do, that there is intrinsic merit and fundamental common sense in their conviction—which he rejects in the book as patently ridiculous—that the universal availability of large amounts of low-cost electricity can be the handmaiden of progress.

Book Forum

Continued from page 31

wiped out a large part of the population; however, Jews soon returned and re-established enclaves in Palestine that still exist.

Jewish rule, whether as a union of tribes, as a monarchy, or as a patriarchate, lasted from at least 1230 B.C. to 425 A.D., at least 1,655 years, not 200 years as Mr. Shobe claims.

Michael Spear's prattle about Aryan races [Book Forum, Apr. 12] could only have been taken from the same experts that taught Hitler. Mr. Spear knows nothing of either "races" or language groups.

His first term is Hamitic—this is now used to refer to the ancient Egyptians, and today's Coptics and Ethiopians, as a language group. Although the Canaanites were called the "sons of Ham" in the Bible, they were Semites, as were most of the other peoples Mr. Spear mentioned.

The terms Semites, Aryans, and Hamites are not racial, but linguistic. Semitic languages are spoken today only by the Israelis and the Arabs, but in the past, they were the languages of the Mesopotamian valley, the Fertile Crescent, and the Arabian Peninsula. Aryan refers to the language group that originated in the Iranian plateau and spread to Europe, where these people formed the Germanic, Romance, and Slavic languages of today, and to India, where they developed Sanskrit and modern Hindi. Any linguist will affirm that the resemblance of Semitic to Aryan languages is nil.

There were two movements of Indo-Europeans (the term is preferred to Aryan because of the Nazi connotations) into Palestine. The first came in the seventeenth century B.C. (not 3800 B.C.) and were soon absorbed by the population. The so-called "Jewish nose," which appears in only 14 per cent of the Jewish population, is characteristic of this "Aryan" people. The second group were the refugees of the Minoan and Mycenaean civilizations of Crete and Greece, who came to Palestine as the Philistines at the same time that Joshua led the Israelites in.

It is true that in 3800 B.C. there were non-Semites in the Mesopotamian Valley—but they were not Aryans. The Sumerians, not the Akkadians, were there, and they spoke a language of an unidentified group. The Akkadians came to Mesopotamia some time afterwards, and adopted the culture of the Sumerians, but retained their Semitic tongue. Mr. Spear now confuses these Akkadians with the Amorites, who did not appear till the twenty-first century B.C., when they left the desert and overran the Sumero-Akkadians to the east (Hammurabi, the law-maker of Babylon, was an Amorite) and entered Palestine to the west, to form, with other Semitic predecessors, the Canaanite peoples that greeted Abraham. The Amorites were closely related to the Hebrews – common Amorite names were Abram, Jacob, Benjamin, Zebulun.

The Hebrew tribes were themselves part of a large group of peoples speaking an Aramaic-Semitic dialect. These people came into Syria and Palestine in the second half of the second millennium. The Hebrews, however, adopted almost entirely the lan-

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guage of the Canaanites, and this became Hebrew. Without a doubt, the Hebrews not only adopted the language and the customs, but also absorbed the population by intermarriage.

The Arabs were merely the last wave of Semitic expansion out of the desert.

Mr. Spear mentions the Khibiri (habiru, hapiru, abiru) of Tel el Amarna fame. However, this does not refer to an ethnic or language group, but means a class of wandering laborers, mercenaries, and semi-nomads; each one of the peoples mentioned had their beginnings as Khibiru.

NORBERT WEINBERG,
New York, N.Y.

Tied by Tri-Consonantal Root

FOR INFORMATION on the migrations from the Arabian Peninsula, *A History of the Arabs*, by Philip K. Hitti, should be consulted. The peninsula has been the source of many migratory peoples including the Chaldeans, Canaanites, Phoenicians, Aramaeans, and Hebrews. There are two main routes followed by these people, one into Palestine and one into Mesopotamia.

All of these speak a language of the Semitic family whose best-known characteristic is the tri-consonantal root, and these same peoples are responsible for all major writing systems predominant in the West. The Hamitic language family is closely akin and is found almost solely in Africa among some Ethiopic peoples, the Berber tribesmen and the Copts, last remnant of the ancient Egyptians.

The Mediterranean peoples, used as a broad (ethnic) term, include the original inhabitants of Italy, Iberia, and Greece, as well as the Semitic and the Hamitic populations of the Middle East and Africa. This group includes the Hebrews and the Arabs, for both came to power after migrating from the Arabian Peninsula and both speak a language whose familial resemblances far outweigh their differences.

The people mentioned in Mr. Spear's letter are not Arabs. This term is used correctly only when referring to the people of the latest migration from the Arabian Peninsula, circa 622-50 A.D. From Damascus, Baghdad, Cairo, Cadiz and the numerous petty kingdoms of North Africa they ruled almost the entire Mediterranean and the Middle East. Certainly the Levant was under Arab control from the fall of Byzantine Jerusalem and Alexandria in the seventh century to the fall of Baghdad, conquered by Ghengis Khan, and the Mameluke Turk revolt from slavery in Cairo, both occurring in the thirteenth century.

Mr. Shobe correctly pointed out that the time of Hebrew rule in Palestine from Joshua until the conquest of the same by the Babylonians is of slimmer duration than that of Arab overlordship. But Mr. Shobe does not make clear the distinctive differences between these rules. The imperialistic control of Palestine under the Arabs was similar to that of the same territory under the Romans; it was a province of one or another of the Caliphate empires. Only under the Hebrews was it a kingdom in its own right; be that king the great David or be it Herod who ruled under Roman suzerainty.

VIRGIL STROHMEYER, JR.,
Cleveland, O.

Criminal Record

Fact

The Secret War for Europe: A Dossier of Espionage. *By Louis Hagen. Foreword by Sir Kenneth Strong, K.B.E., C.B. Stein & Day. Photographs.* $5.95. By precept and example, the Berlin-born author, a resident of Britain since 1936, makes an excellent case for his conviction that "the intelligence services have assumed a new, vital, and creative role in world politics," because they need never concern themselves with prestige or face-saving. Mr. Hagen has given us a solid, well-reasoned book that makes fascinating reading.

Counterplot. *By Jay Epstein. Viking.* $4.95. Two years ago Mr. Epstein published a cogent analysis of a much-criticized inquiry which carried the subtitle *The Warren Commission and the Establishment of Truth.* Lee Harvey Oswald's activities in New Orleans looked as if they might prove a profitable trail to follow. Oswald's Gulf Coast odyssey extended from the spring of 1963 into the autumn. Out of it sprang "Jim Garrison's case," and also this valuable addendum to *Inquest.* Mr. Epstein's terminal chapter is called "The Making of a Demagogue."

Fiction

Clutch of Constables. *By Ngaio Marsh. Little, Brown.* $4.95. Artist wife of Yard super Roderick Alleyn kills time on an English inland waterways cruise while other people kill people. Firm plotting, deft characterization as expected.

The Ascent of D-13. *By Andrew Garve. Harper & Row.* $4.95. Yankee-English mountain-climbing twosome attacks peak on Russo-Turkish border in attempt to salvage top-secret device (if it's there). Vintage Garve.

The Tallyman. *By Bill Knox. Crime Club.* $3.95. A tallyman, this instructive and lively narrative informs us, is an unfrocked loan shark, than which there is no more detestable character in all Glasgow. But Inspectors Thane and Moss have to bring home his killer just the same.

Cop Out. *By Ellery Queen. World.* $4.95. Trigger-happy hoods (plus one hoodess), following bank heist in U.S. town of 16,000, snatch policeman's daughter as security pledge. Authors' fortieth anniversary offering rings bells, triggers sirens.

Dossier IX. *By Barry Weil. Bobbs-Merrill.* $5. Israeli agent assigned to British on special mission performs prodigies of valor in France and Switzerland. Highly knowledgeable performance, complete with rough stuff.

Another Way of Dying. *By Francis Clifford. Coward-McCann.* $4.95. English demolition expert, vacationing in Sicily, gets a chance to display his talents; there's a girl in the case; fine travelogue, with superb ironic terminal twist.

The Brass Rainbow. *By Michael Collins. Dodd, Mead.* $3.95. Dan Fortune, one-armed New York shamus, goes all out in effort to prove innocence of small-time gambler down whose back the cops are gustily breathing. Story A-1, weather wretched.

Seven Seats to the Moon. *By Charlotte Armstrong. Coward-McCann.* $5.95. What hospital patient has not bent an ear willy-nilly when an unseen roommate opens a conversation with a visitor? J. Middleton Little, an impeccable California businessman, followed this pattern, and what thereafter happened to him (and to the roommate) makes a corking good story.

A Six for the Toff. *By John Creasey. Walker.* $4.50. The only private eye in the world entitled to wear "Honourable" in front of his name bypasses a wealthy American client so that he can see the Test Match (that's English for World Series). Why not a lot more about cricket? There are dead.

A Kiss Before Dying. *By Ira Levin. Simon & Schuster.* $4.95. Launched in 1953, this ruthless essay in covetousness richly merits the restoration to print here accorded it. —SERGEANT CUFF.

WIT TWISTER #109

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

To — — — — — — — reigns of
kings who misuse might,
The entomologist could do his bit
By stealing to the monarchs' — —
— — — — — — at night
And hiding nests of — — — —
— — — where they sit.

(*Answer on page* 82)

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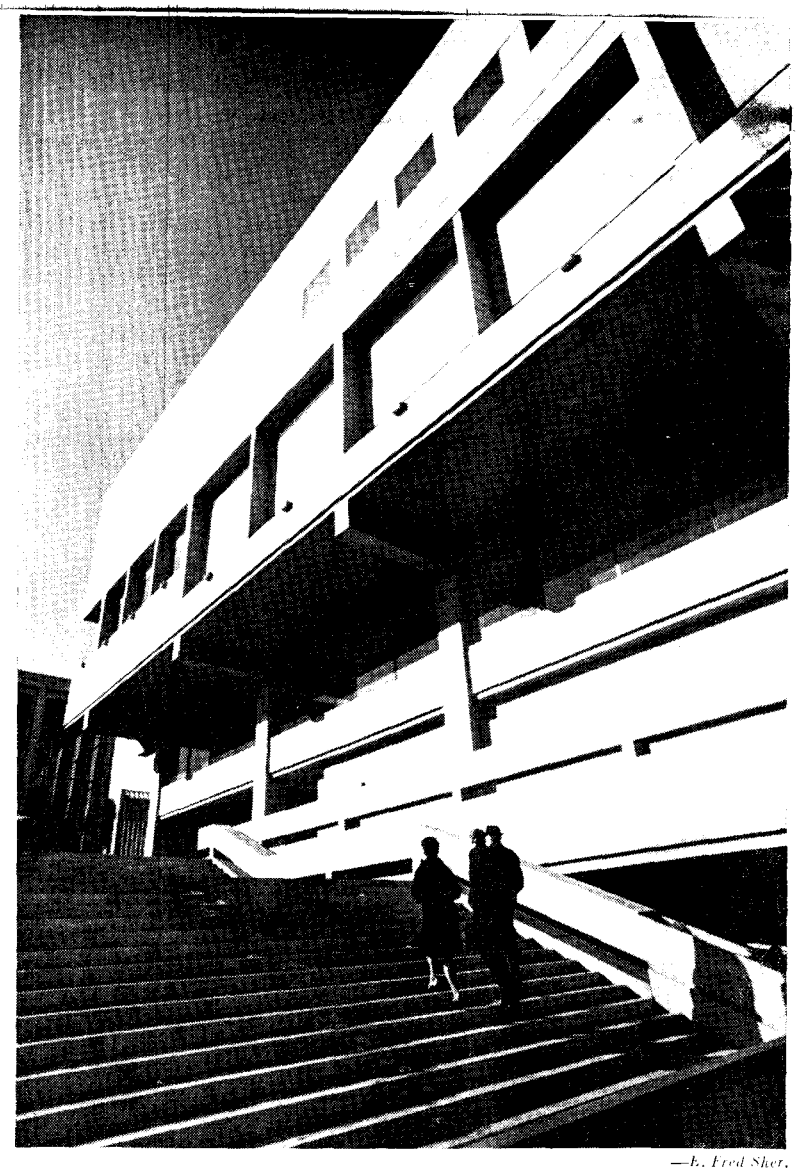

—*L. Fred Sher.*

New Juilliard—built "for the ages—all the ages."

THE JUILLIARD IN TRANSITION

By IRVING KOLODIN

SHEATHED in the same enduring travertine as the Colosseum in Rome, the outer aspect of the new Juilliard School at the north border of Lincoln Center (Broadway and West 65th Street) is of a structure built for the ages. Within it, when it is penetrated, examined, and evaluated, is a complex of facilities and furnishings that truly qualify it for the ages—all the ages, from the youngest talents to be nurtured in its teaching studios to the oldest music-lovers who will come to experience and—let it be hoped—enjoy the work to be done in its opera theater, drama workshop, and two concert halls after its formal opening next September.

Nominally a building to house a school, the new structure is, in effect, a palace of the arts designed by Pietro Belluschi. It takes in not only the creative and the re-creative in concert music, but also opera, drama, and dance. Its charter is to function as the first truly comprehensive academy of the arts on the professional level this country has known. To achieve that objective is a challenge not only to those who head its separate entities under President Peter Mennin (the operatic under Tito Capobianco, the dramatic under John Houseman and Michel Saint-Denis, with American dance under Martha Hill and the School of American Ballet under George Balanchine), but to all who are, and will be, involved in shaping the talents attracted by its magnetic possibilities.

The stated purpose of functioning as a high-level liaison between the most exacting postgraduate center and the demanding requirements of professionalism has been implemented by a range of facilities hitherto unknown—to me, at least—in any such center. Included under its expansive roof (the building is 355 feet long, 200 feet wide, and takes in thirteen levels from subbasement to roof) are not only the teaching facilities and practice rooms required for concentrated academic activities, but also fifteen major studios and rehearsal halls for carrying on productive work in all its areas of interest, and four separate auditoriums ranging in capacity from 270 to 1,060.

Of primary interest to the public is the largest of the four, which bears the name of Alice Tully, who underwrote the cost of its construction. Its promise is to provide New Yorkers with a long-needed facility in which chamber music can be performed under optimum conditions, and recitalists, generally, can function to advantage. Its basic purpose has been implemented by the creation of a Chamber Music Society under the

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direction of Charles Wadsworth. It has a permanent personnel able to perform virtually any works from a trio to a nonet, to which additional specialists—or groups—may be added as circumstances decree. It also has a program for commissioning works which, in its first year, will expose scores by a wide range of composers from Barber and Boulez to Alberto Ginastera and William Sydeman.

Hardly of lesser promise, if presently of less public awareness, is the next largest facility. This is the Juilliard Theater, which will gladly change its nominal designation to that of almost anyone willing to pick up its construction cost of $3,000,000 (I doubt that Fidel Castro would qualify). Its seating capacity of 961 somewhat belies its real possibilities for quality opera. Somewhat more to that point are a stage larger than that of the neighboring State Theater (the home of the New York City Opera), a pit able to accommodate a Strauss orchestra, and adjacent workshops for scenic construction that may nurture a new breed of technicians for the American operatic community.

As its chosen designation suggests, the American Opera Center aims to expand its activities beyond the local or the regional, even beyond the postgraduate or semiprofessional. It is not merely the hope but the intention of those charged with assembling its personnel to bring together the most talented young people in the country, regardless of where they have had their preliminary training. They will be subsidized to permit concentration on hard, intensive work; in exchange, they will be required to concentrate on their Opera Center work to the exclusion of outside engagements. If its sponsors are successful in bringing in highly qualified older opera conductors to work with these highly qualified younger performers, we may, at last, have a means for making good the lack in the United States of smaller theaters, abundant in Germany and Italy, where the operatic trade may be learned. This takes in not merely singing personnel, but all the other skills—directorial, advisory, and technical—which enter into this most complex of theatrical arts.

It is worthy of note, in this connection, that in giving up its longtime home on the Upper West Side to the Manhattan School of Music, the Juilliard has also given up its longtime designation. No longer The Juilliard School of Music, it is now simply The Juilliard School, to comprehend its present expanded range of functions and provide for any future ones it may chose to embody.

In giving up both its prior location and designation, The Juilliard School is also moving into new, uncharted terrain as regards objectives and orientation. Over the nearly fifty years since it was created in the early Twenties under the will of Augustus D. Juilliard (textile merchant, music lover, and Metropolitan box holder), the school bearing his name has compiled an impressive list of alumni who have enormously enriched the musical life in America. Two conspicuous examples may be instanced in regard to Lincoln Center itself: a prominent participant in the ground-breaking ceremonies on May 14, 1959, was Risë Stevens, a young hopeful in early Juilliard days who went on to a distinguished career at the Metropolitan. A leading participant in the opening performance of the new Metropolitan Opera House in 1966 was Leontyne Price, whose pre-*Porgy* conditioning was also acquired in the building soon to be abandoned.

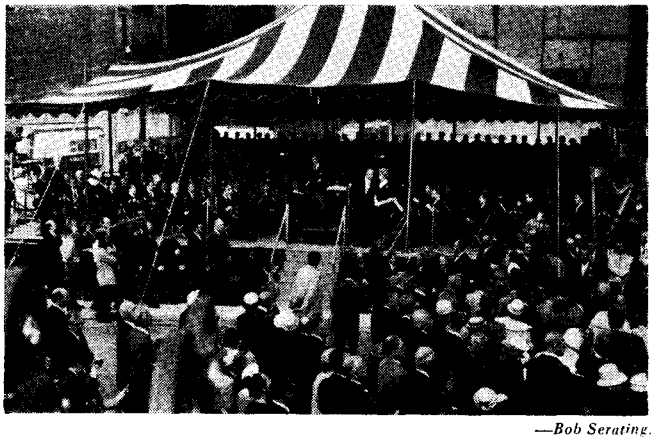
This bracket of notable names is nothing to induce self-satisfaction, even less smugness. Talent will find its own level, often regardless of obstacles and only in small part because of academic opportunities. For every Van Cliburn who made it, how many other pianists got away, or were smothered by being pampered? For every Itzhak Perlman, of Israel, who was assisted on his artistic road by Ivan Galamian, how many other violinists were defeated by academic demands? I do not profess to know specific instances of over- or under-protection, but in a tightly formulated academic environment there are certainly possibilities for both.

Thus, it is clear that the move from upper to middle Manhattan embodies not merely a physical but also a philosophic transition for the Juilliard. It is exchanging an off-center, somewhat inconspicuous base in the Morningside Heights area of Manhattan—where a Jane Pickens or an Edie Adams could come, learn, and digress—to a much more prominent situation at the Center itself.

It is also confronting a transition in objectives and, to some degree, in standards. The need to reduce (somewhat) the size of the prior enrollment in order to concentrate on the kind of quality that is desirable can be met by graduation and reduced admissions. The need to elevate the standards should be sustained in spite of all temptations to the contrary (such as considerations of geographic or racial balance, which operate in some academic areas). The underlying principle which has prevailed at the Juilliard over the years—namely, that members of the faculty sit in at all relevant auditions of applicants, and that no teacher be required to accept an applicant without a conviction about his or her future—should remain inviolate.

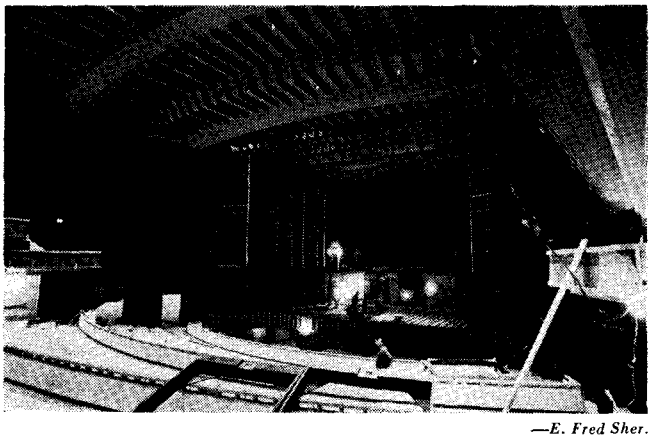
THE one specific area in which the new Juilliard School could stride ahead of, and gradually leave behind, the old Juilliard School of Music is the creative. This might, in a way, put it in conflict with the designation of Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts. But this has always struck me as a somewhat narrow, confining terminology for an enterprise of its magnitude, and one which The Juilliard School is ideally qualified to take on, challenge, and amend.

This would, in my view, require some-



—*Bob Serating.*

Ground-breaking ceremonies for Lincoln Center (May 14, 1959)—on the platform are Leonard Bernstein, Leonard Warren, and Risë Stevens.



—*E. Fred Sher.*

Alice Tully Hall — a new long-needed facility in which chamber music can be performed under optimum conditions.

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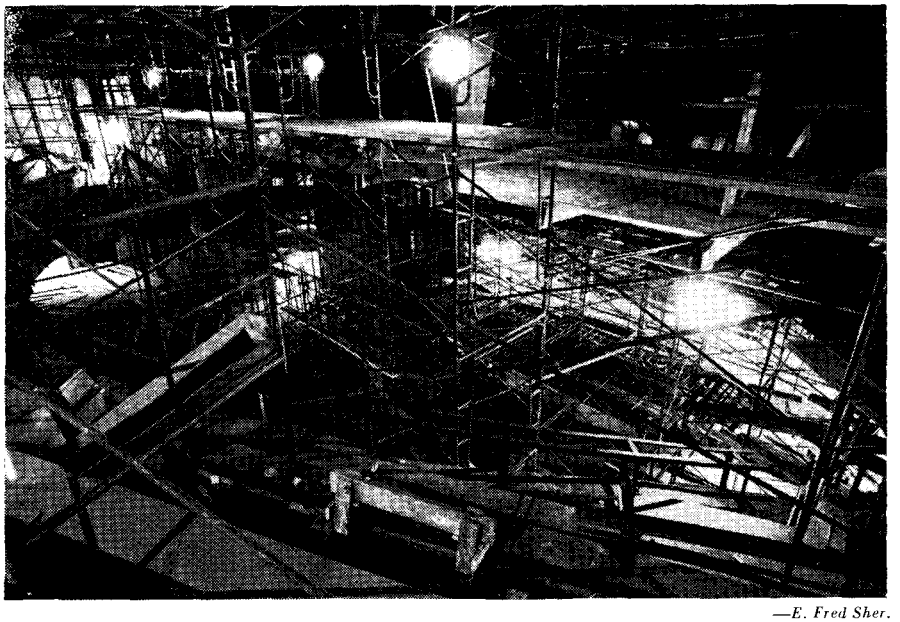

—*E. Fred Sher.*

Juilliard Theater—"a stage larger than that of the neighboring State Theater."

what of a shift in emphasis from the Juilliard's prior identification—in the public mind—with performers rather than creators. It has, to be sure, exerted its share of influence on the care and feeding of young composers. It might, in the future, look more to the nurturing and development of somewhat older composers, particularly the composer looking for a place in the theatrical or operatic sun . . . a sun which doesn't shine too brightly for the untried. Having both the personnel and the facilities, the new Juilliard is in a singularly advantageous position to encourage the new as well as to perpetuate the old.

Much of this depends, of course, on how the transitional period in objectives is paralleled by solution of the problems in its fiscal future. Such mundane matters would hardly seem relevant to the names—Juilliard, Lincoln Center, etc.—but there is, sometimes, nothing so deceptive as names. Lincoln Center has been responsible for the construction of the Belluschi building, and it is an imposing one. But with the key it turns over next fall to the Juilliard administration also goes a mammoth responsibility for maintenance and overhead, about four-to-one greater than in its old premises. Taking into consideration the reasonable demands of its faculty for increased earnings in keeping with increased costs of living, the need for a large-scale fund-raising effort—the first in its history, if I am not mistaken—emerges as inescapable.

That symbolic key will also open just about the last door in the major program of land acquisition, fund raising, and physical construction undertaken not much more than a decade ago (July 1958). The slum area has been cleared, virtually all of the construction fulfilled (a dormitory to house Juilliard students remains to be built), and the validity of the concept put to public scrutiny and evaluation.

Much has been heard about pluses and minuses: the acoustical inadequacy of Philharmonic Hall (soon to have its final—it is hoped—internal revision), the disadvantageous décor of the Metropolitan (though its excellent acoustics are now taken for granted), the greater suitability of the State Theater for ballet (for which Philip Johnson designed it) than for opera (for which Philip Johnson did not design it).

ODDLY, no one ever directs attention in the press to the building that houses the Library-Museum (and also the Vivian Beaumont Theater). The reason for this is simple. It was admirably conceived (by Eero Saarinen) to embody the dual functions for which it was intended: It has—so far at least—adequate space in which to accommodate a circulating library of music, music books, and recordings; a similar collection of drama materials; the ever more imposing Rodgers and Hammerstein Record Archives; and a separate dance division as well as the enormous reference libraries of drama and music formerly housed at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue.

The non-publicity for the Library-Museum relates to just one thing: it works, it functions, it is used and enjoyed by throngs each week, and it probably attracts more young people to the square foot of space than any other public building in New York. Such fulfillment of function invites little journalistic curiosity, even less public awareness save by those to whom it is indispensable. The best a well-wisher for the Juilliard in transition could propose is a similar fulfillment of functional purpose, plus the public awareness to fill its auditoriums when they are invited to become paying participants.

Ed Murrow in Peacetime

THE golden baritone is there again, but somehow it was more compelling when it opened with "This is London calling." Volume II in Edward R. Murrow's *A Reporter Remembers* (Columbia mono, O2L 4001, $11.98) concerns domestic matters—floods, McCarthyism, Thanksgiving, the Supreme Court, racial strife, Salk vaccine, Fort Knox gold, and presidential Inaugurations. Yet somehow it isn't quite the same as the drama of a broadcast from bomb-spattered London or Omaha Beach. The fault is not Murrow's, whose voice seems better than ever—surely one of the great broadcasting vehicles. The fault lies in the perishable nature of run-of-the-day peacetime headlines, even those dealing with McCarthyism.

Murrow's first volume a couple of years ago seemed to this correspondent to be a true collector's item. While the broadcast journalism of these new pressings is just as competent, the subject matter sounds dull by comparison and that's the rub. Even a genius like Murrow could not breathe much life into the mumblings of Chambers denouncing Hiss, or coal being airborne to Berlin, or an interview with Carl Sandburg, or a day of triumph in Ann Arbor when Dr. Salk announced his polio vaccine. Memories of "This is London" flood in upon the listener, and, while comparisons are not precisely odious, they are unfortunate.

Best of the items on Volume II are Murrow's editorializing on the dangers of McCarthy, his most controversial peacetime broadcast, and his flight into the eye of hurricane Edna. You are really there on that one. The impact of the Supreme Court school desegregation decision of May 17, 1954, has never been more dramatically reported than by Murrow, and one can only wonder in retrospect why Ogden R. Reid, then editor of the New York *Herald Tribune,* failed to lead his paper the following morning with such an obviously historic and nation-churning news story. But that was the fact and, as Casey Stengel used to say, you could look it up. Anyway, Murrow is still champion. His own political persuasions get in his way occasionally, but on the whole he hides his biases well. His broadcast after the John F. Kennedy Inauguration is on the astonishing side since it devotes much of the segment to President Eisenhower's farewell address—warning against the "military-industrial complex," something the editorial writers didn't get around to evaluating for quite a while. Characteristically, Murrow sensed its importance at once. —R.L.T.

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Guide to European Music Festivals—1969

PRELIMINARY FORECAST

DATE	LOCATION	TITLE	DETAILS NOW AVAILABLE	INFORMATION & TICKETS
May 1- June 10	Wiesbaden, Germany	International May Festival	OPERA: *Die schweigsame Frau* (Strauss); *A Masked Ball, Nabucco, Otello* (Verdi); *Tannhäuser* (Wagner); *Werther* (Massenet); *Lucia di Lammermoor* (Donizetti); *Mosè* (Rossini); BALLET; DRAMA.	State Theatre, 6200 Wiesbaden, Postfach Tel. 3 93 31
May 2- June 30	Florence, Italy	May Music Festival	OPERA: *Aïda* (Verdi); *Abduction from the Seraglio* (Mozart); *Fidelio* (Beethoven); *Moses und Aaron* (Schoenberg); CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS.	Teatro Communale, Corso Italia 16, Florence. Tel. 262 841
May 12- June 4	Prague, Czechoslovakia	International Music Festival "Prague Spring"	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC. Berlin Philharmonic, Czech Philharmonic, Royal Philharmonic, London, et al. Soloists include Oistrakh, Badura-Skoda, Ricci, Souzay, Gedda, et al.	"Prague Spring," House of Artists, Alesovo Nabrezi 12, Prague I. Tel. 635 82
May 14- May 31	Copenhagen, Denmark	Royal Danish Ballet and Music Festival	OPERA: *Albert Herring* (Britten); *Return of Ulysses* (Monteverdi); *Don Giovanni* (Mozart); *Tristan* (Wagner); *Tosca* (Puccini); *Bluebeard's Castle* (Bartók); BALLET; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC.	Festival Ticket Office, Bredgade 28, Copenhagen. Tel. (01) 11-11-40
May 15- May 29	Helsinki, Finland	Helsinki Festival	OPERA: *Così fan tutte, Don Giovanni* (Mozart); *Boris Godunov* (Mussorgsky); *Ariadne auf Naxos, Elektra* (Strauss); *Tannhäuser* (Wagner); CONCERTS; BALLET; DRAMA. Soloists include Kogan, Talvela, et al.	Unioninkatu 28, Helsinki. Tel. 653 690
May 16- June 7	Lisbon, Portugal	Festival Gulbenkian	OPERA: *Alcina* (Handel); *El Retablo de Maese Pedro* (Falla); *Hin und zurück* (Hindemith); *Il mantello* (Chailly); *Damnation de Faust* (Berlioz); ORATORIO: world première of *La Transfiguration* (Messiaen); CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET. Vienna Philharmonic, et al.	Fundaçao Calouste Gulbenkian, Avenue de Berne 45-A, Lisbon. Tel. 76 21 46
May 21- June 4	Bergen, Norway	International Grieg Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; DRAMA; Daily performances at Grieg's home. Cincinnati Symphony, Scottish National Symphony, Prague Chamber Orchestra, et al. Soloists include Gilels, Bjoner, Gedda, et al.	Festspillene I. Sverresgate 11, Bergen. Tel. 30 0 10
May 24- June 22	Vienna, Austria	Vienna Festival Weeks	Centenary of the Vienna State Opera; performances by Vienna Konzerthausgesellschaft of the "Viennese School" (Schoenberg, Berg, Webern); International Ballet Festival; Vienna Philharmonic, Vienna Symphony, London Symphony, et al. Visiting ballet companies include Kirov Leningrad, Joffrey, Rambert London, others.	Oesterreichisches Verkrehrsbüro, Friedrichstrasse 7, Vienna. Tel. 57 23 15
May 25- August	Glyndebourne, Great Britain	Glyndebourne Opera	*Così fan tutte, Don Giovanni* (Mozart); *Pelléas et Mélisande* (Debussy); *Werther* (Massenet).	Box Office, Glyndebourne, Festival Opera, Lewes, Sussex.
May 30- June 15	Bordeaux, France	Festival of Music	Works by Berlioz: *Damnation de Faust,* Requiem; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; DRAMA.	Commissariat du Festival, 252 Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris 8. Tel. 924 97 28
May (late) July (early)	Zurich, Switzerland	Zurich June Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; DRAMA.	Internationale Festwochen, Postfach 8023, Zurich. Tel. 051 25 6700
June 7 June 28	Strasbourg, France	International Music Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS; Stern, Gilels, et al.	Festival de Strasbourg, 24 Rue de la Mésange, Strasbourg. Tel. 32 43 10
June 7- June 29	Aldeburgh, Great Britain	The Aldeburgh Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS.	Box Office, Festival Office, Aldeburgh, Suffolk.
June 10- July 5	Lyon, France	Lyon Festival	Performances of Berlioz Requiem and *Les Troyens;* CONCERTS; RECITALS; Crespin, Chauvet, Milstein, et al.	Festival de Lyon, Hotel de Ville, 69 Lyon. Tel. 23 50 31
June 14- June 29	Bath, Great Britain	Bath Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; DRAMA; BBC Symphony, New Philharmonia, Allegri Quartet, et al. Soloists include Arrau, Ashkenazy, Baker, Bream, Shirley-Quirk, et al.	Bath Festival, Linley House, Pierrepont Place, Bath. Tel. BAth 2531
June 15- July 9	The Hague, Amsterdam, Scheveningen, The Netherlands	Holland Festival	OPERA: *Così fan tutte* (Mozart), *Le rossignol* (Stravinsky); *Das Rheingold* (Wagner); *Reconstruction* (Andriessen, de Leeuw, Mengelberg, Schat, van Vlijmen—world première); CONCERTS; BALLET; DRAMA.	Holland Festival Office, Gevers Deynootweg. 134, Scheveningen. The Hague. Tel. 55 87 00

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Guide to European Music Festivals—1969

PRELIMINARY FORECAST

DATE	LOCATION	TITLE	DETAILS NOW AVAILABLE	INFORMATION & TICKETS
June 19-July 13	Spoleto, Italy	Festival of the Two Worlds	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; DRAMA.	Spoleto Festival, Via Margutta 17, Rome. Tel. 686 762
June 23-July 6	Granada, Spain	International Festival of Music and Dance	CONCERTS; RECITALS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET.	Dirección Bellas Artes, Alcala 34, Madrid. Tel. 2 2106 46
July 10-July 31	Aix-en-Provence, France	Open Air Festival	OPERA: *Don Giovanni, Così fan tutte* (Mozart); *Barber of Seville* (Rossini); CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS.	Festival International de Musique, Aix 2 bis, Boulevard de la République. Tel. 26 30 33
July 10-August 25	Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia	Festival of Music, Drama and Folklore	OPERA; BALLET; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; DRAMA; FOLKLORE.	Dubrovnik Festival, Ul, Od. Sigurate 1, Dubrovnik. Tel. 2617, 2339
July 12-August 5	Munich, Germany	Opera Festival	OPERA: *Così fan tutte* (new production), *Don Giovanni, Marriage of Figaro* (Mozart); *Die Meistersinger, Tristan* (Wagner); *I Vespri siciliani* (Verdi); *Ariadne auf Naxos, Salome, Der Rosenkavalier* (Strauss); *Prometheus* (Orff); *Spiel von Liebe und Tod* (Cikker—world première); RECITALS.	Opera Festival, Bayerische Staatsoper, P.O. Box 1, Munich 1. Tel. 21851
July 16-August 17	Verona, Italy	Verona Summer Opera	Performances in the open air Arena of *Turandot* (Puccini); *Aïda, Don Carlo* (Verdi).	Ente Stettacoli Lirici Arena Piazza Era No. 28 Verona. Tel. 235 20
July 22-August 20	Bregenz, Austria	Bregenz Festival	OPERA: *Elixir of Love* (Donizetti); OPERETTA: *Marriage at the Lake of Constance* (Stolz); BALLET; CONCERTS; DRAMA.	Austrian State Tourist Dept. 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. Tel. MU 8-0355
July 25-August 28	Bayreuth, Germany	Richard Wagner Festival	*Der fliegende Holländer* (new production), *Parsifal, Die Meistersinger, Tristan, Ring Cycle.*	Ticket Office, P.O. Box 2320, 8580, Bayreuth 2. Tel. 57 22
July 26-August 30	Salzburg, Austria	Salzburg Music Festival	*Rosenkavalier* (Strauss); *Bastien und Bastienne, Così fan tutte, Don Giovanni* (Mozart); *La Serva padrona* (Pergolesi); *Barber of Seville* (Rossini); *Fidelio* (Beethoven); CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS; DRAMA.	Austrian State Tourist Dept. 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. Tel. MU 8-0355
July-August	Athens, Greece	Athens Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; BALLET; DRAMA; Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes.	Voukourestiou Street 3, Athens. Tel. 230 049
August 1-August 31	Santander, Spain	International Festival of Music and Dance	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS; BALLETS; DRAMA.	Plaza de Velarde, Apartado 258, Santander. Tel. 22 425-27 382
August 15-September 15	Ghent, Brussels, Bruges, Belgium	Festival of Flanders	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET. Visiting opera groups, including Glyndebourne; Vienna Philharmonic, Concertgebouw, et al.	BRT Studio Ghent, St. Margrietstraat 26, Ghent. Tel. 09 259740
August 13-September 7	Lucerne, Switzerland	International Festival of Music	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS; DRAMA; MASTER CLASSES. Swiss Festival Orchestra, Lucerne Festival Strings, Czech Philharmonic, Berlin Philharmonic, English Chamber Orchestra, Collegium Musicum Zurich, et al. Soloists include Grumiaux, Berry, Ludwig, many others.	Tourist Office, Schweizerhofquai 4, Lucerne. Tel. 041-225222
August 24-September 13	Edinburgh, Scotland	Edinburgh International Festival	OPERA: Visiting Teatro Communale of Florence in performances of Donizetti, Verdi, Puccini, Dallapiccola, Malipiero; CONCERTS: Czech Philharmonic, London Symphony, New Philharmonia, et al. Soloists include Milstein, Prey, Verrett, many others.	Edinburgh Festival, 29, St. James's Street, London. S W 1. Tel. 01 839 2611
September 2-September 14	Besançon, France	International Music Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; International competition for young conductors.	Syndicat d'Initiative, 19 Rue de la République, Besançon. Tel. 82 52 35

HEDY D. JELLINEK

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Recordings in Review

The ABCs of AC-DC LPs

BEAVER-KRAUSE: *The Nonesuch Guide to Electronic Music.* Nonesuch stereo, 73018, $5.00 (two discs).

FOR those to whom such terminology of the electronic age as Sine Waveform, Sawtooth Waveform, and White Sound is even more baffling than what it describes, this thoughtful compendium by Nonesuch may be gratefully recommended. Not that it is, by and large, pleasurable, but it is informative.

The package consists of two elements, and, as the user will soon discover, they must be used in combination for the outcome to be properly enlightening. Thus, the sixteen-page brochure is only partially satisfactory as a written guide to the subject, while the two discs of demonstration materials leave much that is inconclusive when heard without a prose comment. But, taken together, they will give even a skeptic some idea of what the people who are experimenting in this area are experimenting with.

A basic distinction, perhaps, as compared with the confined and catalogued sounds of conventional instruments, is that what they are experimenting with is not only capable—theoretically—of producing the wave forms that can be heard from the conventional instruments, but a vast variety of other sounds that cannot. If this has some resemblance to the range of effects remarked upon by Ivan Berger in his comment on the *Switched-On Bach* record produced from the Moog Synthesizer (*SR*, Jan. 25), the reason is not altogether recondite. The source of the sound heard on these discs is also from a Moog, designated Series III, and—if my aural evaluation is reliable—rather less complicated than that used for the Bach.

The four sides begin and end with a three-minute composition credited to Beaver-Krause (Paul Beaver is a Los Angeles exponent of electronic sound with whom Bernard L. Krause has been studying for several years). The placement serves to emphasize the basically musical aspirations of the collaborators. At other times, the piece might have been described as an aria and *cantus firmus.* That it now bears the title *Peace Three* doubtless relates to other considerations than the numerical. At the beginning it suggests an organ-like rendition (in the key of G, or E minor, perhaps) with a few fluttery, unpitched sounds appearing and disappearing among interior voices, as a kind of wandering *obbligato.* At the end of the fourth side, after the capacities of the generators and filters have been demonstrated in heighth as well as in depth, a recapitulation of *Peace Three* provides a reminder that, taking all the values together, a musical output could result—given a suitable impulse on the part of those at the input end.

In this respect, the situation of "electronic music" is exactly the same as "piano music," or "quartet music." To bracket it with another trade name, the Moog is to electronic music as Steinway and Baldwin are to piano music: means to an end, not ends in themselves. Surveyed on the four sides are such typical resources as Signal Generators, Control Generators, Frequency Modulation, Amplitude Modulation, Ring Modulation, Filtering, and Tape Delay. Doctor Dolby and his system are given credit for their part in making the sound noise-free or the noise sound-free, as circumstances require.

Komlóssy Means Contralto

GLUCK: *"Che farò senza Euridice" (Orfeo).* SAINT-SAENS: *"Printemps qui commence" and "Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix (Samson et Dalila).* WAGNER: *"Weiche, Wotan, Weiche!" (Das Rheingold).** VERDI: *"Re dell' abisso" (Un ballo in maschera)**; "Stride la vampa!" (Il Trovatore); and "Judgment Scene" (Aïda).**** BIZET: *"Habanera" (Carmen).* MOUSSORGSKY: *"Prophecy of Marfa" (Khovanshchina).* KODALY: *"A rossz feleség" ("Székelyfonó). Erzsébet Komlóssy, alto; with chorus and orchestra of the Hungarian State Opera House conducted by Ervin Lukács; also *András Faragó, baritone; **Imre Pálos, tenor; and ***Ferenc Szalma, bass.* Qualiton stereo, LPX 11329, $5.79.

—László Vámos (Qualiton).

Erzsébet Komlóssy—"an instrument of . . . awesome depth and expansiveness."

HAD I the wherewithal, I would send one copy each of this record to all the singers who have, in the last decade or so, taken to calling themselves contraltos, or altos, when they are just ordinary mezzo sopranos. However, as the number is too large for a music critic's purse, and the object lesson might also be considered objectionable, the discovery may be left for them to make on their own.

And make it they will, for—to cite Mozart's prediction about the young Ludwig van Beethoven—Erzsébet Komlóssy (pronounced, I am told, by a multilingual Hungarian, KOM-loh-she) is destined "to make a noise in the world." Whether that happens in a single or a double sense is very much her own to determine. Already she is equipped with an instrument of almost awesome depth and expansiveness, with the range to comprehend such matters as Erda's "Warning" to Wotan in *Das Rheingold,* as well as Dalila's arias, normally incompatible save for the legendary singers of each generation. Whether she organizes everything into a productive whole to join the select circle of those who are, in truth, "making a noise in the world" depends on the extent to which she amends some present uncertainties, takes a firmer grasp on the problems of intonation in all registers, and steadies her production to equal, at all times, the best of which she is capable now at some times. More may be learned when, as is now rumored, she comes to the stage of the Cologne Opera and begins to record for London.

Even with its flaws, her voice is now productive of a rousing listening experience. Komlóssy is described in the commentary of Péter Várnai as about a decade and a half out of the Béla Bartók Music Art High School in Budapest and a member of that city's opera company since 1957.

There are few operagoers of today who could claim acquaintance with the voice of Margarete Matzenauer at its first and finest, but what Komlóssy has and how she uses it may be closer to the example of her great Hungarian predecessor than to that of any other well known performer. She does, indeed, bear some resemblance (as represented on the album cover) to that remarkable Metropolitan Brangäne-Isolde, Fricka-Brünnhilde, and Erda-Dalila. The recording could be better, but it also could be worse.

Archive or Avant-Garde?

LUTOSLAWSKI: *Quartet.* PENDERECKI: *Quartet.* MAYUZUMI: *Prelude for*

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String Quartet. LaSalle Quartet. DGG "avant garde" stereo, 137 001, $4.98. KAGEL: *Phantasie für Orgel mit obbligati.* LIGETI: *Volumina; Etude No. 1. Gerd Zacher, organ.* DGG "avant garde" stereo, 137 003, $4.98. GLOBOKAR: *Discours II for five trombones.* BERIO: *Sequenza V.* STOCKHAUSEN: *Solo for Melody Instrument and Playback.* ALSINA: *Consecuenza.* Vinko Globokar, trombone. DGG "avant garde" stereo, 137 005, $4.98.

AS is known to all record enthusiasts, DGG (Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft) has a well known and widely respected catalogue of bygone works and trends for whose scholarly presentation they have invented the Archive label. It is, perhaps, to give comparable prominence to some of today's bygone works and trends that they have brought into being what they call the "avant garde" label.

For those who turn to these later-day productions in the hope of finding the new, the exciting, and the stimulating, a letdown is almost inevitable. Indeed, one is almost inclined to suggest that a new wing of the Archive catalogue be established—with an appropriately black label—for the interment of all those impulses which die in infancy and do not emerge even into adolescence, let alone bear the fruit of maturity.

Here, for example, are two string quartets in one of which the wood of the instruments plays an even more prominent part than the strings. That is the Penderecki, in which the well regarded composer of the *Passion According to St. Luke* amuses himself—if not us— with a series of rappings, percussive effects, and so on, which could be done to better advantage on a table. In the other, Lutoslawski is off into the empyrean of the *ponticello* and the *pizzicato*, where the Cat Mysteries repose.

The organ record is mostly wheezes and grunts, with Mauricio Kagel's "Fantasia" taking in an autobiographical note, via a tape interpolation. Every so often, it introduces clips of "falling rain, continuing with a running tap, a toilet being flushed, and the sound of a kettle boiling. . . ." As we go on, sounds of "a church wedding service, a christening, and a memorial are introduced. . . ." This, I take it, is designed to simulate the dullness of the church-organist's life. It succeeds. For trombone fanciers, the blowing abilities of Vinko Globokar —who has studied with René Leibowitz and Luciano Berio—may be commended for accuracy and endurance. Berio's *Sequenza V*, which was inspired by the memory of the great Grock, requires the soloist to gesture in a manner associated with the celebrated clown, and produce vocal sounds through the instrument's tube. So what else is new?

"La Bohème" with a Mezzo Musetta

CONFRONTED by the first generally available recorded version of *La Bohème* bearing the name of Ruggero Leoncavallo as composer, the prospective purchaser might well turn to the synopsis in the accompanying brochure to determine what it is all about. In the one accompanying Everest stereo S 462/3 ($5.98) this is what he would read: "Rudolph and Marcel are sitting in the latter's attic-studio in the Quartier Latin, in Paris. Marcel is absorbed in his painting. The day is cold. They have no money to buy coal." Scanning the other acts as they occur, he could well conclude, to his surprise, that as well as quarreling over prior rights to the subject—and falling out as friends as a result—Leoncavallo and Giacomo Puccini had set the same libretto.

Should he have even the least bit of knowledge about operatic matters in Italy in the mid-1890s, this would perplex him profoundly. For it is as well known that Leoncavallo wrote his own libretti (including the one for the perennially popular *Pagliacci*) as it is that Giuseppe Giacosa and Luigi Illica provided Puccini with the text for his first enormous success. He would be further perplexed to observe, in Act II, a reference to Alcindoro, a character not listed in the cast of Leoncavallo's version of the events in Henri Murger's *La Vie de Bohème*. He could only conclude that to Everest's copy producer, a *Bohème* by the record's brim was a Puccini *Bohème* still to him—and that one synopsis could serve as well as another.

In some circumstances this would be no more than an amusing if tedious addition to the other instances in which Everest has fallen short of even minimal expectations for the informational addenda a record buyer has a right to expect with his purchase. But the shortcoming is compounded by another of Everest's all-too-frequent failures to provide an English translation for the foreign-language text. Thus, the opera-lover not fluent in Italian would be thrown on his own resources to discover what of Murger Leoncavallo put in that Puccini didn't and vice versa. As in his usual, careful custom, Mosco Carner, in his *Puccini* (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.) does round out the differences between them, which is, at least, a point of beginning.

For the rest, it is easy to determine from the progress of the music itself that it begins in gaiety as well as want, progresses to the pangs as well as the pleasures of those who love well but not too

—*Maurice Seymour.*

Nedda Casei—in "a performance of her Metropolitan standard."

wisely, before it plunges into the despairing resolution (Mimi's death from tuberculosis). Rarely, at any point, does it rise to challenge Puccini's way of dealing with any situation they have in common. Leoncavallo may not be a one-opera composer (there are a dozen others not recently performed and not yet recorded), but this *La Bohème* does not provide evidence to the contrary.

What it does provide is a host of suggestions that Leoncavallo was very much a man of his time, and somewhat more of an intellectual than one would conclude from the immensely fluent and unpretentious *Pagliacci*. Perhaps it was the desire to prove his ability to function on a higher artistic level that impeded Leoncavallo from ever equaling the appeal and conviction that course through *Pagliacci*. It is illuminating to listen to this *La Bohème* for the first time and hear the things that were going through Leoncavallo's mind as it was taking shape, without really staying with him.

As a performance, the one offered herein under the direction of Alberto Zedda is hardly brilliant, but it is better than some others on this label. Nedda Casei, the mezzo Musetta, is the only singer with a familiar name, offering a performance of her Metropolitan standard. Guido Mazzini as Rodolfo, Orazio Gualtieri as Schaunard, and Giulio Montano as Colline all have better than ordinary baritone voices. The tenor Marcello (Antonio Annaloro) and the Mimi (Antonietta M. Medici) have less to contribute. The other participants are described as the San Remo Philharmonic Orchestra and the chorus of the Teatro Communale di Bologna. Fairly good reproduction. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Orchestral LPs

Data	Report	
Berwald: *Sinfonie singulière*; Symphony in E flat. Sixten Ehrling conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London stereo, CS 6602, $5.98.	Those who have acquired a taste for one or the other of these works in other contexts are commended to these performances for the flexibility of the treatment, the unfailing sense of style with which Ehrling proceeds to his objective, and the excellence of the orchestral response to his direction. For others, the works of Franz Berwald may be described as occupying a symphonic terrain little known until the appearance	of the first Berwald symphony on records in the mid-Fifties. It combines some of the fluency and charm of Mendelssohn with instrumental procedures of Berlioz, for whose example Berwald obviously had a profound respect. It is, in short, a combination of elements that frequently results in modes of procedure distinctly Berwald's own, and Ehrling gives them both energetic and well disciplined re-creation.
Glinka: *Jota Aragonesa; Summer Night in Madrid; Kamarinskaya; Valse-Fantaisie;* "Chernomor's March and Oriental Dances" (*Russlan and Ludmila*). Yevgeny Svetlanov conducting the USSR Symphony Orchestra. Melodiya/Angel stereo, SR 40081, $5.98.	Of the scores of records produced through the international affiliation of Melodiya and Angel, this is one which fulfills all the premises, as well as the promises. That is to say, it provides a distinctive treatment of a specialized repertory and, in so doing, justifies all the things about Glinka's generative place in Russian music that are, for too many, lifeless words on the pages of the history books. In the *Jota Aragonesa* and *Summer Night in Madrid* he created prototypes	for all the Spanish fantasy pieces to come, and in *Kamarinskaya* he set forth so much of eternal Russe in music to earn Tchaikovsky's statement: "All of the Russian symphonic school is contained in Glinka's *Kamarinskaya* just as all of an oak tree is in an acorn." Thus tempted, the reader will find as much, and more, to feed his curiosity in the colorful contents of Side 2. The performances are deft and invigorating, the processing first-class.
Mozart: Concerto No. 15 in B flat and Concerto No. 17 in G. Robert Casadesus, piano; with George Szell conducting members of the Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia stereo, MS 7245, $5.98.	Perfection is a reasonable objective for any musical performance, and when there are two, back to back, which fall so well within that target area as these two do, the performers are entitled to the due they earn for two infinitely refined, closely meshed collaborations. Whether the refining and the meshing have also suppressed some of the friction which results in a spark being ignited and a glow being nurtured is a	consideration each listener will have to determine for himself. My determination is that there is an excess of the intellectual in both instances, an undersupply of sheer enjoyment of the music for music's sake which deprives the listener (meaning this listener) of an element essential to its complete statement. In terms of the performer's objectives, the performance could hardly be more successfully accomplished.
Prokofiev: Symphony No. 5. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. DGG stereo, 139040, $5.79.	The combination of Karajan and Prokofiev is such an unusual one that there is no other listing of their affiliation in the current Schwann Catalog. This does not preclude the possibility of a distinguished outcome, for his eye is as penetrating as his ear is discriminating. What distinguishes this effort, however, relates more to the manner in which the notes are converted into orchestral values than it does to the ordering of those values to a persuasive likeness of the	composer's purpose. That is to say, Karajan realizes more of the color and excitement in certain outspoken aspects of the work than he does of its subsurface brooding, questing nature. On the whole, the recent Bernstein version with the New York Philharmonic fills the expanse of this score more convincingly than any other version of which I have knowledge. DGG's technicians have handled their problems well.
Schoenberg: *Verklärte Nacht*. Vaughan Williams: Fantasia on a Theme of Thomas Tallis. Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the New York Philharmonic. Odyssey stereo, 32 12 0298, $2.98.	In the new hierarchy of values it may not be "forever" before all the best performances are for sale in the lower-price categories, and, as in the case of some other merchandise, paying top prices because they are the most expensive will be a symptom of snobbism. That does not mean, of course, the *best-sounding* performances, for qualities of reproduced sound may continue to improve, in small marginal respects, indefinitely,	Insofar as these two works are concerned, the Mitropoulos shaping and ordering of them are as expressive and appropriate as any other now available, and more so than most. As for the allegation that the orchestra was on the raw edge of disintegration when Leonard Bernstein acquired responsibility, it cannot be related to the order of effort embodied in these instances.
Smetana: *Ma Vlast*. Vaclav Neumann conducting the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra. London stereo, CSA 2222, $11.98 (two discs).	There is nothing in the least timid or reticent about Neumann's performance of this cycle of tone poems. Indeed, they may be the most assertive, and even heroic in scope, to be heard in many years. Some might attribute this to the German orchestra, but Neumann disciplines it to his will and that will was, of course, shaped in Prague. The sizableness of Neumann's treatment extends even to "Vlatava" (or "Die Moldau"), which grows to be a mighty big stream before he is ready to see it vanish into the dis	tance. Of the other five, only No. 3 ("Sarka") and possibly No. 4 ("From Bohemia's Fields and Streams") hold together through their length. For all the expressiveness of the ideas to be found in the others, they tend to the repetitious and the effortful. Should "Vlatava" be issued separately, it is worth investigation for the sweep and power Neumann imparts to it, also for the swish and swell of water he draws from the strings. Fine sound throughout.
Szymanowski: Concerto No. 1. Wieniawski: Concerto No. 2. Wanda Wilkomirska, violin; with the Warsaw Philharmonic conducted by Witold Rowicki. Heliodor stereo, HS 25087, $2.49.	At first contact after a lapse of years, the quantity of good music in the Szymanowski prompts some thoughts that it might be one of those works penalized by bearing the wrong name. It hardly has the structural strength to fulfill the implications of concerto, and might have better fare with a variant of Chausson's *Poème* idea. But a second hearing (and part of a third) tends to the conclusion that its real burden is the number of times in which, at a climax, Szymanowski turns	to the formulations of others (Scriabin, Debussy, Stravinsky, etc.) rather than devising his own solution. Wilkomirska plays it superbly, with a tone of the proper color, and Rowicki is no less responsible to the opportunities in the orchestral score. In the Wieniawski, Wilkomirska is, if anything, a shade too refined for the best advantage to the work's surging momentum. —Irving Kolodin.

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report
Brahms: "Wechsellied zum Tanze," "Neckereien," and "Der Gang zum Liebchen" (Op. 31); "An die Heimat," "Der Abend," and "Fragen" (Op. 64); "O schöne Nacht," "Spätherbst," "Abendlied," and "Warum" (Op. 92); "Sehnsucht" and "Nächtens" (Op. 112). Mary Plakogiannis, soprano; Paula Gladwell, mezzo; Richard Levitt, tenor; and Edmund Najera, bass; with Myron Fink, piano; conducted by Gregg Smith. Everest stereo, 3249, $4.98.	The high level of anticipation that has been earned by prior recordings under the direction of Gregg Smith is equally fulfilled by the finely idiomatic and musical treatment of these beautiful songs. The voices are individually appropriate and collectively apt for the material, which intertwines a typically rich and sonorous Brahmsian piano part with his individual sense of part writing. However, the buyer should not take too seriously the large type proclaiming "The complete quartets for four voices and piano," which would reasonably include the *Zigeunerlieder*. And, the listener's interests are hardly well served by the omission of English texts for any of the songs.
Brahms: Quintet in F minor. Amadeus Quartet; with Christoph Eschenbach, pianist. DGG stereo, 139397, $5.79.	As the senior members of this partnership, the Amadeus Quartet understandably should order this performance to its preference (assuming that Eschenbach has any alternate thoughts on the subject). The consideration arises because the performance resembles others by the quartet of Brahms, a composer whose characteristics strike me as less sympathetic to their style than, say, those of Haydn, Mozart, and Schubert. This relates especially to the volume of sound the group produces, which leaves the big moments of the first movement and the Scherzo somewhat short of the resonance desirable. Elsewhere, as in the slow movement—which would seem very suited both to Eschenbach and leader Norbert Brainin's suave violin sound—a curiously note-by-note procedure prevails, as if the work had been thoroughly (perhaps too thoroughly) restudied for this recording. In any case, it lacks the sweep, drive, and sheer sense of purpose that makes the relatively recent version of Artur Rubinstein and the Guarneri Quartet the preferable one, for my taste.
Diabelli: Sonata in A. Giuliani: Grand Overture (Op. 61); Allegro (Sonata in C, Op. 15). Sor: Introduction and Allegro (Op. 14). Mozart: Larghetto and Allegro (K. anh. 229). Julian Bream, guitar. RCA Victor stereo, LSC 3070, $5.98.	This is, possibly, the first time that Diabelli has been mentioned in these pages in some other context than Beethoven's variations. And part of the credit for the music's sound must go to Bream, whose idea it was to combine two movements from each of two works by Diabelli into the four-movement sequence heard here. It adds little to the known characterization of Diabelli as a composer proficient in the idioms of his time, and not much more. Indeed, the disc as a whole, though pleasurable enough, is thin in substance, exemplary of the problem that confronts the specialist once he has exhausted the smallish number of distinguished works for his instrument. The guitar being one of the few instruments for which Mozart did not write, Bream has dipped into some *Hausmusik* composed about 1783 (for two clarinets and bassoon) for his present pairing. It does not seriously overbalance the other matter of the record, all of it performed with Bream's typical skill and artistry.
Stockhausen: *Prozession*. Alfred Alings and Rolf Gehlhaar, tamtams; Johannes G. Fritsch, viola; Harald Bojé, elektronium; Aloys Kontarsky, piano; and Karlheinz Stockhausen, filters and potentiometers. Candide stereo, $3.50.	Those who can take Stockhausen or leave him will find themselves disposed to both moods at various times in this two-sided exposition of his esthetic. In this creation of 1967, he offers a typical range of incidental, and accidental, interests with a kind of built-in hypnosis. One of its primary interests relates to Stockhausen's statement that such prior works of his as *Mikrophonie I, Gesang der Jünglinge, Kontakte,* and *Momente* are referred to by one performer or the other in the course of this one: "Thus," says Stockhausen, "in the moment of performance an 'aural tradition' is established between my earlier music and this *Prozession,* as well as among the players." Whether Stockhausen's idea works or not is less important to me than that the idea has occurred to him and that he feels the need for it. Where it leads will be absorbing to observe. The reproduction, incidentally, gives every detail its due.
Wagner: "Die Frist ist um" (*Der fliegende Holländer*); "Leb' wohl, du kühnes, herrliches Kind" (*Die Walküre*); "Wie duftet doch der Flieder" (*Die Meistersinger*); "Tatst du's wirklich?" (*Tristan und Isolde*); and "Wehvolles Erbe, dem ich verfallen" (*Parsifal*). Theo Adam, baritone; with the Staatskapelle Berlin conducted by Otmar Suitner. London stereo, OS 26093, $5.98.	The variables in Adam's current status among Wagner performers are all too clearly mirrored in the two shining surfaces of this disc. At his best, which is unquestionably in Wotan's "Farewell" (whose prevailing range is favorable to him), he performs with the impetus and conviction to match the impassioned sentiments. At his least, which is in Marke's "Lament" (where the range is perilously low for him), Adam is engaged in the unfortunate task of undertaking to compete with people of the past whose vocal resources were more ample than his. In between, as Sachs or the Dutchman, Adam is intermittently comfortable and uncomfortable, depending on circumstances. In the *Parsifal* excerpt, he is again on high ground, thanks to its musical vocal layout. In all circumstances, Adam functions like a committed Wagnerian. The question for his future is, really, whether he triumphs over the challenges that commitment implies by taking them selectively, or is submerged by the temptation of taking them all, indiscriminately. Suitner does his work well, if with some leisurely tempi which add to the vocal problem from time to time. Big sound, a little overfavorable to the voice.
Weber: *Der Freischütz*. Claire Watson (Agathe), Rudolf Schock (Max), Gottlob Frick (Caspar), Lotte Schadle (Annchen), and Kurt Böhme (A Hermit); with Lovro von Matačič conducting the Orchestra and Chorus of the Berlin Opera. Everest stereo, S 468, $8.98 (three discs).	The promise of this addition to the recorded range of *Freischütz* material is hardly fulfilled by exposure to it. Von Matačič's conducting is idiomatic enough, and both Watson as Agathe and Schock as Max are vocally well suited to their assignments. But this was either taped from a radio performance or done with insufficient consideration for the vocal values, for there are more than occasional imperfections and signs of strain which should hardly be part of a recorded presentation (especially when there is no indication of a "live" source). Of the other well known names, Frick's effort is creditable to him, but Böhme's voice is not what it used to be. Of the lesser-known names, Lotte Schadle (whose name is also spelled Schaedle) sounds to have the most promise. —I.K.

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 53

tion, showed a somewhat reedy but flexible voice which he applied productively to the needs of Pedro. At times there was an almost Tauberish quality in the midrange—something for any tenor to cherish—but it tended to flatten out (in regard to resonance) in the wide-open top.

Tiefland has been in and out of most of the world's major opera houses since it was first given in the early years of the century. There is evident reason, in a rehearing, why it has been out as well as in. The music has fluency, aptness to the subject (to the extent that a Scottish-born, German-oriented musician could have aptness to a Spanish subject), and considerable charm. Its greatest liability is a kind of melodic prolixity in which subject matter is expanded for its own sake rather than measured to theatrical purposes (the Prologue and Act I span nearly an uninterrupted hour and a half).

Subjectively, it might be described as a *Cavalleria espagnole*, in which two men are deeply involved with a woman, leading to a fatal confrontation. The wealthy Sebastiano's motivation in urging the shepherd Pedro (who once saved his life) to marry Marta is, eventually, unmasked as twofold: to enable Sebastiano to marry a wealthy neighbor's daughter, and still retain Marta as his mistress. In the end, honest love triumphs over carnality, as Pedro does in a fight with his supposed benefactor. He returns to his beloved mountains, with Marta of the lowlands (as the literary source from which *Tiefland* is derived has it) as his devoted spouse.

Other than Müller, Gulin, and Buzea, the performers included Edgar Keenon as an able if not too incisive Sebastiano, and Kate Hurney, a young soprano of rather compelling presence and voice, as Nuri (a friend of Marta who has eyes for Pedro when the outcome is in doubt). It was a favorable development for an American Opera Society season that needed such an assist to carry it out of a far from sweet sixteen toward a more productive seventeen.

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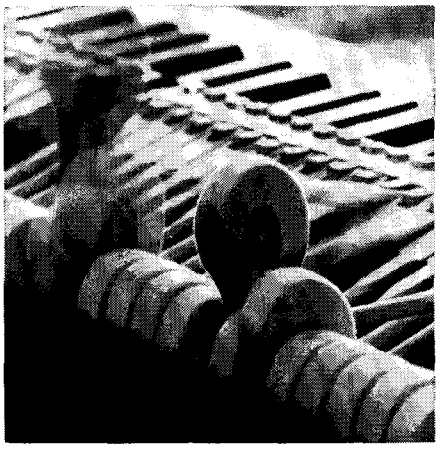

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"NASHVILLE SKYLINE"

Bob Dylan Revisited

By ELLEN SANDER

THE lady at Columbia Records, a sweet-smelling, roundish, soft matron with a delightful giggle, was somewhat unsettled when I asked for the new Dylan album a week before it was to be released. My *SR* deadline was pressing, so she dug one out of the jealously guarded stash of advance copies and relayed it by messenger. Months of tantalizing rumors shrouded by mystery preceded *Nashville Skyline*, but now the newest treasure of the now-moneyed underworld was on its way to my stereo set. Out of impatience and curiosity I asked the Columbia lady what it was like. "Oooh—I can't, um, haven't really had a chance to—ah, well it's *different*. Yes, well he's *singing*, you know, with his voice?" She giggled. "I don't quite know what to make of it, but I sure hope there won't be another Dylan album too soon. We have a hard time getting everyone the first copy." I assured her it was all right. You can forgive anyone who laughs like that.

I remember back to my late teen years when Dylan was hanging out at the Kettle of Fish and singing hoots at Gerde's Folk City in the Village. Once I met him drunk and weaving down MacDougal Street with his friend, the late Paul Clayton. Those were lean days for all of us. He borrowed a dollar and never paid me back.

Though I later came to regard his work with awe, I remember him as an arrogant brat, an obnoxious street kid who made a point of infuriating everyone at least once. He was the first prominent shock of unruly hair to confound the music business with his idiosyncratic brilliance, but back when he had a problem getting paying gigs the record companies were very dubious about his merits. He wrote great tunes, but he couldn't sing. Besides, they'd complain, he's a slob.

Nashville Skyline, Dylan's first album in almost fifteen months, arrived within the hour. It purred from the speakers like lukewarm roadside beer: flat, easy, somnambulant, tasty at times, but hardly quenching.

It opens with "Girl From The North Country," a song first recorded on the *Freewheelin'* album, the only song he has ever re-recorded. He sings here with guest artist Johnny Cash, an event that became legendary months before the album was released. Aside from myth value, it was hardly worth the wait. Both of them sing flat, at points they almost harmonize, and the original *Freewheelin'* version is far superior by any measure. There is nothing at all inherently interesting about this cut except perhaps the idea; it was a wonderful hype.

The second cut, "Nashville Skyline Rag," is beautiful, a romping instrumental workout with Nashville's finest sidemen. Dylan plays guitar, piano, and harmonica, but his parts are often the least prominent in the arrangement and quite rightly so. Frequently throughout the album, the tracks are far superior to either the songs or the vocals. The Nashville sidemen are brilliant, their lively picking and professional freshness is possibly what saves the album from being, even for Dylan, a lackluster pinch-hit.

Dylan sings on the album, yes—you know, with his *voice*. His voice is pliant, warm, and soothing, the texture of the album is flowing and easy, relaxed and countrified by nature rather than by affectation. It picks up where *John Wesley Harding* leaves off, extends even further into sentimental, one-dimensional, very simple songs. The entire recording is so casual that when, after the first couple of bars of "To Be Alone with You," Dylan is heard asking his producer, "Is it rolling, Bob?" it hardly interrupts the flow at all. "I Threw It All Away" and "Peggy Day" are crooned out on the order of "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight," the last cut on *John Wesley Harding*. It appears that Dylan is attempting to personify a country Cole Porter.

THE album has none of the intense subliminal power that distinguishes his previous albums; the songs are pale and plain, silky smooth, often amusing for their use of cliché, but hardly ironic, certainly not a put-on. Some of them are marvelously constructed, others almost, but not quite, lame. It's a new, relaxed, low-pressure Dylan, a husband and a father, sequestered in the wilds of Woodstock, New York, completely removed from, even disdainful of the pop scene he almost single-handedly generated.

Still it's hard not to like it. Its virtues grow on me, becoming more familiar and pleasantly boring with each successive listening. "The Country music station plays soft," Dylan wrote in "Visions of Johanna" (from the *Blonde on Blonde* album), "there's nothing, really nothing, to turn off." So it is with *Nashville Skyline*. It plays soft and sweet but it won't turn anyone off. Dylan exults his laziness, and the result is a significant relaxation of style, a relief, almost, from having to dig through his earlier metaphorical crossword puzzles.

"Lay Lady Lay," opening the second side, is so warm and tender one forgets for a moment that it's Dylan. There is none of the insolence he once flaunted, none of the convoluted agony he used to explore with such estranged fascination. The album breezes quietly through the sweet spring air with an effortless drawl, graced with good clean country picking.

Dylan's affection for Cash is best understood in "One More Night." Considering that Dylan's first obvious hero was Woody Guthrie, his transition in style is at once so charming and free that one plays his previous albums with a mixture of bewilderment and joy; for Dylan, growth has meant a complete regeneration of his efforts. "Tell Me It Isn't True" is a lovelorn tune; jilted but not indignant, blithely unconcerned with its own sorrows, it floats like a sleepy laugh. "Country Pie" is more than a little awkward. Dylan cavorts uneasily through his new image, uncertain and simplistic. "Love that country pie . . ." he sings, but there is an undercurrent of discomfort throughout. The raunchy, rhythmic strumming which opens "Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You" is interrupted by the loveliest song on the album. Dylan souls through this one, seeming fully to enjoy the bite and precision of the lyrics. It's genuinely loving, well built, and it exercises some of the rare instances of drama on the album. Dylan hasn't been away, this song seems to say, he's been with himself.

DYLAN can always be counted on to turn the tables, and *Nashville Skyline* is no exception. He will always step out of line, but nobody dares predict in which direction, or even which line. He rose to prominence as a folk hero, went on to become a pop innovator, a poet for the discontented. He breathed fresh air into whatever sound was prevailing when each of his albums was released, and now he tones down and appoints himself as a folk anti-hero in his latest creation of new breeds of performing identities. He appears on the album jacket grinning sardonically in full brilliant color—locks shorn, guitar in hand, tipping his hat. He still can't sing even as he tries. The judgment of the recording executives who turned him down is vindicated now, but I hope they are still counting all the money Dylan didn't make for them.

Dylan seems to grow in every direction at once, outfoxing the trends at every turn. He looks right fine with his hair cut off; he sounds right lovely with his gripes out to pasture. Rest in peace, Bob Dylan, it's been quite a walk down the line.

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Living with Dynakits

LIKE most audiophiles, I developed my stereo system over several years, picking my components according to my needs, my budget, and whatever was available at the time I bought each piece.

And, like most audiophiles, I've had to make each piece of my equipment last until I had the means and the need (or at least a good excuse) to change it. So my selections are in part results of some historical accidents—had I begun my system five years earlier or later, my choices might well have been different.

Historical accident, in my case, led to Dynakits. My system started with equipment that my friends in college sold me: a monophonic Heathkit 25-watt amplifier with separate preamp; a ten-year-old monophonic Magnecord tape recorder with a 10-watt amplifier of its own; and two RJ/Wharfedale speakers.

The cheapest way to turn all this into a stereo system was to add a stereo preamplifier, using the Heathkit amplifier for one channel and the amplifier in the Magnecord for the other. And the cheapest high-grade preamplifier then (as now) was the Dynakit PAS-2 for $60 in kit form, $100 as a factory-wired unit. It has served me well for at least seven years, with perhaps three inexpensive trips to the repair shop.

Despite its low price, I've never felt that Dyna cut any corners in its performance—but they did cut a few in its construction. I and various friends with Dynakits have had to replace slide switches (a common problem, not just Dyna's) and AC convenience outlets. Even with the new front panel, I think the styling looks a little cheap. The input jacks, set far too close together for the plastic-covered plugs that are so common nowadays, feel flimsy. (I've been plugging in and out of them for seven years and have never broken one, but I always feel that something is about to break—and I don't like it.)

But the sound, which is the main consideration, is quite clean and transparent. I've never felt that the preamplifier was getting in the music's way. And if there are preamplifiers with even better sound, either I haven't heard them or the difference would only be audible on a direct comparison with the Dynakit.

The same goes for the Dynakit power amplifiers. My owning a stereo preamplifier insured that my next purchase would be a stereo power amp, and my budget again restricted me to kits. Though this time around, Dyna had some competition in its price and performance class (from Heathkit and Eico), my satisfaction with the preamp led me to purchase Dyna's Stereo 70 power amplifier kit.

The Stereo 70 is a simple amplifier, and my experience with it was just as simple: It had enough power and negligible distortion. It was about as reliable as a tube amplifier could be: I've only had to replace a filter capacitor (covered by the warranty), spend about fifteen minutes twice a year rechecking the tube biasing, and replace the output tubes after about two years of use.

Eventually, I convinced myself that I needed more amplifier power, since I planned to trade up to a pair of better-sounding but less efficient speakers. And since my budget was still limited, Dynakits still seemed an obvious choice.

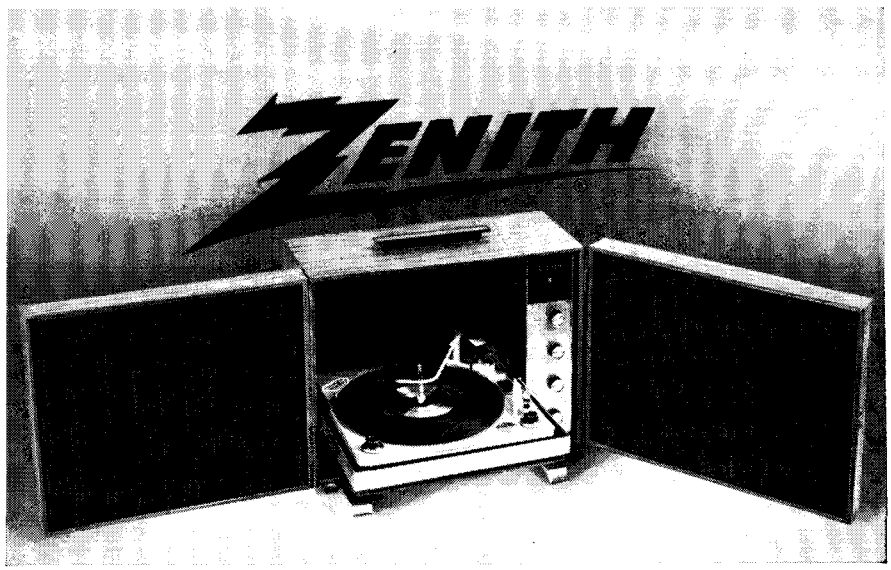
Spurred by curiosity to learn whether the "transistor sound" was real or just a myth, and with my budget cushioned by a press discount which drastically lessened the differences in price between the models, I chose the Stereo 120.

Since a few weeks passed between the removal of my Stereo 70 from my system and the installation of my Stereo 120, I had no chance to compare their sound directly. And under those circumstances, I have heard no difference between them (though I probably would notice a very subtle improvement with less efficient speakers). The Stereo 120 has been running about a year now, and has had one repair (under warranty). I like its output terminals better than those on the Stereo 70, and I'm so glad that it has a pilot light (which the 70 lacks, though I could add one easily).

On the whole, I've found the Dyna line easy to build, easy to use, sensibly designed, and eminently reliable. As kits or factory-assembled units, the amplifiers and preamplifiers are by far the biggest bargains in their field (though I think that lately there are better values available in integrated amplifiers of equal power and quality). The Dynatuner (which I have not mentioned for lack of space) is a solid, if unexciting, buy. Dyna remains one of the very few high-fidelity manufacturers whose next product I'd be willing to order sight unseen.

Next month, a look at the assets and shortcomings of the tape recorders I have lived with recently.

—IVAN BERGER.



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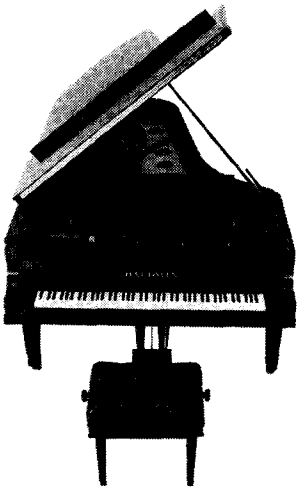

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Italian Passion—German Skill

As long ago as 1953, a few days after the 50th anniversary of the death of Hugo Wolf, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau joined forces with pianist Hermann Reutter to give a complete performance in London's Festival Hall of the forty-six songs which make up the composer's *Italienisches Liederbuch*. Eleven years later, Carnegie Hall was the setting for another performance of this work by the same two singers. On that occasion, the pianist was Gerald Moore. Many of those present at these concerts must have wished that somehow schedules and contracts could be arranged to permit this well-matched pair to record these songs together—ideally with Mr. Moore. It took a long time, but it has been accomplished at last (2-Angel stereo, S-3703, $11.98). Fortunately, it has not proved to be a case of better late than never, but just plain better later.

The "Italian Song Book" contains many of Wolf's most beguiling songs. These are the songs of young lovers (Italian style) as translated into German by Paul Heyse. They explore the whole gamut of young love (apart from the purely physical), and range from the comic to the near-tragic. Mediterranean passion is viewed from the other side of the Alps—one case of a successful Italian-German alliance.

By logically dividing those few songs which could be sung by either a male or female singer, each performer acquires a total of twenty-three songs. In concert performances they have arranged the order of the songs for maximum variety, but here they follow the sequence of the standard Peters Edition.

Both singers seem to have mellowed as performers in the past couple of seasons and to have found a new spontaneity of expression that has, on occasion, been absent from their singing in the past. Schwarzkopf's singing, in particular, is more subtle and more intimate than it ever has been. A comparison between this recording and the single disc she made of these songs in the early 1960s bears this out. Her earlier performances were more mannered and intense. The recent performances are on a smaller scale, but they carry more emotional weight. In her earlier recording of "Wohl kenn' ich Euren Stand," she sounded merely petulant in her annoyance at her young man for taking advantage of her with his irresistible beauty. She now sounds deeply hurt, but reluctant to take him to task on the chance that she might risk losing him. She is more delightful than ever in the comic and lighthearted songs which have been Schwarzkopf staples for years. She purrs with smug self-satisfaction in "Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen," as she relates how her wish for a musician-lover has been granted; Moore outdoes himself here, too. Schwarzkopf's voice has darkened and become richer over the years, but it is still a nimble and responsive instrument.

It is tempting to suggest that Fischer-Dieskau is in his prime; it is, however, impossible to remember a time when he didn't sound as if he were in it. His *legato* singing is smoother than ever, his control of dynamics surer than ever. The dynamic range he utilizes is in itself impressive. Even more striking than the extremes of loud and soft is the flexibility with which he manipulates the gradations between the two. As sung by him, "Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen" serves as a lesson in making a song come alive by the simple device of following the composer's dynamic markings. The slight intensification he gives to the word *"doch"* in "Auch kleine Dinge" is exactly the stress a German would give it in speech, but it is rare to hear a singer (even a German singer) manage to capture this in song.

These poised and polished performances represent both singers at their absolute current best. Acceptance or rejection of the Schwarzkopf/Fischer-Dieskau brand of music-making depends solely upon personal response to its methods and results. For me, Wolf's intentions cannot be fulfilled sufficiently with blander ways and means.

Gerald Moore's playing is as magical and inventive as ever. The value of his contribution to this venture is high indeed. The recording balance between voice and piano is just about ideal. Complete texts with excellent translations by Walter Legge are included in the package.

The only other available recording of the "Italian Song Book" is the Hermann Prey and Erna Berger performance originally issued by Electrola, and now available, inexpensively, on Vox. Prey's warm and exuberant singing has much to recommend it, but Erna Berger's unimaginative performances prove her to have been operating outside the area of her greatest competence.

—George Louis Mayer.

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"Fritz" and "Wally"

GENERALITIES concerning operatic history, or most anything else, tend to relate only part of the story of what was really happening at a given time. Any mention of Italy during the 1890s calls to mind, in true Pavlovian fashion, the term *verismo*. True, Mascagni had created *Cavalleria rusticana* in 1890; Leoncavallo followed with *Pagliacci* two years later; Puccini had his first great success with *Manon Lescaut* still another year on; and Giordano had his day in the sun with *Andrea Chénier* and *Fedora* in 1896 and 1897. But there were other currents, too, as heard on two new stereo recordings of Mascagni's own *L'amico Fritz* (1891) on Angel (stereo, SBL-3737, $11.98) and Catalani's *La Wally* (1892) on London (stereo, OSA 1392, $17.98).

For Mascagni, *verismo* was but one corner of a whole warehouse of devices that went from grand Romantic tragedy to *commedia dell'arte*. *L'amico Fritz* is a sentimental, comic idyll, the successor to such earlier pastoral operas as *L'elisir d'amore* and *La Sonnambula*. When asked by the Teatro Costanzi for a light, entertaining work, Mascagni and his librettist, P. Suardon, turned to *L'ami Fritz* by the French writers Emile Erckmann and Alexandre Chatrian—a slight tale of a wealthy and generous young bachelor, Fritz Kobus, who has sworn never to marry. Through the conniving, matchmaking rabbi, David, Fritz falls in love with Suzel, the shy, poetic daughter of his steward, and, by Act III, asks for her hand in marriage (a far cry from the Sicilian passions of *Cavalleria*!). The score echoes these simple feelings of friendship, awakening love, and the peaceful countryside. Yet the lyricism is full-throated, the stream of melodies beautiful, and the ambience rather like a tattered, yellowed valentine that is charming to look at from time to time.

While Mascagni was looking to the pastoral charms of Alsace, the more intellectual and mystical Alfredo Catalani was looking back to German Romanticism, despite his Italian heritage and training (he was born in Lucca, the home of Puccini). As William Weaver points out in his album notes, Catalani had the bad luck to fall between two important moments of Italian opera: the apex of Verdi and the heyday of *verismo* and Puccini. His last and best opera, *La Wally*, lies outside the mainstream of Italian opera altogether. With his librettist, Luigi Illica, he took the story of *Die Geyer-Wally* ("Wally the Vulture") by Wilhelmine von Hillern, set in Alpine Switzerland. The tale of unrequited love, bitter hatred, revenge, and disaster (destruction by an avalanche) fired Catalani's imagination, despite his severe limitations in realizing such a dramatic vista. As a musician, he appears to have sniffed all the musical winds of his time, since *La Wally* has not only the Germanism of Weber and Wagner, but the aroma of such contemporaries as Ponchielli, Puccini, and the *verismists*. Although these one-dimensional characters make less-than-fascinating companions for four acts, Catalani's orchestration and harmonies are original, his rhythms vital, and his melodies refined—the latter to such a degree that only the justly famous "Ebben? ne andrò lontana" (we should be thankful that a work has at least one tune as moving and vocally rewarding) lingers in the mind, even after repeated hearings.

The current recorded juxtaposition of *L'amico Fritz* and *La Wally* not only sheds some light on the historic past, it also serves to set down some pertinent facts about four major Italian voices of our own time. To clarify, one has only to contrast the combination of Renata Tebaldi and Mario del Monaco with that of Mirella Freni and Luciano Pavarotti to realize that, inevitably, time has marched on—that the powerhouse team of the Fifties now sounds worn, strained, and too often painful on *Wally*; while the newcomers of the Sixties pour forth some of the warmest, most enchanting singing committed to records via *L'amico Fritz*.

It goes without saying that in roles which call for a modesty and simplicity, there is but one Mirella Freni. As with Micaela or Mimi or Adina, this role of Suzel fits her like the proverbial glove. Her singing is melting and smooth for the haunting "Son pochi fiori" and the Act II "Cherry Duet," then deep and passionate for the hurt of the final act. Pavarotti (in a somewhat lighter voice category) is certainly the most important tenor to emerge since Franco Corelli. He shares with Freni this seemingly rare quality of simplicity and spontaneity; but when it comes down to conquering the high *tessitura* of this role of Fritz, he does so with dazzlingly high honors, particularly in the vaulting "O amore, o bella luce del cuore!"

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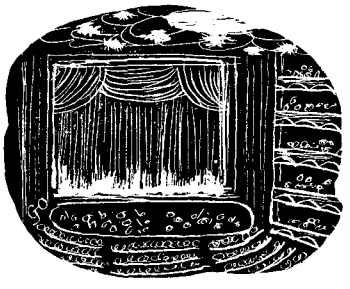
David, who is uncommonly affecting in the duet with Suzel, "Faceasi vecchio Abramo" (the story of Abraham and Rebecca). Laura Didier Gambardella is the slightly tremulous-sounding gypsy, Beppe. The venerable Gianandrea Gavazzeni, conducting the Royal Opera House Orchestra and Chorus, follows the lead of Mascagni and his perfect cast to convey the warmth and charm of this unduly neglected opera.

What to say of the new reading of *La Wally*? Of course, there is gratitude to London for a full-length, stereo version of this unknown piece. There is abundant praise for the Metropolitan Opera's Fausto Cleva (who led a New York concert performance of the opera in 1968 with Miss Tebaldi) for his treating it as 14-karat gold. His concept is vivid, his tempos make the music sing and throb with passion, and he gets vibrant results from the Monte Carlo Orchestra and the Coro Lirico of Turin. Baritone Piero Cappuccilli is an ardent and effective embodiment of Vincenzo Gellner, who loves Wally through torment and scorn.

When Renata Tebaldi launches into her "Ebben? ne andrò lontana" in Act I, there is the remarkable solidity and creaminess of the middle voice; but as she approaches anything above an F, the voice tightens, the throat constricts, making the climax little more than a painful shriek. Elsewhere, she sings with that kind of bossy quality that marks everything she does today: a stern steeliness, marked by a heavy-handed treatment of the lower register and chest voice. Phrase endings are driven relentlessly, only to be succeeded by some moments of great beauty. Her portrayal of this strange loving-hating woman is old-fashioned *verismo* raised to the nth power, tending to be dramatic without ever being really emotional.

Mario del Monaco, as the huntsman Hagenbach, whom Wally loves and with whom she perishes in the mountains, indulges in his accustomed and unfortunate brand of insensitive bleating from start to finish. Lydia Marimpietri is an attractive Walter, and there is good support from Justino Díaz as Stromminger (Wally's father) and Stefania Malagù as Afra. London engineers have created some fine effects with the wind and avalanche at the end.

—Robert Jacobson.



Letters to the Recordings Editor

Mahler to Rock

I have just finished reading *SR* for March 29, and I must extend my compliments on an excellent issue.

The cover was superb, and the article "Mahler: A New Image" by Henry-Louis de La Grange a revelation. I look forward to the publication of his biography. "Music's Debt to Ernest Ansermet" by Arthur Haddy and Thomas Heinitz was also highly interesting. I had neglected this conductor during his lifetime, but now intend to look more closely into his recorded legacy.

Lastly, here's my 2 cents regarding the pop/rock/*SR* situation. As long as you can provide this more serious musical buff with issues such as the Mahler, you won't hear me complain. Unlike the reader who commented some issues back that she only enjoyed three issues out of four before the pop topic was introduced in *SR*'s Recordings issue, my ratio remains 1 in 4.

Thomas E. Patronite,
Cleveland, O.

D'Angelo in "Lakmé"

Bravo to Robert Jacobson for directing potential *Lakmé* lovers to the Angel album with Gianna d'Angelo and Nicolai Gedda ["Likable 'Lakmé' from London," *SR*, March 29].

After pointing out that Joan Sutherland elected to sing the "Bell Song" down a half-tone, shouldn't it be a matter of justice to mention that Miss d'Angelo sings this *without* lowering the tone and comes across with a brilliant high E.

C. Stewart Anthony,
Bristol, Conn.

Editor's note: *Perhaps.*

Concerning "Cleopatra"

I am pleased by the release of the *Antony and Cleopatra* excerpts on RCA [recordings in review, March 29] and by Irving Kolodin's favorable review of the record.

Having listened to the complete opera as it was broadcast "live" on the opening night of the new Met in Lincoln Center, it seemed to me that the critics, generally, had not been judicious in their appraisal of what was—for me, at least—a most listenable score. Perhaps "listenable" is the key word to their problem that night, since Mr. Kolodin and his colleagues were apparently distracted by Zeffirelli's visual, somewhat vulgar, production—a handicap this radio "listener" was happily free of.

Tupper Turner,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Editor's note: *Some were more distracted than others.*

The Melodiya/Seraphim Mahler

We were most gratified to read Irving Kolodin's penetrating and complimentary review of Mahler's Ninth Symphony as conducted by Kiril Kondrashin and played by the Moscow Philharmonic [recordings in review, Feb. 22]. However, to correct certain small but important technical errors, this two-record album appears *not* on the Melodiya/*Angel* label at $11.59, but on the Melodiya/*Seraphim* label at $4.98. (Prices are optional with the dealer, of course.) Also, the correct number is SIB-6029. At the Seraphim price, we feel this set to be even more attractive to serious collectors than Mr. Kolodin suggests on purely musical grounds.

Brown Meggs,
General Manager,
Angel & Seraphim Records,
Hollywood, Calif.

One More for Sander

I enjoy *SR* very much and was especially glad to see Ellen Sander's perceptive reviews of the Beatles' latest album and that of the Rolling Stones. I was disgusted, though not surprised, at some of the letters to the recordings editor in the February 22 issue. . . . Keep up the good work and please keep reviewing rock albums.

Stephen K. Todrank,
New York, N.Y.

One Not for Sander

I would like to comment on Ellen Sander's article "The Rolling Stones Beggars' Triumph" [*SR*, Jan. 25]. Her inexpert endorsement of the Rolling Stones' album *Beggars Banquet* is the problem. It is obvious she knows nothing about pop music if she gives this album a high rating and cuts down the Beatles' album. She has done this.

The Stones' album is the worst they have made, while the Beatles' is the best. She said the songs on the Beatles' album have no meaning. Every one of the songs has a meaning, and she is very inexpert and inexperienced in the pop music world if she can't see any meanings in the Lennon-McCartney songs as well as in George Harrison's songs.

The Stones' album will never be a hit, while the Beatles' album will be. This proves that the Stones' album is dull and without meaning.

I would like Miss Sander to look between the lines before she expresses her unwarranted conclusions in *SR* again.

One more thing: the Stones have not outdone anyone with this album, but have fallen short of their usual standards.

Frank Bell,
Villanova, Pa.

Troglodytes and Stereophiles

The addition of pop reviews by Ellen Sander is an example of one of the reasons why *SR* continues to be indispensable reading, its continuing willingness to change to remain relevant. Despite the outcries of the musical troglodytes, pop is an important phenomenon which needs to be dealt with critically.

In fact, the ill-informed nature of many

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of the complaints against such reviews suggests that such a column is overdue. Miss Sander is doing an admirable job. Keep up the good work!

DON J. VOGT,
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Spirit of the Stones

ONCE AGAIN Ellen Sander has scored. Her review of *Beggars Banquet* captured the pure spirit of the Stones. As she says, it is truly one of the best rock albums of our time. It was, however, a pity that she did not mention "Street Fighting Man," one of the best cuts on the album.

J. A. HILL,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Who Was Julia?

THE "JULIA" to whom Kahlil Gibran refers in his verse [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS' EDITOR, March 29] is, of course, Julia Ellsworth Ford, his patron. He was at her house a great deal of his time. She gave a prize for children's books. I think it still exists and is awarded each year. Witter Bynner was at her house a great deal too. Her husband was Simeon Ford, who owned a famous hotel in New York. He used to come into the kitchen and ask the Irish cook, "Who's upstairs?" and she would say "Them poets as usual" . . . and he would stay in the kitchen and eat his supper. . . .

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The Silent Stepchild

Continued from page 25

public of which, in turn, only a fraction perceives opera as a form of theater or demands of it any dramatic excitement. Apart from the Met, the courageous New York City Opera and a number of workshops and summer festivals are seeking to challenge the museum ideal within the limits of their necessarily short seasons and restricted budgets; but they can have at best only a limited impact.

In opera and symphony, quite unlike modern ballet, we are still very much tied to European apron strings. And the effect is far from healthy. A young and talented composer looking at the enormous Metropolitan Opera House, its repertoire, and its audience can hardly be other than discouraged. Only the most striking physical production, with a name cast, can hope to command attention. On the other side, the price of failure must make the opera managers cautious in the extreme. Consequently, the commissioning of new operas has trickled down to a bare minimum. More and more, one hears composers say, "What sense does it make for an American to attempt opera?"

The opportunities for young opera singers are still very much limited. The 400 plus American singers working in European opera houses reflect a famine of musical opportunities in this country that is just as severe as the potato famines, which in the past brought so many immigrants to America's shores.

And finally, while the young instrumentalist can at least look forward to a year-round job in a symphony orchestra, if his youthful dream of taking up where Heifetz left off evaporates, the chaining of our orchestras to a standard repertoire must increasingly make that job just a job.

It is no answer to point to the widespread distribution of phonograph records. True, their phenomenal technical development has made a surfeit of nonstandard music available to the public, but without creating any ongoing relationship between composer, performer, and audience; and their near-monopoly on radio spreads everywhere an ideal of technical perfection and brilliance as the final aim of musical performance rather than a means to an end.

It is here that radio and television make their contribution in other countries, as they once made in the United States and as they could do again. Radio can again supply live concert performances that are not tied to subscription audiences and the standard repertoire; television can supply a wide range of other concerts, exposing through informal conversation during rehearsals the way in which music is put together. It is in this area that Leonard Bernstein and his "Young People's Concerts" have created a format as popular in London, Tokyo, and Prague (where you can hear them dubbed in in Czech!) as they are in Surinam, Paraguay, and Iceland. While it is true that without the specific genius of its creator the program would never have gotten on the air, particularly not on a commercial network, it has such lasting value that continuing development of its basic formula seems necessary and possible—to be sure, without the rather hopeless attempt of aping "Lenny."

Imaginative television treatment can give a new focus to chamber music and ballet. But most important, it can dispel the lie of those who say that America is not an "opera country." Indeed, the way has already been indicated. The most significant fact about Menotti's *Amahl* is not its world-wide success on TV or its rebroadcast Christmas after Christmas; it is the staggering number of stage productions mounted in the United States since its television premiere in 1952. By Christmas 1967, according to Menotti's publishers, G. Schirmer, rights for 3,461

legitimate productions had been granted in this country. (Let it be understood we are talking about 3,461 productions, not performances.)

More significant than the full professional stagings are those in small high schools and colleges, in churches and community playhouses, often accompanied only by piano or organ. They are the ones that could point the way out of the blind alley where grand opera has obviously lost the momentum of a living art form.

What is the explanation for this success, unparalleled in operatic history? In the first place, as the television medium absolutely demands, the libretto for *Amahl* was written in the language of the country for which it was created. Perhaps decisive for its initial impact on TV was the producer's insistence that nearly every word should be easily understood—something rarely expected and still more rarely achieved in operatic stage performances.

Second, conforming to the small television screen, *Amahl* is not grand opera; no elaborate spectacles are involved, and no expensive production is required. Instead, like the best of television drama,

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Amahl capitalizes on the intimate, the warm, and the human. Third, *Amahl* was not written over the head of the audience as an experiment, but specifically for a mass medium where even minority audiences are counted in the millions. Without a hint of condescension, *Amahl* speaks directly to that audience.

The right kind of opera, produced by a team that knows its medium as well as its music, can repeat this success. And it can do more to make opera live in this country than any alternative of which I am aware. When NBC, encouraged by its opera company's success on TV, sent a young road company on tour, the two-year effort came close to breaking even, despite deliberately restricted publicity and promotion. This convinced the originally skeptical NBC officials that a third year could have been self-sustaining—a phenomenon unheard of before or since as, among others, the unhappy fate of the Metropolitan Opera's National Touring Company demonstrates.

Is it so surprising that the most powerful advertising medium in the world should turn out to be the best possible base for a touring opera company? While television opera cannot hope to match the popularity of ordinary commercial programing, the audience it can reach even on educational stations is overwhelming by comparison to the audiences available by other means.

But all of this, once again, needs money and a willingness to invest it over a long period of time—probably more money and more time than other cultural uses of TV demand. Musicians who have tried know that this requirement is inescapable. They know that broadcast music cannot live without a major financial commitment, and they have a corresponding concern with the question of who is to make it. This is precisely the reason why a musician, more than his colleagues in the other arts, may be excused if he raises the question: Who is to do the job?

Our commercial networks and stations have abandoned the field. Any notion that the FCC can or will require them to return seems a forlorn hope. Even the supposedly literate and highbrow segment of the public—more ignorant of what other countries do in this sphere than in any other area of the arts and sciences, not to mention sports, politics, or public affairs—has been conditioned step by step to accept the concept of radio as a playback gadget for records, and television as a medium that may once or twice a year relay a concert from Tanglewood or an attraction from the Hurok stable for the benefit of a humbly grateful minority audience.

And so we come to public broadcasting. Having touched on the musical "vast wasteland" of those affluent organizations that have all the money to equal or better what the rest of the civilized world is doing, it is doubly remarkable to remember what the National Education Television Network and some individual educational stations have been able to produce from time to time. Unfortunately NET's painfully inadequate budget has up to now forced it to rely, to a considerable extent, on purchases from foreign organizations. It stands to reason that these foreign productions, usually artistically valid, occasionally brilliant, cannot always reflect the particular requirements of the American musical scene; much less frequently do they offer opportunities to our own creative and re-creative forces.

Public broadcasting cannot, the way it has been financed up to this point, hope to perform for music the service abandoned by industry, and this fact has been recognized for some time by the two powers best qualified to do something about it: the Ford Foundation and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. Happily, an encouraging move was announced during the first week of this month. Grants have been made to NET by the Ford Foundation for the formation of a semi-autonomous opera company and for a Sunday night series devoted to summer festivals of music and other cultural events. Beginning June 1, this series will replace the Public Broadcast Laboratory series, which has often been criticized for being top-heavy with public affairs.

DOES this mean that the pendulum is swinging back toward the area where American television is furthest behind the rest of the world? Will public television at last become the kind of "cultural force" which the BBC is credited with being?

It is, of course, much too early to tell. To reach the goal of $200,000,000 a year for public television (the figure suggested by the report of the Carnegie Commission for Public Broadcasting), the treasury of the ever-caring Ford Foundation and the so-far very meager Congressional appropriation for the Corporation are not nearly enough. Public broadcasting cannot achieve its aims until government (and perhaps commercial television?) can be persuaded to open its heart—and especially its hand—more generously.

Culture has no high-powered lobbyist in Washington, and a musician is hardly well cast in the role. But an adopted American, in whose life broadcast music, both here and abroad, has played a central role, can surely be forgiven for feeling that the richest country in the world must find an answer.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 63: shorten, thrones, hornets.

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(Continued from page 83)

COLLEGES

GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD."

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(Continued on page 86)

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(Continued from page 85)

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HAWAII—Beach home Windward Oahu, $400 month, $125 week. SR Box M-880.

For Summer Rental

ADIRONDACKS EDGE—Beautiful year old chalet on your own 200 acres. Complete privacy, yet minutes to excellent restaurants. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplace, porch, private pond with diving board, sand beach. Short walk through pines to private bass lake. Swim, fish, hunt, unwind. $2,800 for season or consider shorter period. Dowd Real Estate, Fayetteville, New York. 315-637-3176.

BRING CHILDREN, FRIENDS. Spend summer in southern California. Rent my huge 5 bedroom house + station wagon. $200 weekly. Hagenmayer, 942 Hurstview, Duarte, California 91010.

ON MAINE ISLAND. July 26th-August 23rd. Large house, all utilities, tennis court. Twenty minutes ferry from Portland. Box M-724.

GET OFF THE WORLD a week or more. Large farmhouse near Cooperstown, N.Y. SR Box M-420.

CHEBEAGUE ISLAND, MAINE. Fireplace, 3 bedrooms, electric conveniences. Golf, sandy beach. July, August. SR Box M-752.

LAKE BOMOSEEN, VERMONT, COTTAGES. Furnished. Lakefront: swimming, fishing, boating, play yard included. $85-$100 weekly. Wilson, Box 115, Killington, Vermont 05751.

SAN FRANCISCO—7 room sunny flat and Volkswagen. Bishop, 1559 Pacific. 415-474-3402.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS, Greene County, N.Y. New, all electric 2 bedroom Techbuilt vacation house, sundeck, telephone. Pine woods, mountain view, private 2½ acres. July and August $800. 2½ hours NYC. SR Box M-801.

VERMONT—Manchester village. 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplace, dishwasher. June, July $1,000. Box 125, Hockessin, Delaware 19707.

PLEASANTVILLE, N.Y.—Charming 6 rooms, screened porch, secluded acre. 5 minutes to village and R.R. June-September. SR Box M-855.

MURRAY BAY, CANADA—Summer cottage lady or young couple, view St. Lawrence, golf. $40 p.w. SR Box M-812.

CHALET OR COTTAGE, Vermont, secluded hilltop. Weekly/monthly. Box M-840.

MAINE, KEZAR LAKE—Housekeeping cottages, private, families. $125. Conifer, Lovell, Maine 04051.

CHICAGO FURNISHED "ESTATE"—trees, rabbits, 25 minutes loop. $300 month. SR Box M-848.

BELGRADE LAKES, MAINE—Large lakefront cottage, secluded, conveniences. Available summer or part. Reasonable. 201-766-2292.

VERMONT—We're taking a sabbatical from our 6 bedroom family home on Lake Champlain. Available June through August. $1,500. Boat, 250 acres, mile of shoreline. SR Box M-852.

BAYSIDE, MAINE, Penobscot Bay—5 room cottage, all conveniences. $70 weekly. SR Box M-819.

COLORADO CABIN, Sangre de Cristo Mountains. 3 bedrooms, modern conveniences. Trails, hiking, fishing. Box M-822.

PANORAMIC WHITE MOUNTAIN VIEW. Kezar Lake, Lovell, Maine. 5 bedrooms, completely equipped. Small sail, power boats. $1,200 July, special rates June, September. SR Box M-810.

WHITE MOUNTAINS big lakeshore A-frame. July, August. $325 month. Box M-869.

SOUTHERN NOVA SCOTIA. 3 bedroom cottage, fully equipped. Overlooks Tusket River and Islands, and sea. July, August. $275 per month. Children welcome. References required. Box M-873.

PORT CLYDE, MAINE—Seashore cottage, comfortably furnished, electric kitchen. Sleeps 3. Available for season. Adults only. SR Box M-867.

WESTON, VERMONT. 6 bedrooms, 3 baths, 3 fireplaces; terrace overlooks waterfall, natural pool. House circa 1834, modernized. 100 acres meadows, woods, 2 streams. $850 season. SR Box M-783.

HOUSES WANTED

Furnished

ESTABLISHED ARTIST, relocating East coast, desires large residence or what have you. Lease or option to buy or babysit your place. Prefer close to Manhattan. Need soon. Call Robert Watson, 203-226-3780.

For Summer Rental

3 BEDROOM NEW ENGLAND HOUSE, lake or ocean, August. Box M-818.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

EXCHANGE SUMMER comfortable Maine mountain lakeside cottage for similar winter Virgin Islands. 1125 Parkway, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts 02167.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment fo living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or cal Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Rent—Furnished

PHILADELPHIA. Rittenhouse Square area. Stunning Townehouse duplex. 2 bedrooms, 2 baths. $350. SF Box M-860.

For Summer Rental

NYC-WEST VILLAGE. 1 bedroom, new building, air-conditioned, attractively furnished, piano, stereo. July and August, $325 month. SR Box M-824.

CHARMING 2 BEDROOM APARTMENT Piazza De Popolo, center Rome. Terrace, completely furnished Available weekly, monthly. Summer rental $120 week References. SR Box M-802.

NYC SUBLETS. June 15th-Labor Day. Well kept brownstone, West Village; writer's spacious studio; kitchenette. Also, handsome studio UN area; kitchenette; air conditioned; maid service, linens. Box M-814.

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE—furnished 2 rooms, bath outside deck, on water. $100 weekly. SR Box M-816.

6th AVENUE and 4th Street, NYC. Loft sublet June 1st-September 1st, $600. 212-989-1899.

VERSAILLES—Completely furnished apartment, 4 bedrooms. July 15th-September 15th. $350 month. Write Celier, 85 Avenue de Saint-Cloud, Versailles, France.

APARTMENT WANTED

SR STAFFER'S frenzied need: 3 room rent controlled apartment, NYC, midtown, East side. Box M-201.

LAND FOR SALE

40 ACRES UNTOUCHED southern N.H. fishing and hunting resources. Quick sale. Derry, N.H. 603-432-2551 or 603-432-2581.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

VIRGINIA RETIREMENT or summer home and farm. Secluded plantation house. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, modern kitchen and plumbing, 5 fireplaces, original outbuildings, 208 acres. No neighbors within sight or sound. 22 miles northeast of Charlottesville. $100,000. William Speiden, Somerset, Virginia. Phone 703-672-2596.

193 ACRES in Highlands of Nova Scotia $2,500 or yearly lease. 104 Fairfax, New Orleans, Louisiana 70114.

VIRGINIA'S HIGHLANDS: 140 beautifully rolling mountaintop acres. Blend of grassland and good timber. Trout stream, flora, fauna . . . $16,500.
2,000 ACRE mountain tract near Roanoke . . . $110,000. Both properties have state maintained access with panoramic views. Lemon & Lambdon. Inc., Realtors, 301 Elm Avenue, Roanoke, Virginia 24016.

VERMONT—Mountain Real Estate, Killington-Pico ski area. Shirley and Lloyd Stone, Brokers, Mendon, Vermont 05701.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FREE BOOKLET, "990 Successful, Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth 328-A, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218.

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SAILING CAMPS

SCHOONER SCHOOL, Fredericton, N.B., Canada. Encounter groups, communication skills, dramatic education, visually creative arts, mad music, sailing, water sports, sailing and more sailing in eight week free school setting to turn on the new young, help them meet academic and personal hang-ups. Coed. Fees: Junior (12-16) $1,000, Senior (16-20+) $1,200. Brochure: Box 9769, Towson, Maryland 21204.

CAMPS

KINIYA—a camp for girls, 6-17, on a bay of Lake Champlain in Vermont. Excellent riding, own stables, miles of lovely trails on camp property, dressage, jumping, hunting. Responsible, experienced staff. All camp activities including water skiing, sailing, tennis, drama and dance. Outpost camp for overnights in Stowe. Special program for girls over 15 includes 3 weeks in Ireland, 3 weeks in Vermont. A happy relaxing summer. Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Williams, Camp Kiniya, Milton, Vermont 05468. Tel. 802-893-7849.

OVERWEIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camps. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Stanley for girls or Tahoe for boys, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Phone 212-947-7749.

TEENAGERS LOVE CAMP SEA-FARI in the Florida Keys. Coed 13-18 Learn scuba diving, snorkeling, navigation, marine biology, archaeology, undersea photography. Sailing, fishing, water skiing, dive for treasure, steer a ship. Supervised and taught by our professional staff. Cruise on Coast Guard approved windjammer to the Bahamas and the Gulf of Mexico. SHORE BASE: luxurious Key Colony Inn. Air-conditioned, fantastic food, private baths. Tennis, golf. Captain Bob Kruse, Director. Brochure. Dept. K, 3935 Blackstone Avenue, Riverdale Station, N.Y. 10471. Tel. 212-543-7900.

ALPINE MUSICAMP—near Aspen, Colorado. Band, orchestra, choir. Hiking, riding, etc. Ages 9-16. June 22nd-August 3rd. Brochures: 2927 South Lafayette Drive, Englewood, Colorado 80110.

BAHAMA SAILING CAMP, land-based at modern sailing/scuba diving resort in the "out islands." Scuba diving, sailing, snorkeling, water skiing, marine biology, speed boating, navigation, deep-sea fishing, dramatics, discotheque, tennis, adventure cruises on sailing schooners. Mature professional staff, expert instruction/supervision. Brochure. Teenage Boys/Girls, Walter A. Bush, Director, 480 West 246th Street, New York 10471. 212-548-1184.

WILDERNESS CANOE TRIPS by former teacher. All expense summer trip for $500. Contact Allagash Trips, Gorham, Maine 04038.

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP?" Consider Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado. Ranch-travel-work program, boys 13-17. 23rd summer. Separate western travel program, girls 14-18. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

MEXICO—Camp Del Solar—Picturesque, Colonial Taxco. Boys 12-16. Rewarding cultural experience for the well adjusted child who has outgrown the conventional camp. Combines a creative noncompetitive camp program with travel in a foreign country. Limited enrollment 24 boys. Conversational Spanish-music-art-sculpting-silversmithing-water skiing-sailing-sports. Professional staff. C. Polk, 45 Lake Shore Drive, Eastchester, N.Y. Tel. 914-DE 7-5792.

PARENTS—FREE ADVISORY SERVICE. Independent schools, summer study programs and private camps, which have been visited, personally evaluated. Write, indicate child's age, grade, interests and educational needs. Recommendations made and 336-page 28th Annual Educational Register sent without obligation. Since 1936. Vincent-Curtis, Room 202, 224 Clarendon Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116. Tel. 617-266-1831.

THE SUMMER OF A LIFETIME could be learning Spanish in Arizona and speaking it in Mexico; or learning French in Vermont and speaking it in Canada. If you know someone who is currently in the 8th, 9th or 10th grade who would like to learn the language and customs of his nearest international neighbors, then live in their country as a member of a family, tell him to write The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346.

INTENSIVE TALENT DEVELOPMENT plus full camp program. International, democratic, integrated. Coed 6-18. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 26, New Jersey 08318.

HIKING CAMP—Boys, 10-14. Interested? Write: T. Bean, Randolph, N.H. 03593.

CAMPS

READING, WRITING AND STUDY SKILLS. Coeducational. Day and boarding. Ages 10 through 17. Excellent language skills instruction plus fine camping and recreational program. Under direction of professors. Full time reading and testing specialists. Catalogue. Summerbrook Camp, Box 110, Solebury, Bucks County, Pennsylvania 18963.

MONTANA BOYS CAMP in National Forest. Rugged 2, 4, or 6 week program. Boys 12-17. Brochure, Box 92, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33302.

HIGH/SCOPE—Coed, 11-16. Arts, science program providing freedom to grow in understanding and generosity, in friendships and responsibilities. David P. Weikart, Ph.D., 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197.

MIDWEST PRIVATE CAMPS—Free directory of approved camps by American Camping Association, located in midwest states. Write: 1889 Bosworth Lane, Northfield, Illinois 60093.

CAMP BIOTA—Six weeks exciting fun, knowledge. Limited enrollment. Boys 9-14. Natural science. Lake, cabins. Survival, creative crafts, canoeing, fishing, swimming, archery, riflery, riding. A.C.A. Nashville 615-766-2494. Dr. and Mrs. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee 37080.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8-16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding if desired ($65 extra). 20 horses. Swimming, guitar, dulcimer, creative arts, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs from regular to pioneer, etc. A.C.A. accredited. Under 65 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. No tips. Wright, Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547, 4880.

TENNIS RANCH—Don Kerbis 120 Acre Tennis Ranch. Boys and girls 8 to 18. Watervliet, Michigan. Five hours tennis instruction, supervised play daily. Beginner, intermediate, advanced players. Swimming, activities galore. Write for brochure: Don Kerbis Tennis Ranch, c/o Don Kerbis Tennis Club, 1660 Skokie Valley Road, Highland Park, Illinois 60035.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. 212-PE 6-1660.

ADVENTURE IN CREATIVITY is a summer residential program for gifted students (aged 14 to 19) who are interested in art, music, theatre, creative writing, film making or dance. The emphasis is on the integration of these art forms. Students choose a major and a minor field for concentration and participate in joint seminars. The program takes place at the CRANBROOK-KINGSWOOD Schools. For information write to Box R, 520 Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013.

SWISS MEADOWS SUMMER CENTER (for the creative arts)—June 29th-August 23rd, coed, ages 7-17. Fleischmanns, N.Y., Catskill Mountains. Art, Music, Drama, Modern Dance, Ballet, Swimming (Pool), Boating, Tennis, etc. Concerts Saratoga Springs, Theatres. Enrollment limited. Clyde Keutzer, Director, 170 West End Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10023. Tel. 212-799-5693. Member A.P.C.

TEENAGE LEADERSHIP TRAINING—Choose from 4 locations: Great Falls, Montana; Louisville, Kentucky; or White Plains, New York, ages 15-18; Puerto Rico, 17-21. 6 weeks in July-August. Public affairs speakers, anti-poverty work, field trips, films, swimming, sports. All racial, religious, economic groups. Staff includes ex-Peace Corpsmen. 24th year; praised by Presidents. Coed, non-profit, nonpartisan. Write Encampment For Citizenship, 2 West 64th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.

VACATIONS

MIGRATING? College women past fifty: Enjoy cooperative summering northeastern countryside. Box M-299.

BERMUDA—3 bedroom, 2 bath home, on the water, near Hamilton. Maid service available. Now through September. $250 weekly. Write Box 551, Hamilton, Bermuda.

OCEAN COTTAGES. Large, new, housekeeping. Fireplaces, electric heat. May-November. Thompson House Cottages, New Harbor, Maine 04554.

VACATIONS

GASCON RANCH, Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

PARADOR MARTORELL—Family Inn by fabulous beach. 212-LE 2-7700, Box 435, Luquillo, Puerto Rico 00673.

CANADIAN HOSPITALITY. Summer vacations par excellence at Ontario's distinguished golfing resort in famous Muskoka Lakes district. Windermere House, Box R, Windermere, Muskoka, Ontario.

SEMINAR IN ARTS AT TANGLEWOOD. A two week arts experience for adults, centering on a program of concerts at Tanglewood, dance programs at Jacob's Pillow, art exhibitions and theatre at nearby Williamstown and Stockbridge. Participants also attend rehearsals and performances of Boston Symphony Orchestra, chamber music concerts, and theatre rehearsals. Each day includes free time for relaxation, study, touring, and discussion periods. Programs start July 14th, July 28th, August 11th. Basic fee, $150 per person for two weeks. Room and board, transportation, and some admission tickets are additional. Write Boston University Tanglewood Institute, G-69, 855 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts 02215.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM—Beautiful, secluded, quiet, comfortable. Dixons, McGaheysville, Virginia 22840.

JACKSON HOLE—Dude ranch. American Plan. Riding, fishing. Secluded! Flying V Ranch, Box 69, Kelly P.O., Jackson Hole, Wyoming 83011.

SALT BOXES ON CAPE COD. Large, private, sandy, saltwater beach. Dock, boats. Sailing, fishing. Excellent golf and tennis nearby. Modern design cottages on Bass River in quiet pine woods—each with kitchenette and fireplace. Duplexes and separate cottages for 2 to 6 persons. Maid service. $7 to $12 per person per day. Convenient to all Cape activities, stores, restaurants. For brochure, write: Lilian S. Kenrich, South Yarmouth, Massachusetts. Phone 617-398-2821.

FARM/RANCH VACATIONS—Families, children, adults. U.S./Canada. $1.95 Guidebook or FREE BROCHURE: Vacations, Box 11, 36 East 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR. Charming seacoast inn and motel on ocean. Informal. Modern. Modified American, European Plans. Seafood, lobsters featured. Cocktails. Scenic boat trips. Motel mid-May to late October. Inn late June-September. Ocean Point Inn, Box A10, Ocean Point, Maine 04557.

ISLAND NEAR SARASOTA—Sort of "South Seas-ish." Luxury motels, beautiful beaches. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-Q, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

RESTFUL BUT ACTIVE RESORT nestled in the Green Mountains. Same management 31 years. $98 weekly up per person including meals. Golf, tennis handy. Swimming pool, shuffleboard. Little Theatre. Dorset Inn, Dorset, Vermont 05251.

SEBASTIAN'S ON TORTOLA, British Virgin Islands. 8 room inn on beautiful beach. Informal. Excellent food.

PROSPECT HOUSE HOTEL-Golf Club. Panoramic, cool lakeside setting near Rutland (opposite Alexander Woollcott's Island). Pleasurable dining, unique cocktail lounge. GOLF, fishing, safe beach, boating. Riding, tennis, dancing, movies, antiquing, special events. $76-$105 weekly. The Charles Bakers, Hosts. Reservations suggested. Write for FOLDER. Box 900, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont.

A TREASURE by the sea. Unique oceanside resort apartments. Leisure living in tropical tranquillity—or exciting sport fishing and imaginative underwater exploring. Interested? Sunburst South Resort, Box 145, Islamorada, Florida Keys, 33036.

(Continued on page 88)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 87)

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

LOVE HAWAII BUT HATE HOTELS? Rent by month a 1-, 2-, 3-bedroom cottage that combines luxurious decor and convenience with simple housekeeping. Private beach property in breathtaking landscape on lovely Maui Island; near golf and shopping. Details, photos: Victor Martin, 1301 Harper, Detroit, Michigan 48211.

OLD SAN JUAN, Puerto Rico. El Leocar Apartments in *restored Spanish Colonial mansion. Completely furnished.* Elegant. OFF SEASON RATES April 15th. Box 2227, San Juan 00903. Tel. NYC, 212-244-8262.

FLORIDA KEYS ARE DELIGHTFUL in April and May. Crystalline bonefish water, balmy days and nights. Fish, swim, snorkel, birdwatch, sail at Rainbow Bend Fishing Club, oceanside Grassy Key. Summer Package Plan. Folder. Box 2447, Marathon Shores, Florida or phone 305-743-6740.

RESORT LUXURY in North Woods lodge and motel. Excellent meals, cocktails. Swimming pool, golf. On picturesque Arnold Trail to Quebec. Sky Lodge, Moose River, Maine.

AUTHENTIC TYROLEAN VILLAGE in White Mountains. New $800,000 Alpine Inn, Motel, Family Chalet accommodations. Heated pool. Free golf nearby. Fishing, tennis, dancing. Dining rooms, cocktail lounges. Open year 'round. Mittersill Alpine Inn, Franconia, N.H. 03580. A Treadway Resort.

ESCAPIST'S ISLAND. Completely informal. Good table. Private baths. Interesting people. Scenery. Do nothing or bird, fish, sun, swim, snorkel, sail. Thousands of flamingos, reef fishes and breezes. Flamingo Beach Club, Bonaire 1, Netherlands Antilles or Room 607A, 50 East 42nd Street, New York 10017.

CASUAL PLACE FOR PARTICULAR PEOPLE—Boulders on Lake Waramaug, Berkshire Hills' largest natural lake. Country inn and cottages. New Preston, Connecticut 06777.

INDIAN CAVE LODGE and Cottages. Informal summer resort, directly on lake, planned recreation. Swimming pool. Delicious meals. Cocktails. Supervised children's play. $85 up week, including meals. Color folder, write Dept. 36, Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire 03782.

THE HERMITAGE—Secluded, small country inn, a connoisseur's delight. Folder. Wilmington 5, Vermont 05363.

FAMOUS SUMMER THEATRE nearby superb seaside *resort less than two hours' drive from Boston.* Excellent cuisine, cocktails. Private pool. The Lookout, Box 2, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Authentic Victorian hostelry in middle of historic Mystic, 1 mile from famous Mystic Seaport marine restoration. Double $10-$14. E. P. Write or phone.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—week aboard auxiliary schooner, "Richard Robbins." Maine bays and islands. Brochure. Capt. George Allen, Blue Hill, Maine 04614.

SEASHORE RESORT—one of the world's greatest. On picturesque, landscaped acres. 18 hole championship golf *course. Heated swimming pools. Championship tennis.* May through October. Write The Wentworth, Dept. 23, Portsmouth, N.H. 03801.

GRACIOUS LIVING in beautiful seacoast village. Fine food. Entertainment. Own boat. Auto trips. $14.50-$18.00 daily includes 3 meals. Unlimited golf $10.00 weekly. Folder. Direct bus service from New York. David R. Bell, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine 04843.

THORN HILL LODGE. Charming country inn on quiet road overlooking scenic mountain resort village. Swimming pool, lawn sports. $70 up weekly including all meals. D. Darville, Jackson, N.H. 03846.

VACATIONS

SERENE OUTER ISLAND, quiet fourteen-guest inn. Private baths, gas heat. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

CARIBBEAN ESCAPE! Estate Beth Cruz on Bethany Hill, Cruz Bay, St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands. All units housekeeping with daily cleanup maid service. Bar, dining room, pool, rental cars. Bugfree hideaway with spectacular panoramic view.

LUXURY SCANDINAVIAN VILLAS—St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Near finest beaches. 212-LE 2-7700.

LAKE MICHIGAN/UNHURRIED FAMILY VACATION 40 acre wooded estate. Untamed sand beach. Children's program. Tennis, pools, bicycles. Barn theatre, concerts, film festival. Resident artist. Sleepy Hollow, North Shore Drive, South Haven, Michigan 49090.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts 02568.

CRUISE MAINE. Enjoy grandeur and first class comforts —congenial, carefree, casual cruising amidst coastal islands aboard "SEA OTTER." 6 days from $225. 12-20 passengers. Also Intracoastal and Florida winter cruising. For folder, write Capt. Jim Nisbet, Vagabond Cruises, Box 617K, Camden, Maine 04843. Tel. 207-236-2938.

WHITNEY'S . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Box R, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, only one hour by air from New York or Boston. White sand beaches, warm water swimming, golf, exceptional boating facilities, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Dept. 15, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

A STONE'S THROW from beaches, harbor and shops. This traditional New England hostelry is noted for excellent fare. Nightly entertainment in cocktail lounge. Harbor House, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554. A Treadway Resort.

ISLAND LIVING on mountain wilderness lake. Your own log cabin, open fire, central dining, sandy beaches, trails, fishing, great for families, pets O.K. AAA. Attean Lake Resort, Jackman, Maine 04945. 207-668-3792.

VERMONT . . . The Beckoning Country—Beauty, history, covered bridges, museums, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, hiking, auctions, antiques. Most charming, immaculate inn well-maintained. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip & putt greens. Exceptional food, beverages, fine service, air conditioning. Near golf courses, chair lifts, library, places of worship, shops, horseback riding. Memorable! Reasonable! Tel: 802-247-5766 or write BRANDON INN, A Vermont Resort, Box 205, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

SPRUCEWOLD LODGE AND COTTAGES on Maine coast. Saltwater pools, private ocean beach. Cocktail lounge. Delicious meals. American and Modified American Plans. Folder. Write Robert S. Thornton, Boothbay Harbor, Maine 04538.

WATERFRONT BUNGALOW—New, sleeps 6. Low summer rate $150 weekly. Piet Vanderhoeven, 23 St. Anna Boulevard, Curacao, Netherlands Antilles.

COOL AND CAREFREE by a clear blue lake. Cottages or new chalet units. Meals included. Water skiing, tennis, canoe trips, entertainment, sauna, lobster bakes. Pets allowed. AAA recommended. Write for color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

VACATIONS

SPECTACULAR BEAUTY, little known to the world. The charm of simplicity for people "turned off" by commercialization, crowds and chaos. Relaxation, peace and comfort. Richardson Hereford Ranch, Box 191D, Crawford, Nebraska 69339. Tel: 308-665-1346.

RELAX NEARBY Rockaway Beach, N.Y. Ocean 200'. $25 weekends, $50 week. 212-362-9135.

INFORMAL RESORT LIVING on lake in mountain area. Sandy beach, par 3 golf. Woodbound Inn, Box 190, Jaffrey, New Hampshire 03452.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO—on beach. Studio apartment, fully furnished, separate kitchen. Swimming pool. Parking. By week or month. SR Box M-830.

PAYING GUESTS, large comfortable house, country estate near Charlottesville, Virginia. SR Box M-851.

HONEYMOON—The Impossible Dream . . . comes true at Gurney's Inn . . . New Horizons on the sea of matrimony . . . come into focus on the "Brink O' the Beach" . . . The Magic of Montauk . . . the dignified leisure . . . the superb cuisine . . . the elegant service . . . all combine to help you discover yourselves . . . away from friends . . . from relatives . . . from business associates . . . after all, you have the rest of your lives to meet these social and business obligations . . . these few precious days are for you and you alone. Call or write Nick Monte, Keeper of the Inn, for Special Honeymoon Package Rates. 212-895-6400. Open All Year. Montauk, Long Island, New York 11954.

CAPE WINDS BY-THE-SEA. Beautiful inn for 30 adults or groups on Cape Cod. Private ocean beach, patios, all private baths. Colonial atmosphere. Continental breakfast. West Harwich, Massachusetts 02671.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

STUDY SCULPTURE and vacation in Vermont. Renowned sculptor accepts limited number students. Lakefront accommodation arranged. Rocklin, 118 East 10th Street, NYC 10003. 212-GR 5-2788.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1829

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

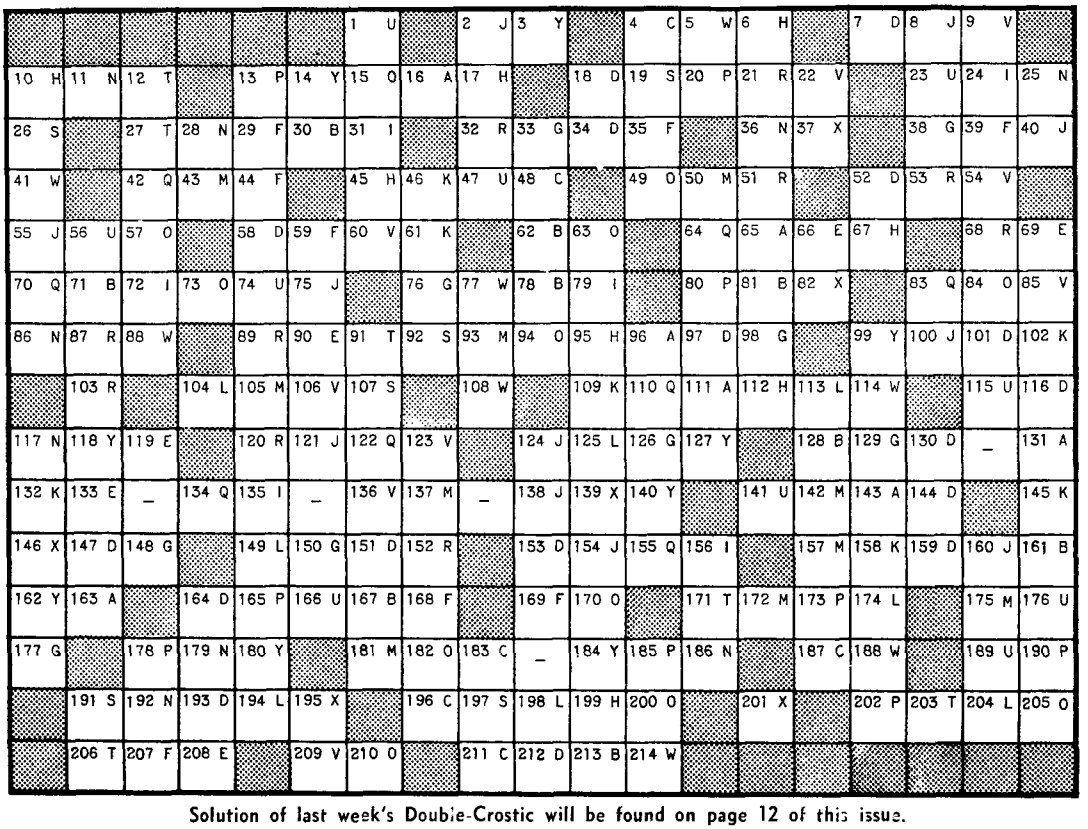
By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. German philosopher (1833-1911), author of "Einleitung in die Geisteswissenschaften"	16 65 96 111 131 143 163
B. Exciting approval or affection	213 30 62 71 78 81 128 161 167
C. Great, notable	183 187 196 211 4 48
D. Welding implement (2 wds.)	151 116 130 159 164 212 18 52 97 101 144
	147 153 7 193 34 58
E. Refuse	66 69 133 90 119 208
F. Region south of the Belgian Congo	29 35 39 44 59 168 169 207
G. Lenin's birthplace, named in his honor	33 38 98 129 148 150 76 177 126
H. Reporter's rounds	199 6 10 17 45 67 95 112
I. Turbulent with immaturity or youth	135 156 24 31 72 79
J. The eagle on the dollar has one (2 wds.)	121 124 154 40 75 138 160 2 8 55 100
K. An arctic cetacean	102 132 61 145 158 46 109
L. Element of stagecraft	113 125 149 174 194 198 204 104
M. Slowly (3 wds.)	105 43 93 142 181 137 172 50 157 175

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Repulsive	179 192 36 117 11 25 28 186 86
O. "Judgement Day" is the last book of the trilogy of which this is the first (2 wds.)	63 73 182 84 200 15 210 57 94 205 49 170
P. "This life's five window's _____ Distorts the Heavens . . ." (3 wds., Blake, "The Everlasting Gospel")	178 80 173 13 20 190 165 185 202
Q. An intimate associate	64 134 155 83 122 110 42 70
R. Grave, earnest	21 53 68 87 120 32 103 51 89 152
S. Chewink	26 197 191 19 92 107
T. Confab	91 203 27 171 12 206
U. Matchless	1 74 176 166 189 141 56 47 23 115
V. Rated	9 106 60 123 54 136 209 22 85
W. Adjective describing many a dish of leftovers	214 41 5 77 108 188 114 88
X. Something presented in a new form without change of substance	82 139 146 201 37 195
Y. Covered or surrounded with foliage	162 3 184 14 99 127 118 140 180

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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